LIFE



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In line with your life this year are clothes that meet a busy schedule—created of fabric that makes the most of the season's simple lines. Many such costumes . . . slim and softly draped . . . carry the incomparable Forstmann virgin wool label . . . yes, even though more Forstmann woolens are now clothing our fighting men than were created during peacetime for civilian wear! Advance planning, expanded production facilities make it possible for us to supply fine fabrics to the armed forces and you, too, with the distinguished Forstmann-labeled fashions so desirable these days. Forstmann Woolen Company, Passaic, New Jersey.

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100% VIRGIN WOOL

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Will postwar, super-duper SHAVING CREAM *make shaving a pleasure?*

YOU CAN BET YOUR WHISKERS, IT WON'T!



Byron said it: *"Men for their sins*
have shaving, too, entailed upon their chins,
—a daily plague"

In the great days after victory, we may get flying flivvers, tireless tires, and plastic bathtubs. But despite all the wonders of wartime chemistry, there is no relief in sight for shavers.

Your daily reaping in black pastures will continue to be, as it is today, a nuisance and a bore. So drown your sorrow, tomorrow morning, in a faceful of pure, foaming lather brushed up in a jiffy from Listerine Shaving Cream.

Now it would be pleasant to promise that Listerine Shaving Cream puts magic and music into wearisome shaving. But we have dedicated ourselves to proclaiming our no-hokum lather. And though our cream is blest with a good name, whiskers don't wilt at the mere sight of it on the tube. Nor do they stand erect for slaughter at the first moist slap of your brush.

It is a fact, however, that in every fractional inch of this quality cream there is lots and lots of good, rich lather . . . which does as much as any reasonable man can expect in providing aid and comfort for his steel-scraped face.

Our package designer, with an artist's instinct, has made the tube sea-green and white to suggest that the stuff inside is cool.

Is it? That's for you to say after using it. So we suggest that you meet Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo*

P.S. TO THE LADIES: *For a great shampoo try friend husband's Listerine Shaving Cream . . . just a little makes clouds of foamy, cleansing lather.*

35¢ TUBE THAT LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

month after month after month



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Out of this tube come swell shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream

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Only one pair to a customer

OPTICAL SCIENCE—with all its advances — can't replace your eyes, or even make them "good as new." It can only help you to *guard* your eyes through proper care.

And proper care depends on you.

How long is it since you have had your eyes examined? Regular check-up is important...especially if you wear glasses. For eyes change with the years, and new working conditions may be placing an *additional* strain on your vision that your outgrown glasses cannot relieve.

Only competent eye examination can tell you whether your eyes are getting all the help they may need because of overwork, or visual defects, or sensitivity to glare. Examination may reveal that your eyes, too, would be more comfortable in glare-filtering Soft-Lite Lenses. They are slightly flesh-toned, less conspicuous and better looking . . . give needed correction *plus* the comfort of glare-free vision.

Soft-Lite Lenses are made by Bausch & Lomb solely for Soft-Lite Lens Company of highest quality ophthalmic glass . . . filter glare . . . make seeing more comfortable. They are prescription ground in single vision or bifocal forms to meet your eyes' requirements.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

DEWEY'S DESK

Sirs:

Your very excellent picture of Governor Dewey reposing splendidly behind his naked desk (LIFE, Nov. 15) stirs me to offer my sympathy. It's awful when you don't have anything to do. At present, I have so much to do I've forgotten what the top of my desk looks like.

ROBERT P. GWILLIM

Newtonville, Mass.

Sirs:

I just want to draw your attention to Governor Dewey's desk in your last issue of LIFE. I couldn't help but see that it was clear and gave the impression of being ready to take on new business. He looks alert and businesslike.

I think this country needs a presidential desk—stripped for action.

DOROTHY GERBER

Fremont, Mich.

● Governor Dewey has two desks. His working desk, in another office, is busier-looking.—ED.

GOVERNORS' DAUGHTERS

Sirs:

This cracker politician agrees that Sally Willis, daughter of Kentucky's next chief executive (LIFE, Nov. 15) may be one of the prettiest daughters of any governor.

She is not, however, the prettiest. Florida offers 19-year-old Mary Groover, daughter of Governor Spessard L. Holland, as evidence to the contrary.



FLORIDA'S HOLLAND

Convincing should be a glance at this photograph of Mary who is a freshman at Florida State College for Women.

ALLEN MORRIS

Tallahassee, Fla.

Sirs:

Any portrait of Virginia, daughter of Governor Warren of California, will show you that it is very dangerous to call Governor Willis' daughter the prettiest of governors' daughters. This should be decided by a panel of judges.



CALIFORNIA'S WARREN

ROCKEY TULLIVER

Carlsbad, N. Mex.

● Let LIFE's readers be the judges.—ED.

SKIP-BOMBING

Sirs:

Usually correct in scientific matters, I believe that LIFE, in the article on skip-bombing (LIFE, Nov. 15), has made an error which should be obvious

(continued on p. 4)



YOUR UNCLE SAM HAS TO THINK OF *everything*

Although some of the family may crab a little, now and then, your Uncle Sam is a pretty good provider, just the same.

It would make a horse laugh to see all the work that was necessary to provide horses and mules with a strong, properly designed gas mask. But now that it has been made, fitted with some of our fasteners and tested for combat use, your busy Uncle can go on to the next job. Our engineers at United-Carr and the whole outfit back of them are helping him all they can.

UNITED-CARR FASTENER CORP., Cambridge, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS

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There's a Christmas rush on telephone wires, too

Help keep war-crowded circuits clear on December 24, 25 and 26.

Please use Long Distance only if it is vital.

War needs the wires — even on holidays.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Clothes Protected with Durable

DU PONT "ZELAN"...



...Shed water



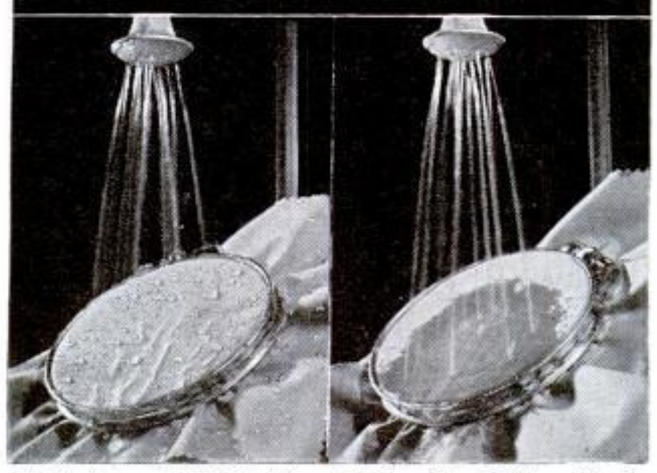
...Resist stains **...Can be washed or cleaned**

Stay-dry field jackets are one of Uncle Sam's popular gifts to fighting men. A durable water repellent treatment makes these wind-resistant cottons shed water, spots and stains . . . except grease. Think of this when you shop. Look for garments tagged durable "Zelan." Wax-type repellents wash out. "Zelan" stays in fabric . . . gives service for the life of garment. That's why it pays to keep looking for the "Zelan" tag. Military demands must be met. So be patient if you can't find all types of "Zelan"-treated clothes. Du Pont, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

This Tag is Your Guide to Good Rain Clothes, Work Clothes, Play Clothes, Sportswear, Jackets



ARMY TEST PROVES "ZELAN" LASTS



"Zelan"-treated fabric. After 3 severe test launderings, standard Army Spray Test shows that fabric continues to shed water.

Fabric with an Ordinary Repellent. After only 1 test washing, see how water soaks thru cloth. Wax-type repellents wash out!

NOTE: When "Zelan"-treated garments are washed or cleaned, be sure they're well rinsed. Dirt or soap left in fabric reduces repellency. Proper cleansing restores it. *"Zelan" durable finish—T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

to any person having taken an elementary course in physics. I refer to the caption: "As bomb is slowed slightly by gravity and air resistance . . ." which occurs under one of Bernard Hoffman's excellent photographs illustrating that article.

According to the laws of physics as taught here at Princeton, gravity has nothing to do with the forward speed of a horizontally speeding projectile, but will only act upon a body with a downward force. Therefore it cannot possibly influence its motion in a horizontal plane. The deceleration is due to air resistance alone.

As an authority to back me up, I quote Peter I. Wold who states in his revision of Kimball's *College Text-Book of Physics:* "The horizontal component remains constant, being unaffected by the vertical component. . . ."

PVT. WM. H. LITTLEWOOD
Princeton University
Princeton, N. J.

● Pvt. Littlewood is correct.—ED.

THE DUKES

Sirs:

Allow me to express my appreciation for the fine article, "The Dukes of England" (LIFE, Nov. 15). I have always wanted to know more about them and was never able to find such a concise characterization as in your recent issue.

O. B. CHRISTY
Muncie, Ind.

Sirs:

Your article, "The Dukes of England," was wonderfully interesting and informative. The pictures were fine also. How about writing up all the duchesses sometime?

EDGAR BUCK
Warren, Mass.

MATHEMATICS

Sirs:

Any of LIFE's readers who may still shy from mathematics, despite your protestations that an equation doesn't bite (LIFE, Nov. 8), may be interested in a comment on the subject by Prof. Wendell Johnson, director of Iowa State University's Psychological and Speech Clinic:

"Math is child's play. The trouble with it is that sometime in the dim and shadowy past there was a mathematics teacher who had no other way to develop his languishing ego than take advantage of children by trying to make them believe that he has been able to master what would certainly be over their heads.

"If you want to get a sense of perspective about mathematics, take your eyes off the books to have a good look at the math teacher, and remember what one fool can do another can."

SGT. EDWARD MANNION
Presidio of San Francisco
San Francisco, Calif.

FUR-LINED COATS

Sirs:

Just as we husbands were winning the battle of the "no new fur coat this winter" along came your article on fur-lined coats (LIFE, Nov. 15). This spoiled everything. A husband is helpless against a wife with such pictures and text as an ally. So, she gets a new fur coat with the fur inside. Next time, please, print some arguments an economy-minded husband can use.

OLIVER SABIN
Deal, N. J.

Sirs:

I was much interested in your fur-lined coat story because several years ago when I got a new fur coat I used my old one as a lining for a coat for my little girl. It was a very practical and effective mother-and-daughter fashion. I wonder whether anyone is making

(continued on p. 6)



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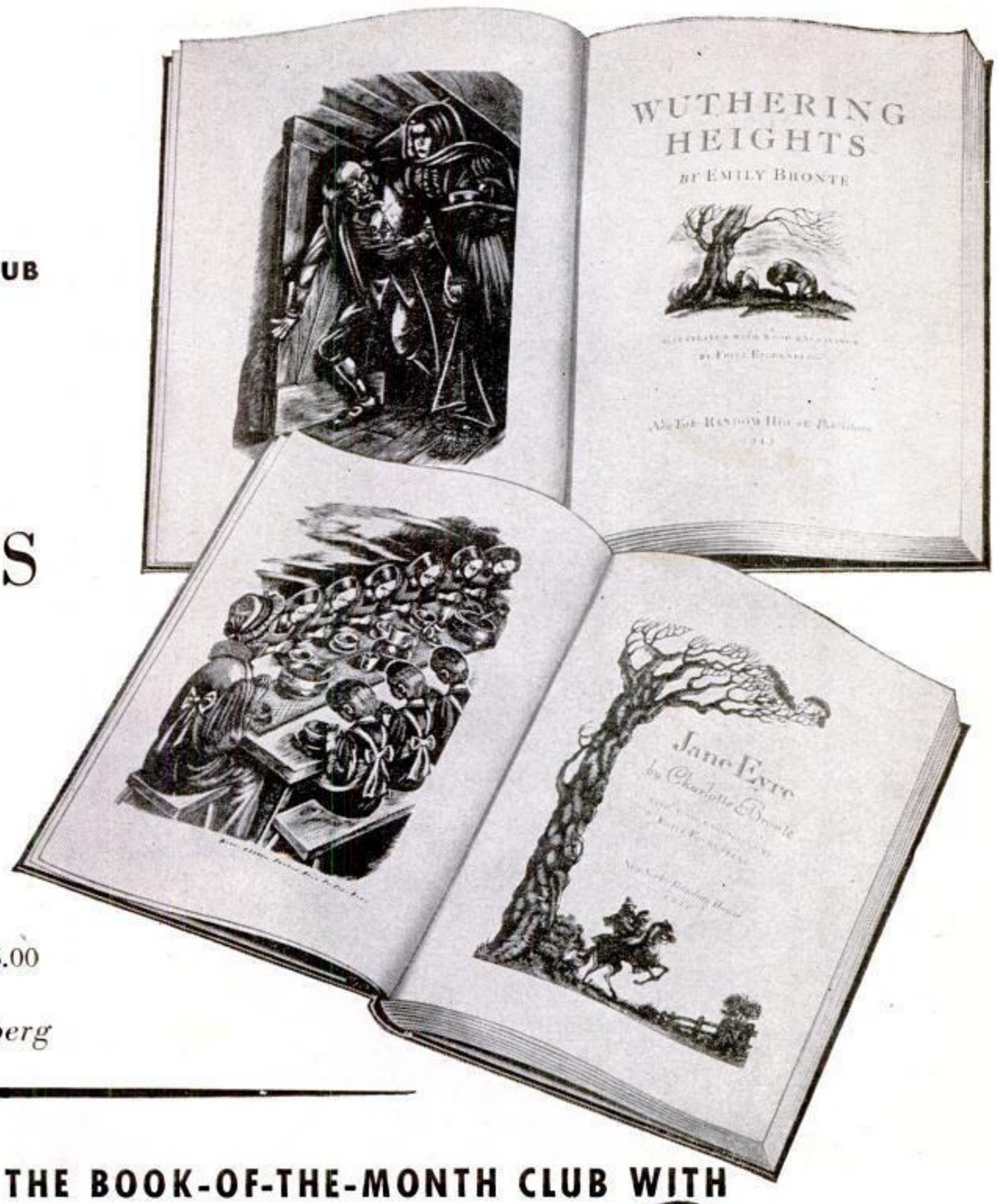
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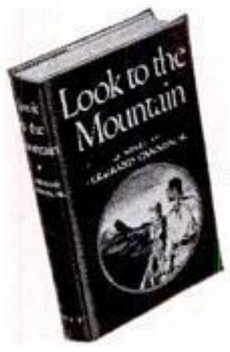
by John P. Marquand



JOHN P. MARQUAND

America's No. 1 best-seller, and a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, *So Little Time* is the most widely discussed novel today. The Club believes that this is a book which you surely do not want to miss, and will be glad to begin your subscription with it if you so wish or with any of the other selections pictured at the right.

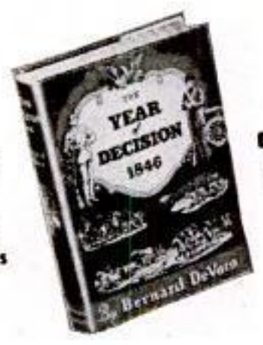
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Last year the retail value of free books given to Club members was over $7,000,000—given, not sold! These book-dividends could be distributed free because so many subscribers ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among subscribers—one for every two books-of-the-month purchased.

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And such a practical one! Universal Pajamas for real sleeping comfort. Soft, smooth fabrics of dependable Reliance quality. Aywon Shirts, in a wide array of handsome colorings and patterns, and white broadcloth. These are days of varying qualities and values, so Reliance labels become increasingly important to shoppers. They assure gift-happy menfolks. At good stores everywhere.

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Reliance UNIVERSAL "WE PUT THE WORLD TO SLEEP"

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

matching fur-lined coats for husbands and wives, mothers and daughters.

SHEILA MINNINGER
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

● LIFE is not aware of any Mr. and Mrs. coats, but there are fur-lined mother-and-daughter combinations, as shown below.—ED.



CARMEL FITZGERALD

Sirs:

What is the color of her hair? What is her height? What are her eyes like? Is she married? Of course I am talking about Carmel Fitzgerald, the lovely



CARMEL FITZGERALD

creature on your Nov. 15 cover. My guesses: five feet three or a shade more, brown hair and brown eyes.

ORVAL R. CRUZON
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

I wonder. Does your Girl with a Coat have the Voice with a Smile?

ENSIGN COLEMAN SKLOW, USNR
Solomons, Md.

Sirs:

Miss Carmel Fitzgerald — a New York model—is married and, alas, that gums up the works. Her husband is Captain Everett G. Granthan, a U. S. Army doctor. Slightly over a year ago her picture appeared in an advertisement for the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. She was billed as the girl who had the "Voice with a Smile." Immediately I went into a mild case of hysteria and found she has light brown hair and blue eyes, stands 5 ft. 8½ in. and weighs about 127—and is married. But she made the best cover yet, to my way of thinking.

GEORGE C. MILLER
Roswell, N. Mex.

EXPERIMENTS IN DEATH

Sirs:

To Messrs. Doyle & Brannon, who cry out so vehemently against what they consider the inhumane and heathen practice of vivisection (Letters to the Editors, Nov. 15), I wish to point out that were it not for the sort of experiments they condemn as cold-blooded they, and a great part of the remaining population, would not be alive today.

I suggest that to teach them a lesson the medical profession deny antivivisectionists all forms of therapy based on the research they label as atrocious. It would not be long before they would cease to be heard.

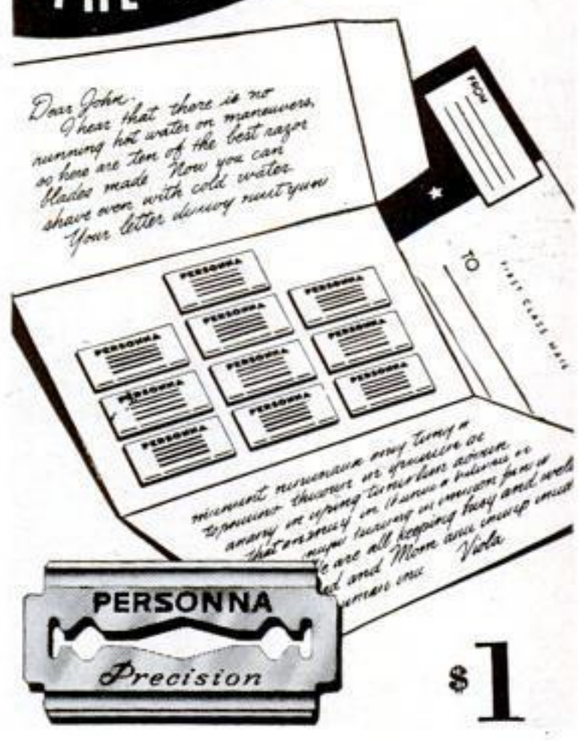
PFC. HERBERT ANHALT
Temple University School of Medicine
Philadelphia, Pa.

(continued on p. 8)

ANYWHERE, ANY TIME
Send Him



THE GIFT HE WANTS



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PERSONNA Blade Mail

The No. 1 request of Service Men everywhere is a cheerful, newsy letter from home. High on the list of their every-day needs are fine razor blades. Personna Blade Mail combines both...10 Personna Precision Blades and space for a letter from you. No fuss. Just seal and mail *first class* for 6c to anyone in the U. S. and to the boys overseas *anywhere, any time*. Personna Blades are custom quality—made of fine Swedish steel, expertly tempered, hollow-ground, leather-stropped, triple-wrapped for complete protection.

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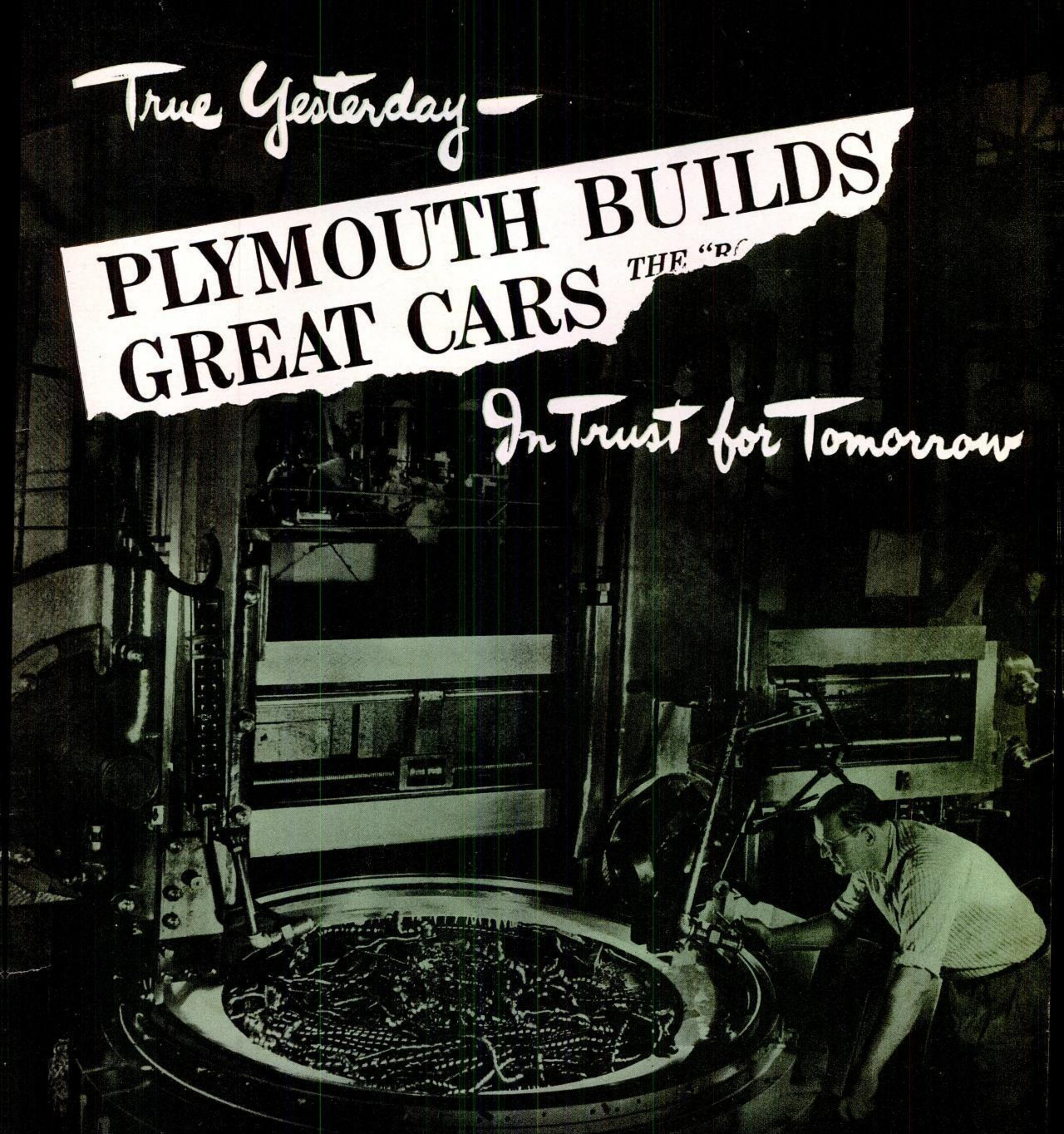
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To Plymouth's advanced engineering and precision manufacture are entrusted today many of the war jobs requiring highest accuracy and tremendous volume: on tank, cannon and airplane assemblies . . . welding and machining armor plate . . . fabricating numerous flawless items from aluminum, bronze, magnesium, cannon steels. ★ Meanwhile, under wartime conditions, Plymouth owners value more than ever the extra quality built into Plymouth cars. . . . Plymouth dealers have parts available, and provide outstanding service for cars of all makes. ★ PLYMOUTH Division of Chrysler Corporation.

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BE WISER . . . BUY KAYSER . . . BUY WAR BONDS, TOO!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

ICELAND

Sirs:

Your article on Americans in Iceland (LIFE, Nov. 15) showed how our soldiers are having a better time of it now than in the early days of the war. Here is part of a tragicomic little ditty saved from those days and sent me by a soldier stationed in Iceland.

Somewhere up in Iceland where the rain is like a curse,
And every day is followed by another, only worse.
Where the north wind's nightly howling robs a man of blessed sleep,
Where there isn't any whisky and the beer is never cheap.
Somewhere up in Iceland where the mail is always late,
There, a Christmas Card in April is considered up-to-date.

SYLVIA FISCHER
Queens, N. Y.

SOLDIERS STILL SING

Sirs:

I just got your issue of Sept. 27 in which you had an article called "Soldiers Still Sing." Thanks a lot for the write-up on my *Dirty Gertie*. I hope folks at home will like it as much as my fellow soldiers—although I don't see how they will hear it because I have just learned that it is banned from the air—censored! Even the "soft" choruses. Poor Gertie! But I don't mind so much as long as I helped to make the boys at the front line laugh.

While doing my duty here as interrogator and interpreter I'm arranging shows in requisitioned theaters. I'm writing musical gossip for *Stars and Stripes* and I'm putting on broadcasts with my Hobby-Singers, a trio of ordinary soldiers with voices that would click before almost any audience. During the Sicilian campaign I got off a song about the happy people in nations we liberated, the *New Continental*. A few weeks ago a soldier who was seriously wounded sent me a lyric, *Together Again*, which he wrote in the hospital while recovering, and the other day I finished a real flag-waver, *I've Got 48 Sweethearts*.

T/SGT. PAUL REIF
Somewhere in Italy

FISH NOISES

Sirs:

Your pictures of fish-noise experiments (LIFE, Nov. 15) still leave me a little skeptical. One of your pictures shows a catfish lying on the bottom of Dr. Christopher Coates's experimental aquarium after a heavy meal. It is making what you claim is a low purring sound into a waterproofed microphone.

I'd say that the noise came from the catfish's stomach. Mine does the same thing after a heavy meal.

Let's by all means get this issue cleared up so we can get on with the war.

BILL BURTON
St. Joseph, Mo.

● To make things completely clear: catfish definitely make a purring sound. Reader Burton does not. —ED.

Sirs:

Batticaloa, a town on the east coast of Ceylon, has advertised for some years that there are singing fish in its sheltered lagoon.

Many visitors have come away skeptical. I tried a night when the fish were supposed to sing their best. I pressed my ear to the end of a bamboo pole held vertically in the water from the side of the catamaran, but the fish choir had an out-of-town engagement that night.

I have mailed your story on fish noises to the mayor of Batticaloa. I am sure that it will give him all the research he needs to launch a monster postwar tourist campaign.

JOHN H. McKECHNIE
Alma, Mich.



(continued on p. 11)

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Food fights for Freedom!

The Food you save can help win the war

Here are more food-saving ideas from Armour, to help you do your part in conserving America's vital food

THE food on your table is a war weapon. It's part of America's food supply . . . and that food supply must be stretched to provide our fighting men with the hearty meals they need, to keep our home front healthy and strong, to maintain the efficiency of our allies.

That's why it's important to conserve food . . . to prevent the waste of a single morsel.

If you and every other American homemaker were to cut out the food waste in your kitchens, enough food would be saved to feed our armed forces. More than enough for our allies' needs.

To help you stretch the food supply, Armour and Company brings you the food-saving ideas on this page. These are simple, practical ways to fight food waste in your home. Use them. Devise other ways yourself. But above all, don't throw away a single spoonful of usable food, from now until Victory. The food you save can help win this war.



Main Dish for 6 . . . from Leftover Meat

It's called Beef Biscuit Rolls . . . and it changes leftover meat into a hearty dinner. Here's how: melt 3 tablespoons drippings in frying pan, add ½ cup chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 2 cups ground leftover beef (or pork or lamb) and brown lightly. Season. Make soft biscuit dough, and roll out ¼ inch thick. Spread with meat drippings and meat mixture, then roll like jelly roll. Cut in 1½ inch slices. Bake with cut side up on oiled baking pan, in 425° F. oven for 15 minutes. Serve with brown gravy or mushroom sauce.



Save Drippings for Shortening

Make delicious pie crust this way: cut ¾ cup strained Star Bacon or Sausage drippings into 3 cups sifted flour and 1 tsp. salt, until mixture has coarse cornmeal texture. Add approx. ½ cup cold water, a little at a time, mixing lightly. Chill before rolling out. Makes 1 double and 1 single crust. Excellent for fruit pies.



Keep Beef Broth for Nourishing Soup

Save the broth in which ham, smoked tongue or corned beef is cooked. This rich, flavorful broth will keep for several days if you cool it quickly after the meat has been removed from it, then put it in a covered jar. Keep in your refrigerator. This broth makes a fine foundation for rich, tasty vegetable, bean or split pea soups.



Bacon Left Over from Breakfast?

Those two or three strips of already-cooked bacon that someone didn't eat this morning can add extra goodness to luncheon or between meals snacks. Chop the cooked bacon and mix it with peanut butter or chopped hard cooked egg for a delicious sandwich filling. Or use it to give new zest to cream of potato or other cream soups.



How Armour Conserves By-Products

There is enough leather in the hide of one steer to make twelve pairs of shoes. Leather is just one of the valuable by-products being wasted by black market slaughterers. When you buy meat from reputable packers like Armour, you make sure that the by-products of the packing process are used for shoes, for medicinals, for hundreds of vitally necessary wartime products and needs.



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Give her a War Bond

and you give her the best . . .



THE ABOVE ENVELOPES contain crisp papers that magically turn into new dresses, electric refrigerators, movie cameras, vacuum cleaners, children's education, new homes, and vacation trips—a few years from now.

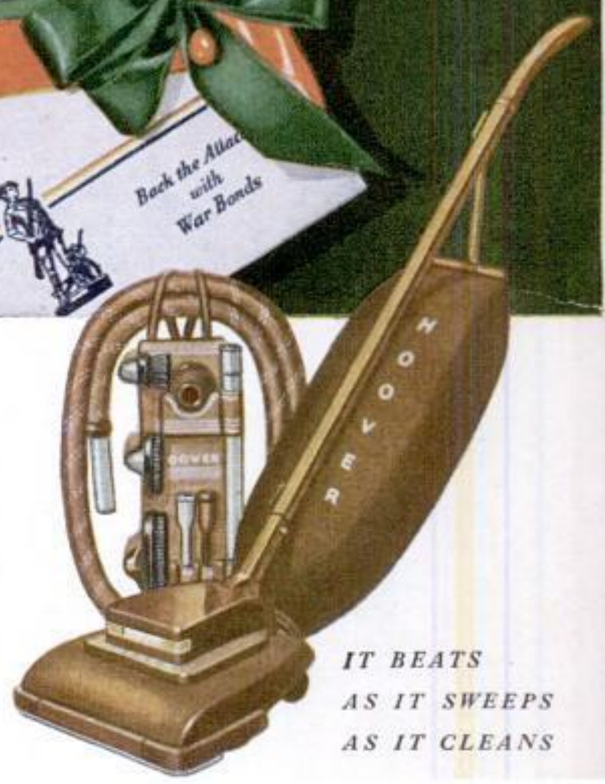
They are more than War Bonds—they are lifesaving "War Shorteners."

The money you pay for these crisp papers goes directly into tanks, planes, submarines and ammunition for fighters to fight with, clothes for them to wear, food for them to eat.

They are marked, respectively, $25, $50, $100, $500, and $1,000. You pay for them, only $18.75, $37.50, $75, $375, and $750 respectively. You earn the difference between each pair of figures.

Whether you choose the Bond with the picture of Washington, Jefferson, Cleveland, Wilson, or Lincoln, or the Stamp at 10c, 25c, 50c, $1 or $5, you'll find the exact "size" for the Christmas stocking you want to fit.

Remember, the more War Bonds we buy now, the sooner we can get back to the Christmas giving we used to know. Then as we have said every Christmas until Pearl Harbor, the makers of The Hoover Cleaner again will say . . .



"Give her a HOOVER and you give her the best"

ARMY E NAVY

The HOOVER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO

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INSIDE *Paramount*

Published Here Every 4 Weeks



This year we're dreaming of a *Technicolor* Christmas.

• • •

Meaning that Paramount's Technicolored "RIDING HIGH" is a dream of a musical—and it's coming for Christmas.

• • •

This rodeo of rhythm is heap hep — and a heap of fun.

• • •



Its seven song hits are hotter than shootin' irons. When **DOROTHY LAMOUR** sings them you get powder-burns.

• • •

When she dances, you don't feel the burns.

• • •

She is a sultry "Secretary to the Sultan." She swing-sings solid in "Get Your Man."

• • •

And in "Injun Gal Heap Hep" she does some very interesting Indian weaving. The sun-tanned Pocahontases who assist her are definitely the pin-up girls of the prairies.

"Riding High"



By the adroit use of tracer kisses, **DICK POWELL** gets the range on Dottie and one thing leads to another, including the colorfully tuneful 'You're the Rainbow.'

• • •



VICTOR MOORE as a bashful counterfeiter, is the real thing in comedy. Arguments will rage far into the night as to whether he is funnier in this than in "True to Life."

• • •

Something new in laughter are GIL LAMB, as the pest of the west, and CASS DALEY, the gal with the iron lungs. They more than live up to their promising performances in "Star Spangled Rhythm."

• • •

Something new in thrills is the big chuck wagon race, with Victor Moore as a shanghaied jockey, and MILT BRITTON and his band committing hilarious musical homicide as Cass Daley sings "He Loved Me Till The All-Clear Came" and "Willie, The Wolf Of The West."

• • •



These and the rest of the score, including "Whistling In The Light," are the work of such masters of pow-wow boogie as Leo Robin, Ralph Rainger, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer and Joseph J. Lilley.

• • •

And George Marshall, as "social" director of this dude ranch vacation, has made "RIDING HIGH" a big, glamourous, carefree entertainment to brighten what we hope will be a very bright holiday for you and yours.

Paramount Pictures

CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET?



We're bursting to tell the world about the hilarious "miracle" in "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK." But we're not going to, because it might spoil the most fun you've had at the movies in years and years. When *you* see it, please don't tell a soul the amazing, unprecedented, incomparable ending. Promise?

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

"YANK"

Sirs:

Thanks for the swell write-up about *Yank* (LIFE, Nov. 15) and our most popular cartoon, the *Sad Sack*. I had tried to tell my civilian friends about what a swell magazine it is but you did the job for me. The *Sad Sack* cartoons very often can be seen stuck to those already crowded bulletin boards. They always get a laugh from a soldier at the end of a hard day.

SGT. BOB DIEDRICH
Douglas, Ariz.

Sirs:

It is an ironical fact that early *Yank* editors chided us of the Fort Ord *Panorama* for suggesting they include pin-ups in *Yank*. "Too corny," they wrote back. Two months later, however, full-page pin-ups began to appear in *Yank*, long after they were well established in the *Panorama*.



"PANORAMA'S" HUNDREDTH

Here, as a sample of *Panorama's* pin-ups, is No. 100 (Paramount's Marie McDonald) which will appear in *Panorama* on Christmas Eve.

SGT. SPENCER "SOAPY" CASTEEL
Fort Ord *Panorama* Editor
Fort Ord, Calif.

Sirs:

Yank or no *Yank* the Armored Command will stick to Carol Kemp for their best pin-up girl.

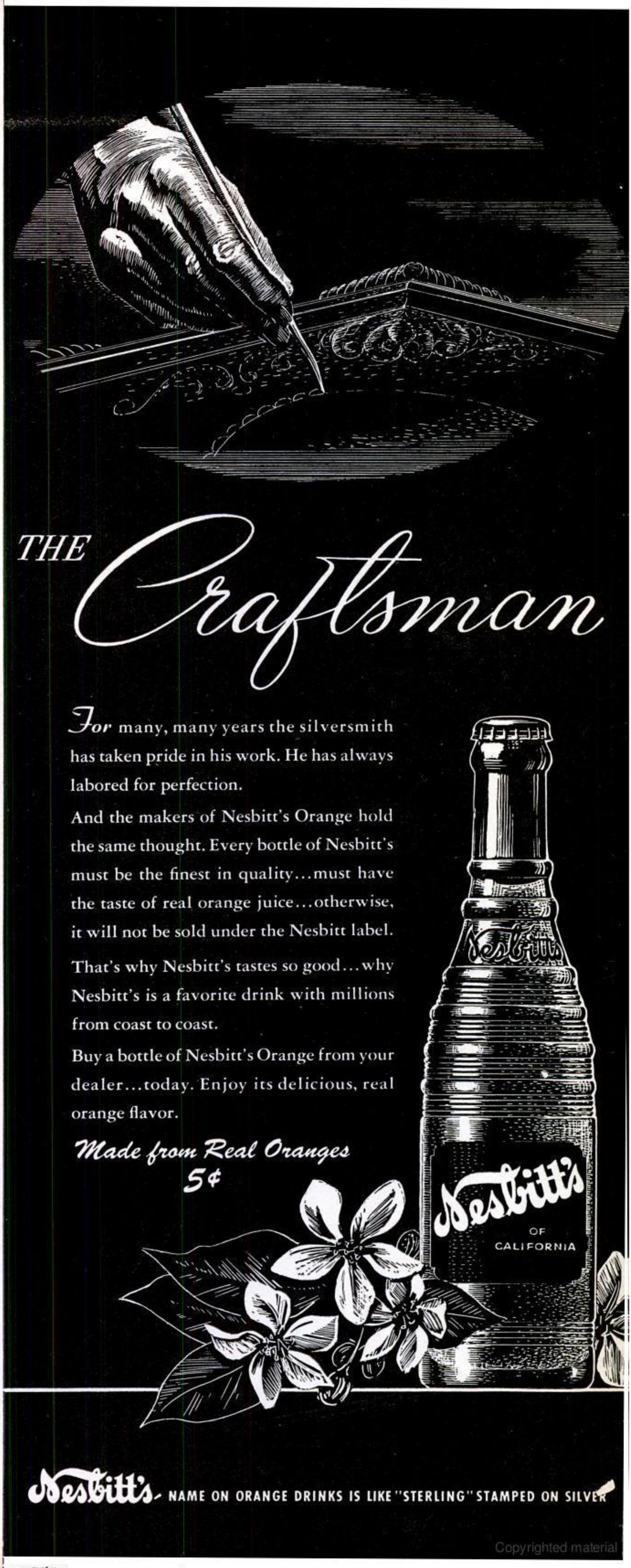
Carol is a regular feature in the *Armored News*, a 24-page weekly newspaper circulated to armored troops throughout this and other countries and to their families.



CAROL KEMP

SGT. GARVER WHEELER
Fort Knox, Ky.

Since January 1, 1943, *Time*, LIFE, *Fortune* and *The Architectural Forum* have been cooperating with the War Production Board on conservation of paper. During the year 1943, these four Time Inc. publications will have used 14,600 fewer tons (580 freight-car loads) of paper than in 1942. In view of the resulting shortage of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.



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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THESE ARE AN ARTIST'S STUDIES OF NEW ENGLAND HOUSES



THE PEIRCE MANSION IN PORTSMOUTH, N.H. WAS BUILT IN 1799 BY ONE OF AMERICAN MERCANTILE FORTUNES WHICH FLOURISHED IN THAT TOWN WHEN IT WAS A GREAT SEAPORT

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In their admiration for fast modern lenses and film, most photographers have forgotten that photography can be leisurely and contemplative as well as instantaneous. Samuel Chamberlain, who made these acutely beautiful pictures of old New England houses, has gone to another extreme. For him, a good photograph requires nearly as much time and care as a painting. This comes naturally to him, since he is better known as an illustrator than he is as a photographer.

But photography is more than just an avocation for Chamberlain. He has used it to illustrate a memorable series of pocket-size picture books on such New England towns as Salem, Concord, Gloucester, Marblehead, Lexington and Portsmouth. Although pictures shown here appear in these books, not all of Chamberlain's photography is studies of houses. But the best of it is, partly because American architecture is one of the noblest accomplishments of American culture.



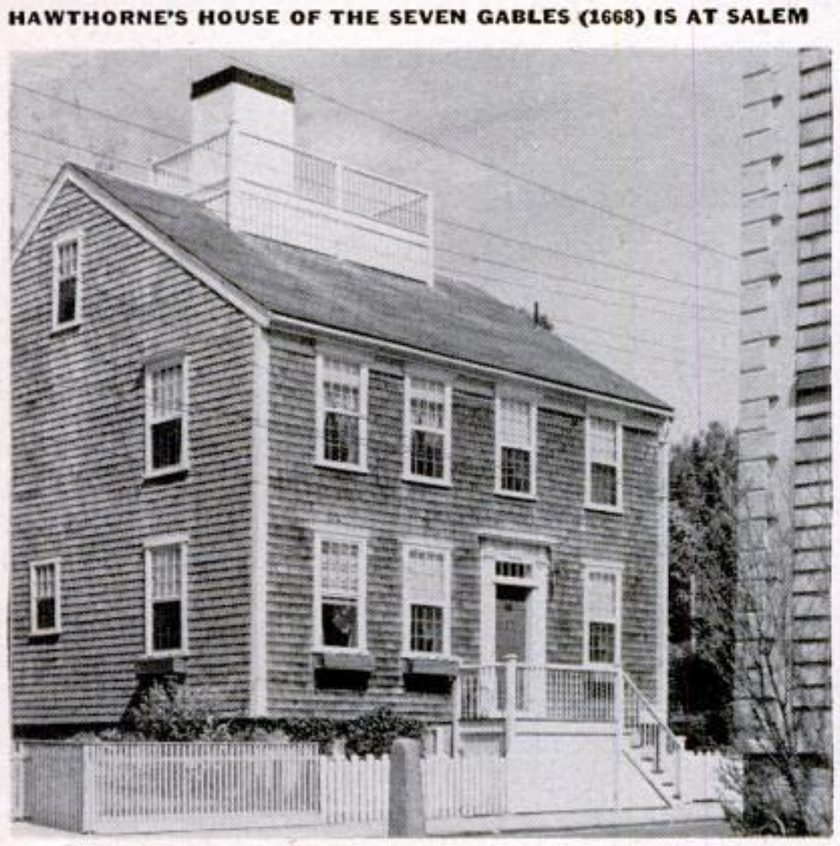
HAWTHORNE'S HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES (1668) IS AT SALEM



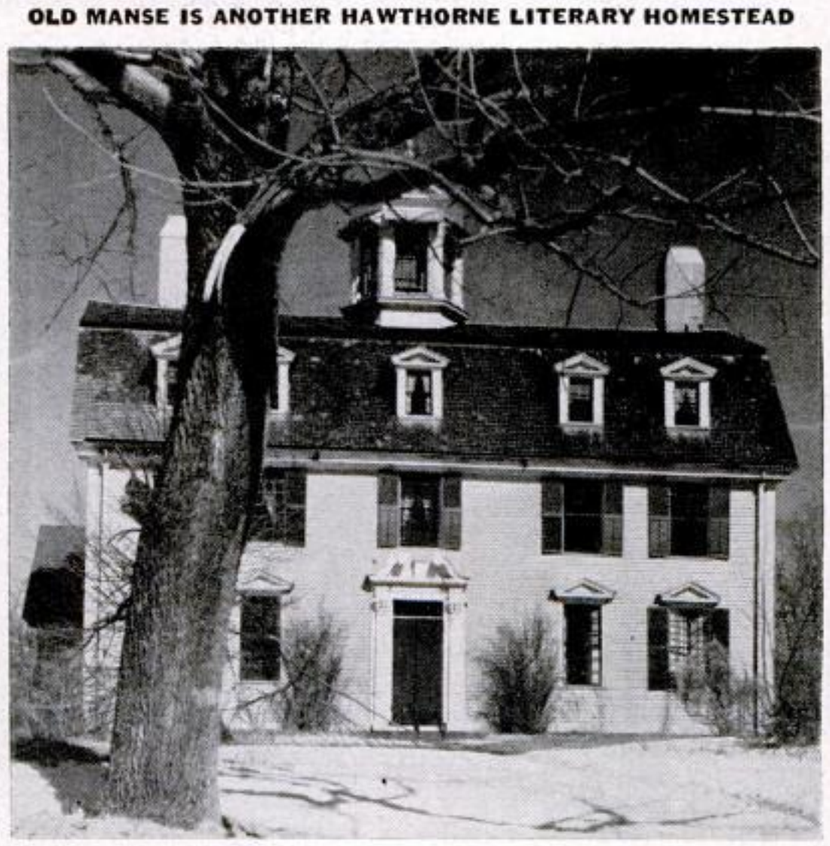
OLD MANSE IS ANOTHER HAWTHORNE LITERARY HOMESTEAD



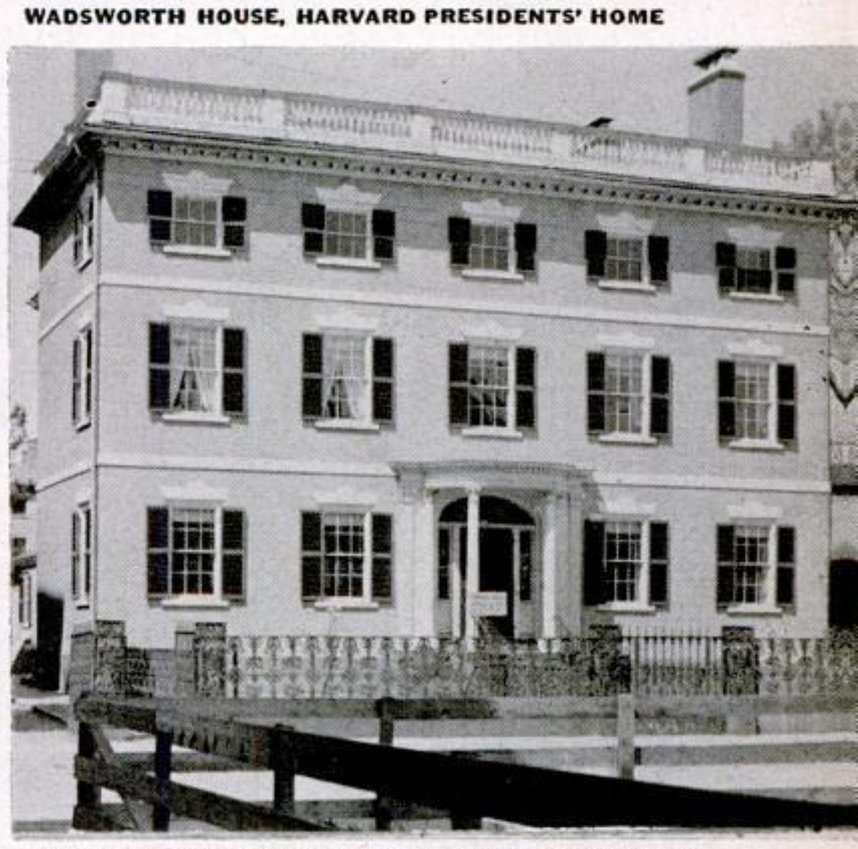
WADSWORTH HOUSE, HARVARD PRESIDENTS' HOME



HOUSE IN NANTUCKET HAS CHARACTERISTIC "WIDOW'S WALK"



THIS GEORGIAN HOUSE IN KITTERY, ME. WAS BUILT IN 1742



PINGREE HOUSE IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN SALEM



LAFAYETTE ONCE STAYED AT THIS OLD HOUSE IN MARBLEHEAD



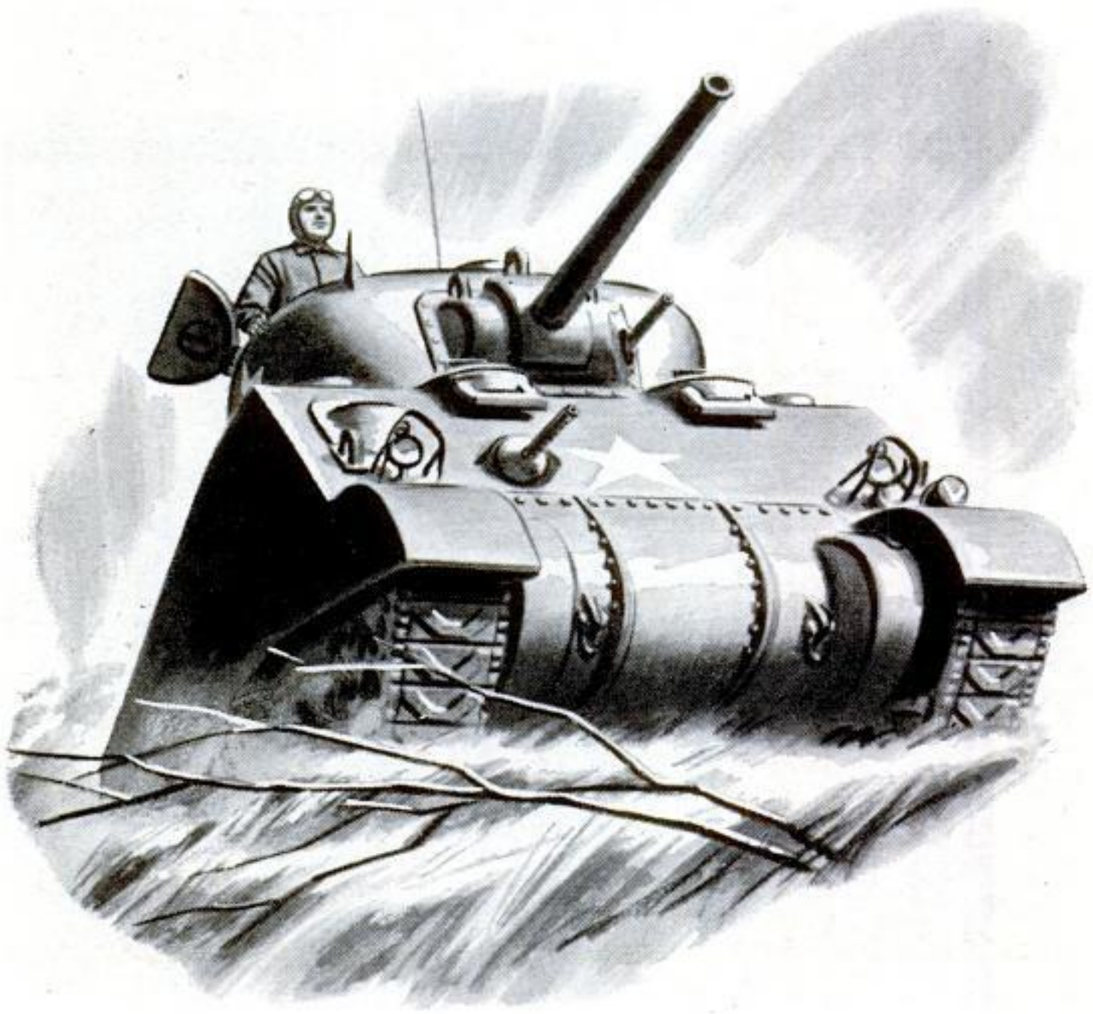
JEREMIAH LEE MANSION IN MARBLEHEAD WAS BUILT IN 1768



JACKSON HOUSE (1664) IS ONE OF OLDEST IN U. S.

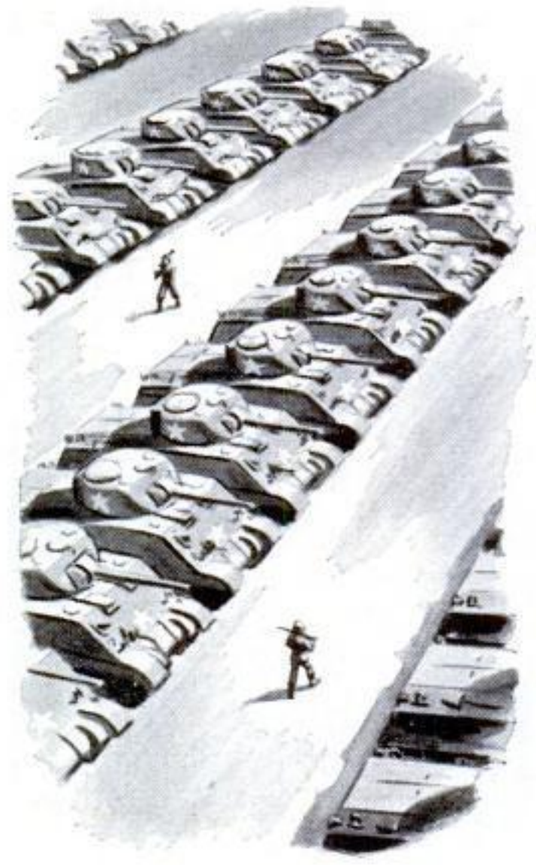
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This is a Tank.



Without an Engine
it's not much good...

Last year we
needed hundreds



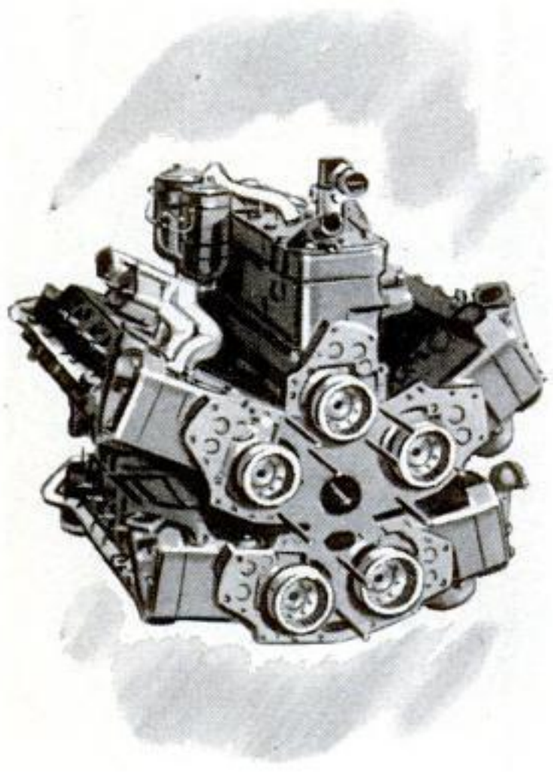
of very high
powered Engines
for Tanks

But there was
none ready



and it would take
months to develop
new Engines!

This is the
amazing Engine



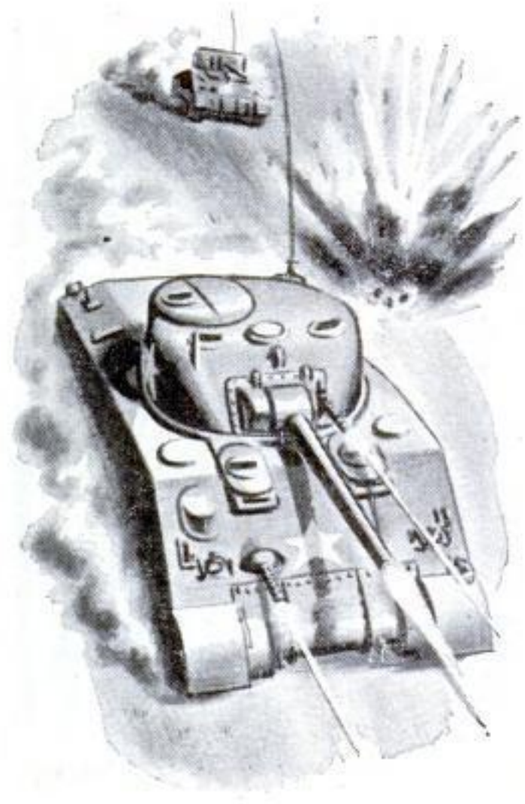
that came to
the Rescue...

It is made of
5 Engines.



The very same
Engines
you get in a
Chrysler car...

It works perfectly.
Even when



2 Engines are
knocked out—
the Tank keeps
rolling along!

This Engine
was developed
and built by
Chrysler Division

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines
Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons
Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon
Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank
Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-
Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens
Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER



DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

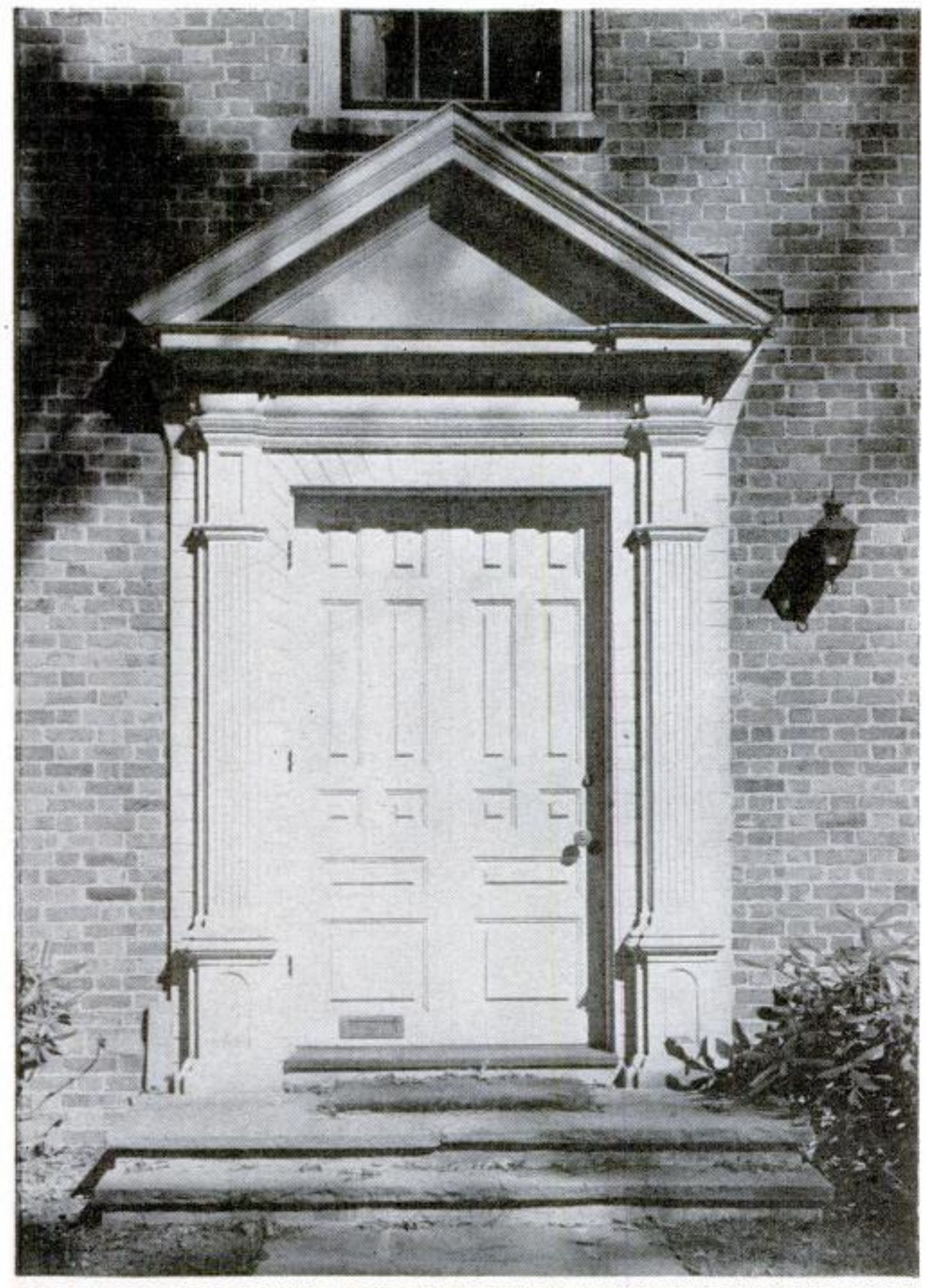
The nation-wide Chrysler Dealer Organization offers owners service facilities to meet their wartime transportation needs.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



THIS CAMBRIDGE DOORWAY IS CONTEMPORARY INTERPRETATION OF COLONIAL



ORNATE DOORWAY OF EBENEZER GRANT HOUSE (1757) IN EAST WINDSOR, CONN.



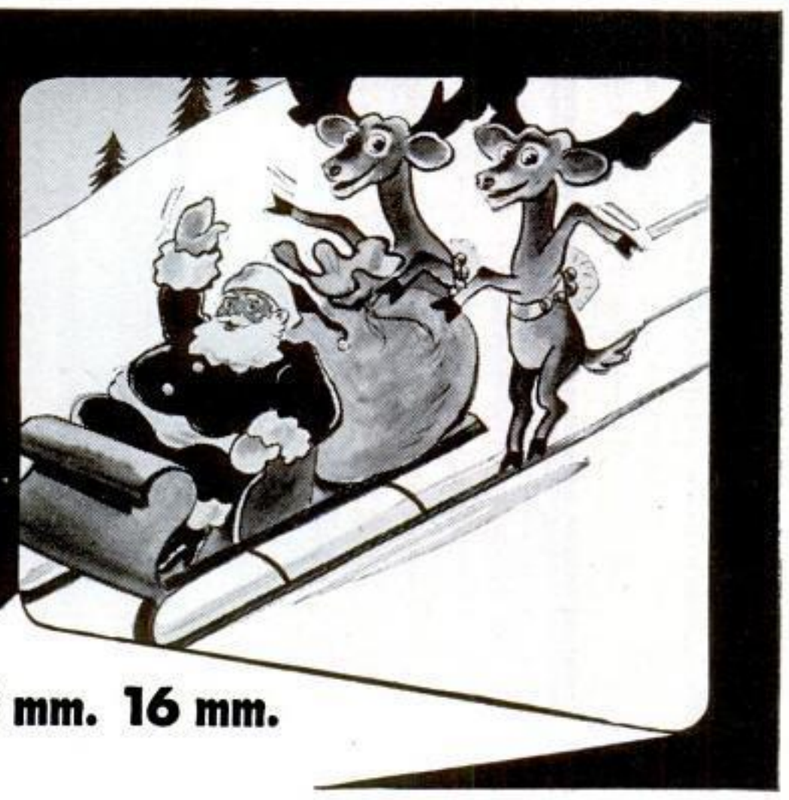
Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS — Saturday Night — NBC Network

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Give THRILLING CASTLE FILMS THIS CHRISTMAS





EVERY TIME YOUR GIFT IS SHOWN, IT WILL BE A LIVING REMEMBRANCE OF YOUR THOUGHTFULNESS!

8 mm. 16 mm.



"CHRISTMAS CARTOON"

Here's joy for Christmas Day! A delightful cartoon that will please everyone. Santa and his reindeer visit canine town! Mother Goose characters come to life! Toy soldiers parade. Mice steal toy train. Kittens play havoc. Antics to bring tears of joy to kids . . . and a warmth around the heart to adults. Give this home movie to your family—your friends!

Other Home Movies You Can Own or Give!

"NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR" (1943)
Blazing highlights of a key year of history. In one film, peak moments from the entire year! An on-the-spot record of great Allied achievements on land, sea, and in the sky!

"FOOTBALL THRILLS OF 1943"
A sports sizzler. Red-hot moments from the year's best inter-collegiate games. Thrills! Spills! Touchdowns! Fumbles! Recoveries! Give it to sports-loving friends!

"CLYDE BEATTY'S ANIMAL THRILLS"
See Clyde Beatty face destruction every instant in a cageful of born killers! Watch sheer willpower awe slinking jungle cats into obeying his commands! Here's a movie that makes audiences shiver with excitement! Give it this year! Now!

FREE! New DeLuxe Catalog describing 98 thrilling home movies you can own and give! Use it as your shopping guide this Christmas! Send coupon now!

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG. NEW YORK 20 — FIELD BLDG. CHICAGO 3 — RUSS BLDG. SAN FRANCISCO 4

DON'T DELAY! See Your PHOTO DEALER While Stocks Are Complete—or Send Handy Order Form Below TODAY!

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"Christmas Cartoon"					
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Remittance enclosed ☐ ✓ Ship C.O.D. ☐ Send Castle Films' Free DeLuxe Catalog ☐

LIFE'S REPORTS

BURIAL AT SEA

by ROBERT SHERROD

The most awesome ceremony of the sea," says Captain Leland P. Lovette in his *Naval Customs, Traditions and Usage*, "is the one which consigns mortal remains to the deep. It antedates all other ceremonies."

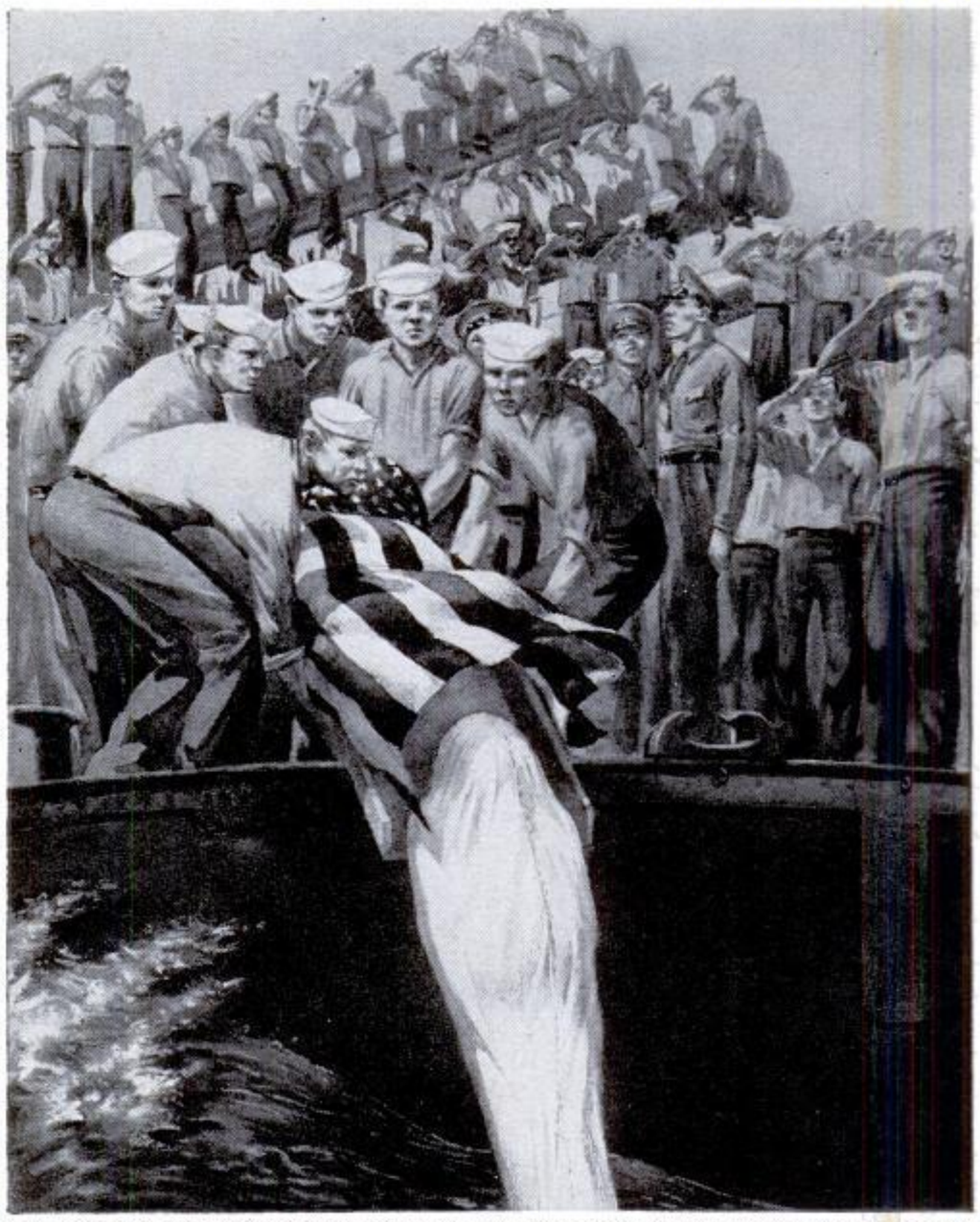
The custom of burying sailors at sea had almost faded into the limbo of other ancient naval customs when World War II hit the U. S. Navy. In peacetime if a sailor died aboard ship, he was usually put in an icebox until port was reached. Even today many a ship waits to bury ashore those of its men who are killed in action. This can be done, of course, only if a few are killed. When casualties are heavy, the burial-at-sea ceremonies are usually held quietly and with brief prayers at night, so that crew morale will not be disrupted by the sight of many shipmates going over the side for the last time.

Last October a U. S. battleship on which I was traveling somewhere in the Pacific, lost a seaman who unaccountably had chosen to sleep under the loading platform of a main turret gun. When, in the darkness of early morning, the big gun was elevated, the seaman was crushed. He lived 15 hours and was conscious much of the time, but the great physical shock of his accident had mercifully put him beyond pain. The Catholic chaplain told him that his time to die had come and the seaman made his peace with his God. He died at 8 o'clock that night.

It was not feasible to hold the body for burial on land for the battleship was not due in port for some days. And since there was no reason for night burial, preparations were made to bury the sailor at sea next morning at 10 o'clock.

The body was dressed in the uniform of the day: blue dungarees. It was weighted with two 5-inch shells (approximately 100 lb.). It was sewed in canvas by the sailmaker, but the ancient customs of tak-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



"BLESS THIS WATERY GRAVE AND ALL WHOSE BODIES LIE BENEATH THE SEA"

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Advertisement

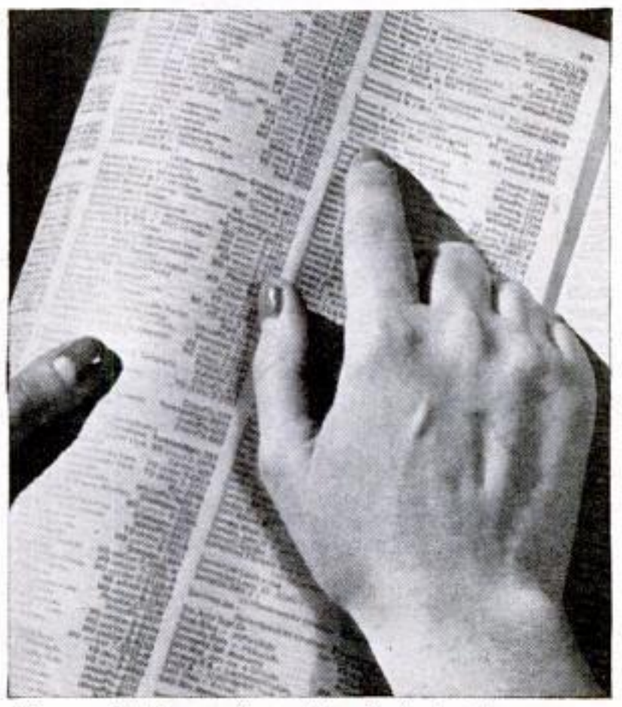
WAR-TIME necessity is making a remarkable change in this country's understanding of hearing troubles. Time was, and not so very long ago when, if a man suspected his hearing was slipping, he dodged the issue in a hurry, blamed other people's "mumbling" for his difficulty in hearing, and as for wearing a hearing aid . . . well, that was utter nonsense. With the result in all too many cases that his hearing grew steadily worse and upset his life, his self-confidence, his income and often his family relations before he'd consent to try a hearing aid.

But take the case of Sgt. John M. H. . .* (*left*) . . . and what a difference! While a private on overseas duty, H. . .'s hearing began to fail to a point where he had to be returned to the States. His training and his personal aptitude justified keeping him in service. He was too good a man to lose. So he was transferred to an Army flying center in the Southwest.

He was worried, of course. Like any patriotic youngster, he wanted to do his best for his country. So when one of his officers discussed hearing aids with him, he jumped at the idea. No false pride! No vanity! He *wanted to hear* . . . got a Sonotone . . . and now hears so well that he has been twice promoted, and is an instructor at the flying field.

If he had been born 20 years earlier, his hearing loss might have handicapped his whole life, but thanks to the common-sense of this younger generation, Sgt. H. . . will return to private life after the war with the knowledge that his hearing need never be a handicap in his life. He has won that fight . . . won it *early* when it counts most!

No man, whatever his age, should put off taking care of his hearing. There is no excuse for delay. And so much can be done to compensate for your hearing loss. Thanks to Sonotone's 12 years of ceaseless research, over 90% of people's hearing losses can be helped. And with the *individualized* fitting techniques developed by Sonotone and the nation-wide service Sonotone has established in 145 cities in the United States, you can be sure of having the closest approach to natural hearing that scientific invention can supply . . . and best of all, you can be sure of *uninterrupted hearing!*



*Name omitted in accordance with medical principles

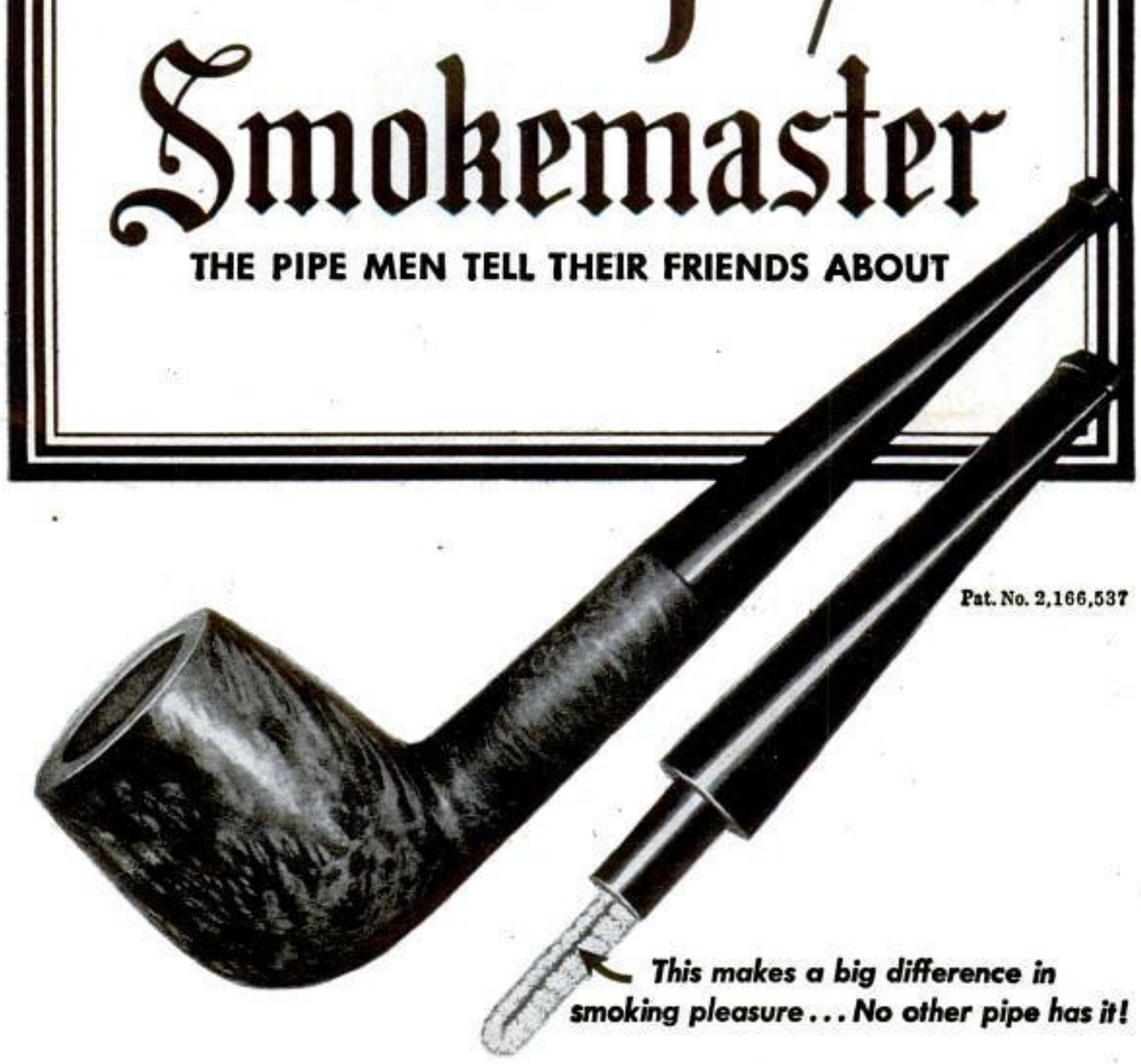
If you wish to have an Audiogram made of your hearing, look in your local 'phone book under SONOTONE for the address of the nearest of Sonotone's 145 offices and come in. Or write Sonotone Corporation, Elmsford, N. Y. *In Canada, write 229 Yonge Street, Toronto. In England, write 144 Wigmore Street, London, W. I.*

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You can bet he'll enjoy a Smokemaster

THE PIPE MEN TELL THEIR FRIENDS ABOUT



Pat. No. 2,166,537

This makes a big difference in smoking pleasure... No other pipe has it!

The pipe to give him for Christmas

Here's a pipe he'll enjoy day in and day out... a pipe that stays fresh and sweet from morning to night...The kind of pipe men tell their friends about. *A Smokemaster!*

The secret of Smokemaster's finer smoking qualities is *in the stem.* Here an ordinary pipe cleaner absorbs all moisture and sidetracks it from the smoke passage. Smoke is never drawn through rank, biting moisture. The bowl stays dry, the stem stays dry—not a whiff of staleness mixes with fresh tobacco flavor. Always mellow, satisfying!

Smokemaster, moreover, proclaims superior craftsmanship and fine quality in every detail. It's the type of gift that reflects the thoughtfulness and discrimination of the giver.

In all popular models, beautifully finished to bring out their handsome grain.

Select your Smokemasters now. And don't forget your friends in the Service—they've voted pipes among their favorite gifts.

At leading dealers

Custom-made Smokemaster, $1.50 • Smokemaster, $1.00

BRIARCRAFT, INC., 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
The pipe that sidetracks moisture
Keeps itself clean

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

ing the last stitch through the nose of the deceased and placing coins in his mouth were omitted.*

The ceremony was brief, for we were cruising through dangerous waters, but it was impressive. Sometime before 10 o' clock two wooden carpenter's horses were placed on the starboard side of the quarterdeck. A detachment of khaki-clad marines stood at attention next to the horses. The ship's band was aft of the marines, their backs to the sea. Still further aft, about 75 officers faced forward. More than a thousand dungaree-clad sailors swarmed over the turret armor and out to the very ends of the battleship's big guns, over the air-defense stations, the antiaircraft turrets and guns and over the superstructure. It is doubtful if a dozen men on board had ever before seen a burial at sea. Everyone was there except those on duty at that moment, manning the guns and keeping the ship running.

•

At 9:40 the chaplain went below to the sick bay to bless the body in the presence of the pallbearers, who were selected from the dead man's own branch. The blessing was the 129th Psalm, *De Profundis*, which begins:

Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice. Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplication. . . Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, And let the perpetual light shine upon him.

The pallbearers carried the body aft, the stocky young chaplain walking beside it and praying:

Come to his assistance, ye Saints of God! Meet him, ye Angels of the Lord. Receive his soul, and present it to the Most High. May Christ who called Thee, receive Thee; and may the Angels lead Thee into the bosom of Abraham. Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.

When the pallbearers reached portside aft they had considerable difficulty lifting the body up the narrow ladder through the hatch to the quarterdeck. The band, one of the best in the fleet, was softly playing *Nearer, My God, to Thee*. The body, covered by a large U. S. flag, was carried across the quarterdeck

*The last stitch through the nose was customary aboard old-time merchantmen to make sure dead seaman was really dead and not just in a stupor. Coins were placed in body's mouth to pay soul's passage over River Styx.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

Where Performance *must* be Perfect!

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



RONSONS are the tried and true companions of our armed forces the world over . . . made today for them only and obtainable by them thru government agencies.

Civilian and Military Owners, Note
If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

Buy genuine RONSON 'Flints,' Wicks and RONSONOL (Fuel)—Tops for all lighters

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY WAR BONDS

Krementz
FINE QUALITY JEWELRY



Cuff Link Sets $3.50 to $10

Looks better... lasts longer

Krementz Jewelry has an OVERLAY OF 14 KT. GOLD.

Yes, it costs a little more ... but this is jewelry you will be proud to wear.

Wherever fine jewelry is sold.

Please send descriptive booklets.

Name

Address

.....

Krementz & Co. Newark 5, New Jersey

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Splints alone can't set your bones— nor glasses alone correct faulty vision

Can you imagine a doctor basing his fees on bandages, splints or medicines that he uses?

Of course not. You go to him for professional advice and care. The materials he uses are but incidentals. Important? Yes . . . but of no value to you without professional knowledge, skill and service to determine and guide their use.

When you break an arm, you don't say, "Guess I'll have to buy a splint." You shout, "Get the doctor!"

But what about your eyesight?

Ever catch yourself saying, "Guess I'll have to buy some glasses?" That's about as logical as talking of buying splints.

Glasses alone won't correct faulty vision.

SEEK PROFESSIONAL ADVICE
—not glasses at a price

Yet many people do have a wrong conception of the relation of glasses to eye care and service.

Here, just as in the case of the splints, glasses are but incidental materials. They're important, of course, but of no value to you without professional knowledge, skill and service to guide their use.

So, don't confuse the price of glasses with the cost of eye care and service.

Go to your Ophthalmologist, Optometrist, Ophthalmic Dispenser for professional eye care. Your priceless sight deserves the skill and service that only he can give you.

Don't buy glasses. Invest in eye care.

American Optical
COMPANY

From The AMERICAN *Plan for Better Vision*

These professional services are worth infinitely more than the cost of the material in the glasses themselves.

EXAMINATION: Professional examination for possible pathological eye conditions.

REFRACTION: Scientific measure of your ability to see.

PRESCRIPTION: Carefully prepared professional conclusions and the proper instructions necessary to correct your vision.

INTERPRETATION: Careful technical and scientific compounding of the exact materials of your prescription.

FITTING: Scientific, minute adjustment of your prescription to *your* eyes.

RE-EVALUATING: Verification of the refraction and the prescription.

SERVICING: Assurance that the requirements of your prescription are being constantly maintained.

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Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
MIXMASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IS MAKING RATIONED FOODS GO FURTHER



This CHRISTMAS CRANBERRY PIE is a delicious holiday treat for the whole family. Simple and easy to make, too, with Mixmaster to mix a flaky pie crust and whip the meringue to a fluffy, feather-light consistency. It is one of the suggestions included in the new kit of Sunbeam Victory Recipes. All on handy 3" x 5" cards for your file. Send for your FREE set.





● MIXMASTER does the tiring arm-work of cooking, baking, getting meals . . . makes ingredients go farther . . . saves time and money.

● MIXMASTER now doing "wartime duty" in nearly three million American homes. If you have one—care for it well and get the most out of it. If not—buy a War Bond *today* for your Mixmaster *later.*

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
5600 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 53, Chicago 50, Ill.
Canada Factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto
Over Half a Century Making Quality Products



● There have been no Mixmasters manufactured at the Sunbeam factory since Spring, 1942. Production of war goods replaced them at that time. But they will be back with Victory.

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, etc.

LIFE'S REPORTS (continued)

and placed on the two wooden horses.

Now the service proper began. Hundreds of grave-faced men uncovered as the chaplain, wearing a black cassock, white lace surplice and black stole over his khaki uniform, stood beside the body and prayed, almost inaudibly, for perhaps ten minutes:

Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord; for in Thy sight shall no man be justified, unless through Thee he find pardon for all his sins. . . Lord have mercy on us. . . Christ, have mercy on us. . . Lord, have mercy on us.

The prayers followed the Catholic ritual almost as closely as if the funeral were being held on land, but the chaplain interpolated a reference to the vast ocean whose bosom would receive the young sailor's body:

O God, through whose mercy the souls of the faithful find rest, be pleased to bless this watery grave. Send Thy Holy Angel to keep it; and loose from the bonds of sin the souls of all whose bodies lie beneath the waters of this sea, that they may ever rejoice in Thee with Thy Saints. . .

●

At the end of the prayers the pallbearers lifted the flag, holding it a few inches above the canvas shroud which enveloped the sailor's body. The outboard carpenter's horse was removed and, tenderly, the pallbearers lowered the sailor's feet.

The Marine guard, which had already about-faced toward the sea, snapped smartly to "Present Arms!" More than a thousand officers and men brought their right hands to their foreheads in a farewell salute as the U. S. sailor moved off the tilted stretcher from beneath the flag and silently disappeared in the sparkling waters of the incredibly blue Pacific. The chaplain made the sign of the Cross, and said:

May the blessing of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain forever. Amen.

The marines brought their rifles to "Order Arms!" The Marine captain barked: "Ready!" "Aim!" "Squad Fire!" The first volley from the marines' Garand rifles cracked over the waters. Then a second and a third.

The bugler sweetly sounded taps. The band played *Onward, Christian Soldiers* and officers and men stepped from the deck into the bowels of the ship, back to the business of war.



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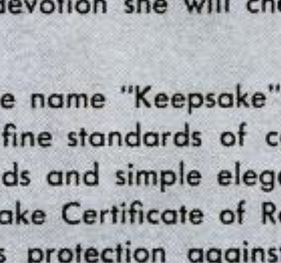
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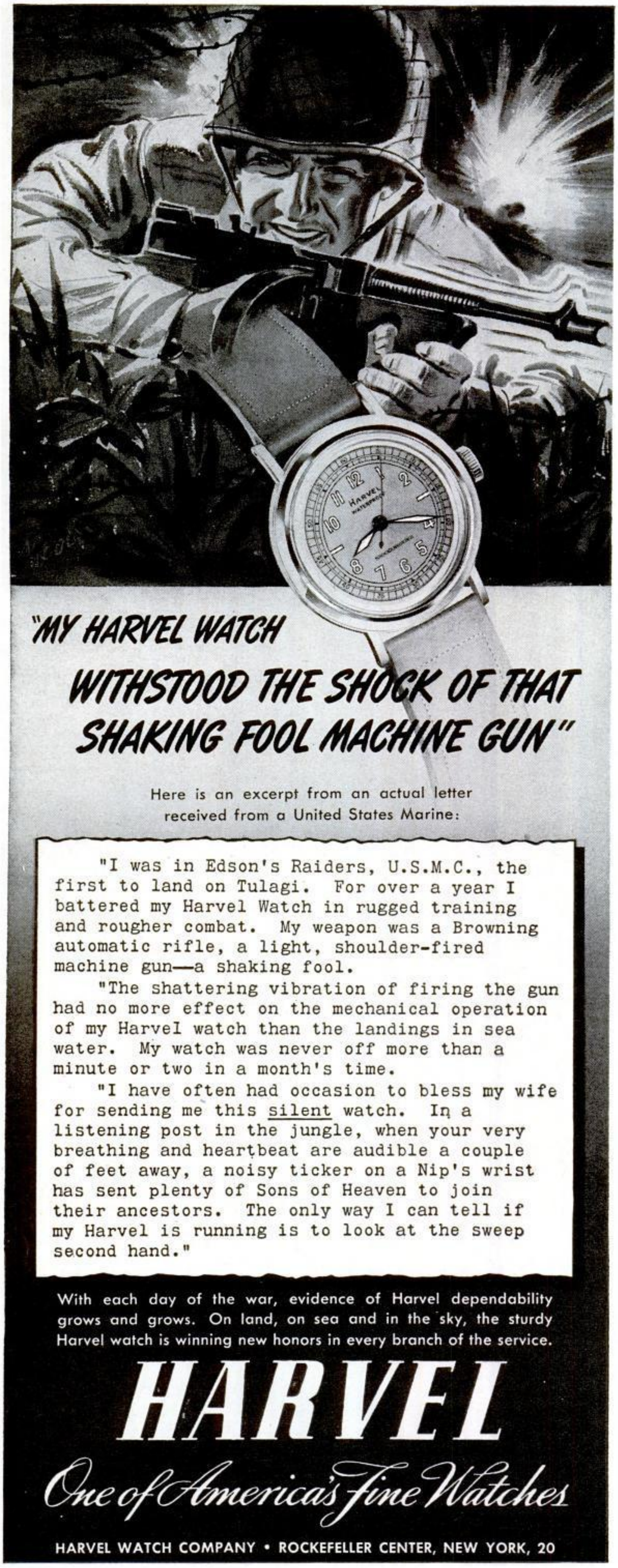
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LIFE'S COVER: Selene Mahri came, with her mother, from Sweden to the United States to see the World's Fair. America seemed such a peaceful place, they decided to stay. Selene got odd jobs modeling and, after winning the title of "Miss New York" in the Miss America contest, became a top Powers model. For more pictures of Selene and fur ear muffs see pages 121 to 125.

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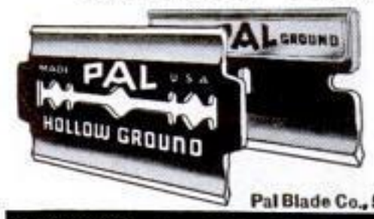
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LIFE'S PICTURES

The first photographic mission ever to get permission to do a thorough story on China's farthermost province of Sinkiang was manned by LIFE's tall photographer William Vandivert and *Time* and LIFE's small and brilliant Theodore H. White. Between them on the steps of the military governor's palace in Tihwa stands the Military Governor, Sheng Shihtsai, who fed them sea slugs, champagne, curaçao brandy. For LIFE's story, turn to pages 27–35.

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RUINS OF MING-OI, THE CITY OF A THOUSAND ROOMS WHOSE DEATH NOBODY REMEMBERS, ARE NOW A SHEEP PASTURE. IT WAS DESTROYED ABOUT TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE

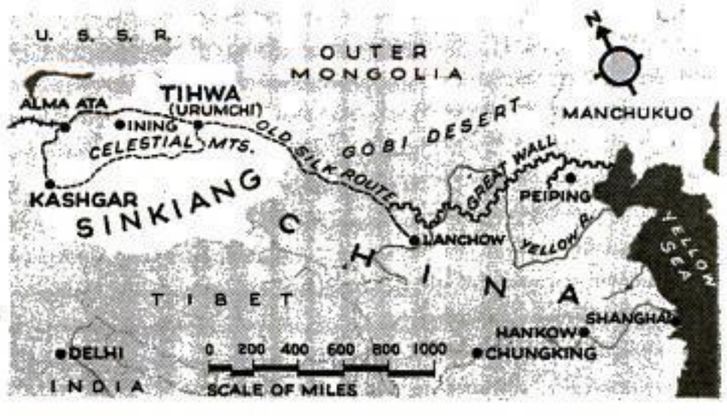
HEART OF ASIA

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC MISSION TO SINKIANG REVEALS DUSTY CORNER OF REMOTEST CHINA

Photographs for LIFE by William Vandivert

In the inaccessible heart of the world, where most of the peoples of Europe and America originally came from, lies the hidden land of Sinkiang, sometimes called Chinese Turkestan or High Tartary. Nearly three times as big as Texas and ten times as sandy, its mountain walls back up against the world's biggest states—the U.S.S.R., India and the rest of China. Into this remote world there penetrated in October, by special permission of China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the first foreign journalistic mission ever to be so invited into Sinkiang. It consisted of LIFE Photographer William Vandivert and *Time* and LIFE Correspondent Theodore H. White, a part of whose story is presented on these pages. More will be shown in the Photographic Essay in next week's LIFE.

White and Vandivert brought back a news story of great cheer for the United Nations. For the past 10 years Russia had been obliged to dominate Sinkiang to protect it from side-long infiltration by Japan. Even this 10-year-old fact had not been clearly understood by the outside world. But in the last year Russia has freely and without pressure handed Sinkiang back to China, withdrawn its troops, technical advisers, oil machinery and influence. There could be no more conclusive proof of Russia's good faith and goodwill.



SINKIANG IS 2,000 MILES FROM THE CHINESE COAST

This peaceful conclusion is something new for Sinkiang. Its three east-west routes along the flanks of towering mountain ranges have been eroded with blood through the ages. The impressive desolation pictured above, 16 miles west of Yenchi on the Middle Route, was a thriving city in 800 A.D. when barbarian horsemen sacked and burned it. Genghis Khan came this way four centuries later. Fire and sword swept Sinkiang 70 years ago and again only 10 years ago, but the shouts of the killers and the screams of the victims were not heard outside this lost land of desert. Hard behind LIFE's mission, new life is coming to Sinkiang's chief cities of Tihwa and Kashgar.

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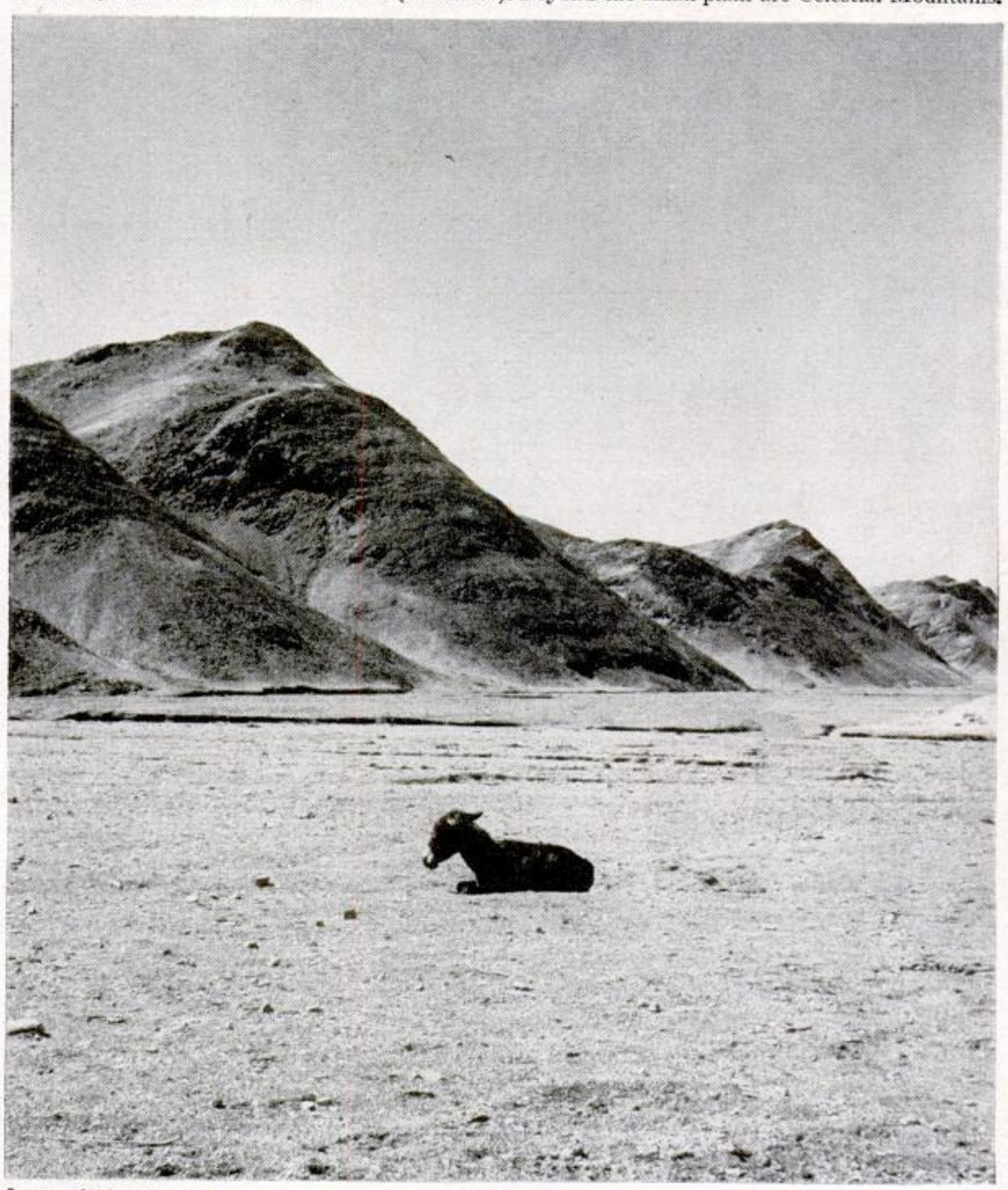
First caravan of the year marks return to valleys of Kazak nomads from the summer pastures, ahead of winter snows. This is in valley of Ili River which flows into U.S.S.R.



The fast mail between Tihwa and Kashgar presses night and day at fast trot, with frequent changes of horses, and makes it in three weeks (800 miles). Beyond the alkali plain are Celestial Mountains.



Mission from Chungking passes Vandivert and White on the way from China. A dozen men cling to load, a month's supply of gasoline, which each truck here must carry itself.



A casualty of the difficult caravan crossing of the Tokosun Gorge, cutting the eastern ranges of the Celestial Mountains, is this little donkey, saddle-galled, gasping and dying. There is no help for him.

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Skeletons of horses, camels, donkeys and sometimes of men litter the edges of the grim road beyond the Tokosun Gorge. Buzzards pick the bones clean in 24 hours. This part of the road south of Tihwa is the most terrible test of man and beast. People hereabout claim that it has never rained in the memory of man; if it did, rain would ruin the irrigation tunnels.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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ANGRY HISTORY HAS LEFT STRANGE, ANCIENT RUINS

"Buried cities in the desert, great caves in the mountains adorned with still-brilliant paintings of the Buddhist pantheon, wind-eroded watchtowers and defense works that the passing conquerors built," so LIFE Correspondent Theodore H. White described the historical marvels he and Photographer Vandivert found in Sinkiang. "Probably no similar stretch of land in all of the world bursts so with historic ruins, sterile and clean beneath the desert dust. To Europe went shimmering silks from the Orient, to China came furs, jade and treasured objects from lands beyond the Great Wall." Here are the inscrutable markers that remain.



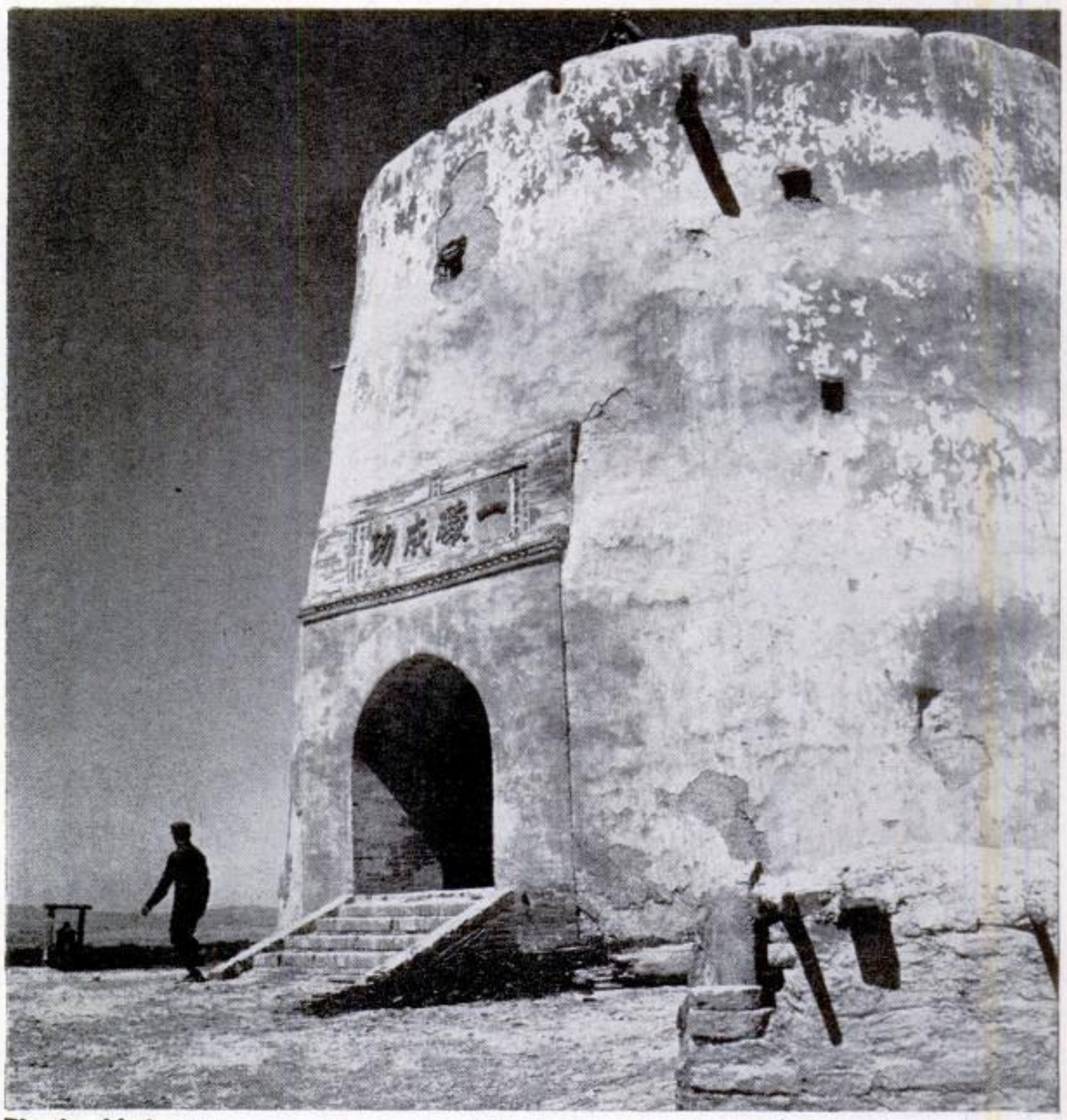
What-is-it? of inestimable age stands up along the road halfway between Tihwa and Kashgar. Nobody knows what it is. It is not a watchtower or tomb, as legends have it.



Watchtower built under China's great Han dynasty of two thousand years ago guards road south of Celestial Mountains, near Ming-oi ruins. Huns raided from the green pastures north of mountains.



City of Ming-oi left this decorative fragment after the burning of 800 A. D., which apparently fire-hardened the mud construction so that it survived the occasional rains.



Tigerhead fort, like others completely surrounding Tihwa, was where a Chinese general mounted cannon in 1872 and ended Moslem revolt with one shot. Characters over door say "Success at one shot."

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Fire tower on road to Kashgar was probably built in T'ang dynasty about 800 A. D. It marks one of numerous periods when China subdued the barbarian horsemen of the grasslands and set up a machinery of law and order, to be followed by a new barbarian wave that destroyed everything again. This way came caravans taking fine Chinese silk to Europe.

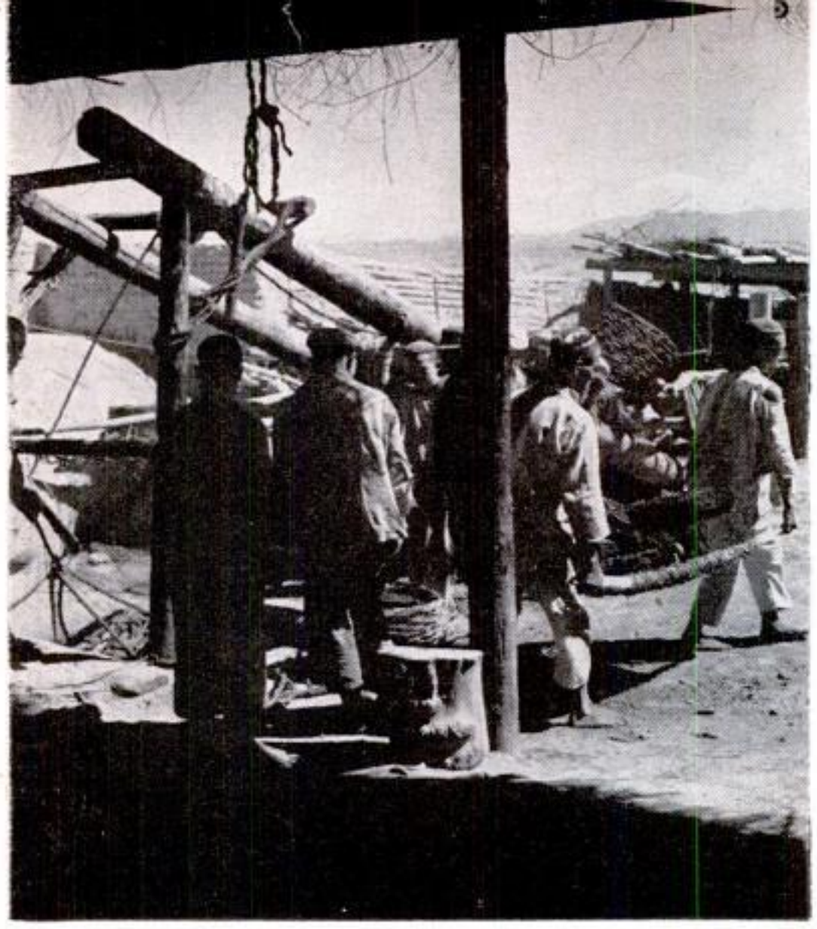
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Crude oil is here used for the lamps of the Army garrison at Kashgar. Oil is found in a 1,000-mile arc running from Kashgar across the Celestial Mountains to Wusu. Natives worked it for decades with wooden machinery. Soviet Russia put in modern machinery, has now taken it home and Chungking plans to develop the Sinkiang oil, which it desperately needs.

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Coal is brought out of the pithead by horsepower and carried off by manpower in this coal-mining village close to Ining in the north.



Cotton cloth is made the old, hard way at Kucha on road to Kashgar. No manufactured cloth, Chinese or Russian, now comes in.



Matches, formerly a Russian monopoly, are made at Ining in north, a Russianized city in Sinkiang.

SINKIANG'S RESOURCES INVITE WAVE OF CHINESE IMMIGRATION AND DEVELOPMENT AFTER WAR

What is coming up soon is a great Chinese migration westward into the fertile areas of Sinkiang. The Chungking government is already planning and preparing for this. Commissions of all kinds of experts are now making the way clear. And Sinkiang has a lot of things that China sorely needs: oil, iron, coal, molybdenum, copper, lead, silver, gold and heaven knows what else. Its geology is much like that of Central Asia which the Soviets turned into a gold mine of minerals.

The 20th Century is about to move in on Sinkiang, willy-nilly. So far modern civilization has succeeded in putting its overlay on the ancient civilizations of Sinkiang only in the northern part, near the U.S.S.R. and nearest the road to Chungking. The little industries shown on these pages are chiefly there, though the oil on the opposite page is at Kashgar, in western Sinkiang. The areas of Sinkiang that are not utter, terrifying desert are rich in potentialities. America should be able and willing to supply China with the machines and technicians with which to attack this frontier.

When the Russians arrived in 1934 to forestall the Japs, they brought along doctors, engineers, advisers, blooded horses, movies, music, books, a trading organization, an internal police system and a loan of 5,000,000 rubles. Most important of all, however, they taught Governor Sheng (*see p. 35*) the wise policies of racial equality and free education.

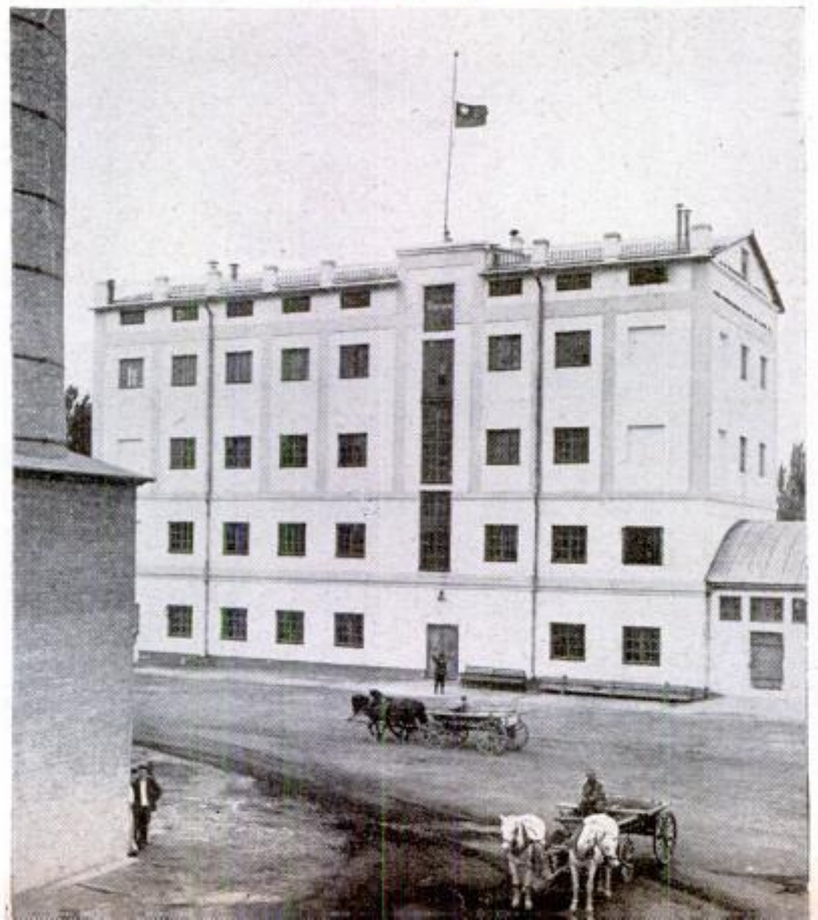


Oil machinery, lent by Soviet Government, is here trucked along road to U.S.S.R., along the fertile Ili River to Kazak Republic's capital of Alma Ata. This will still be about 1,800 miles from Moscow, about 2,400 from Shanghai.

Lumberyard in Ining saws stripped logs into boards by hand. The Sinkiang forests stretch along the edges of the mountain ranges.



Flour mill in Ining was built by the Russians, employs 30 men and is the biggest industrial plant in Sinkiang. It is almost the only one.



Furs include leopard (*left*), wolf (*upper right*), arctic and silver fox (*center*) and badger (*lower right*).



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Cavalry cadets at the Tihwa Military Academy will officer Sheng's army. Academy has been renamed Ninth Branch of Central Military Academy of Chiang Kai-shek's Army.



Banner of Chinese National Government flies now over Sheng's army on parade in Tihwa. This is the second cadet company, composed of Uigurs, Tungans (Chinese Moslems), Kazaks and some Tartars.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR IS NEWS AT LAST IN SINKIANG AND GOVERNOR'S PALACE

The power plans of a good half the world impinge on the personality of the man on the opposite page whose picture is almost nonexistent in the outside world. For 10 years he has ruled Sinkiang, tipped the balance one way or the other, toward Russia or China. He lives in a palace at Tihwa (Turkish version of name: Urumchi) surrounded by oleanders and guards wearing Mauser pistols. He has a little army, now part of Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese forces. He is trying to modernize his capital (*see below*), just as Chiang is trying to modernize the rest of China. Not far west of his capital is the incredibly lush Ili River valley. Not far south begins the white death of the Taklamakan Desert. His province has not had to fight this war but the Uigur and Uzbek dancers have revised their festival dances to include such themes as "The Final Victory of the United Nations" and "In Honor of Chiang Kai-shek." Thus the Second World War reached forgotten Sinkiang.

Reconstruction program of Governor Sheng remakes Tihwa's main street, East-and-West Street, where a Chinese girl scurries in front of a steamroller. This compares favorably with many an American Main Street. Sheng plans to have a modern metropolis here before long and is enthusiastically supported in this by China's Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.





Head man of Sinkiang for the past 10 years has been Sheng Shih-tasi, military governor and *Tu Pan* (defense commissioner). He is seen here in his uniform as vice commander of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Eighth War Area. Sheng was born of well-to-do peasants 49 years ago in Manchuria, studied political economy at Shanghai and at Japan's Imperial University and military science at Canton. He finally got on Chiang Kai-shek's staff in Nanking, left to join the staff of the late governor of Sinkiang, Chin Shu-jen. When the revolt of the Chinese Moslems of Sinkiang threatened the Chinese rule in 1932, the old governor was murdered and Sheng was installed in his place (April 12, 1933). With the aid of Soviet Russia, he saved Sinkiang for China. A devoted family man, he dines well on champagne, sea slugs, Russian chocolates and the luscious products of North Sinkiang.

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EDITORIAL

TARAWA

THE MARINES WIN NEW GLORY IN THE GILBERTS AND PROVE THERE IS NO CHEAP WAY TO VICTORY

Now there is a new name to remember in the U. S. Marine Corps' catalog of terrible glories. It is Tarawa, in the Gilberts.

Take it from the Marines: the fight for the Pacific atoll was awful. It began in the light of half a moon, long before dawn, when the first wave got into its boats and warships began shelling the shore.

Warships and planes poured more than 3,000 tons of high explosives on the square mile of coral and sand. That was a greater weight than the R.A.F. has dropped in any single night on Hamburg or Berlin or any city. It was a terrible blasting but it did not even begin to finish the Japs. They were dug in as only that burrowing people can dig in. Their officers had told them that a million Americans could not take the place.

After dawn, while the shelling still went on, far less than a million Americans began moving ashore in landing craft. To be exact, two battalions moved—between 2,000 and 3,000 men. The Marines in the second, third and later waves sensed that something was wrong up ahead. A control boat came alongside a landing craft and a naval officer shouted: "The shoal around the island is too shallow to take the Higgins boats."

That was a bad thing to discover at the last moment. The boats grated on coral more than 1,000 feet from the beach. The men jumped over the side into water up to their necks. Their rifles, their radios and their personal gear all got soaked.

Slow-Motion Attack

The charge of the U. S. Marines through the water to the beaches of Tarawa was one of the strangest, most dangerous attacks ever made. The Marines moved in slow-motion, fighting against the sea and unable to fight back at the Jap. Machine-gun and mortar fire pocked the water and killed many men. There was no place to take cover: there are no shell-holes in water. There was no way to hurry. The following day, at low tide, the coral was crowded with dead Marines.

Some of the Marines reached dry sand. For a long time the American beachhead was only 20 feet wide. In that narrow strip an awful drama was acted out. A 20-year-old enlisted man was shot through the head. He said: "I think I'm hit. Will you look?" and died. A mortar man down the beach raised up to a kneeling position to get his weapon set. He tumbled over, a sniper's bullet through his back. Someone shouted. The wounded man's companion jumped up out of the mortar position to help, and was shot through the heart for his pains.

Seeing such anguish on every side the Marines nevertheless moved forward, and that is why Tarawa is worth thinking about.

Marines crawled up over the barricades at the top of the beach and charged into the free field of fire enjoyed by Japanese machine-gun nests. Survivors among them ran right to the mouths of the Japanese log-forts, and shoved bangalore torpedoes inside. When a Jap ran out of one of them, a marine turned on his flame-thrower and the fire curled the Jap up like celluloid. In one machine-gun emplacement later waves of attackers found two dead marines and four dead Japanese; in another, one Marine lieutenant and four Japs.

Gradually the beachhead was expanded. The first night it was not nearly big enough. Fresh Japs infiltrated into sniper positions which had been cleared during the day. A party of flanking Japanese got out on a pier to one side of the Marines. For a while things looked bad. Lieut. Colonel Evans F. Carlson of Raider fame, along as an observer and instructor, reported out to the command ship at one point that the situation was "nip and tuck." But the U. S. Marines held on and later Colonel Carlson carried another message out. It was from Colonel David W. Shoup of the Second Marines. It was in the Marine tradition. Colonel Shoup said: "You tell the general we'll stick here and fight it out."

They did, and in 76 hours Tarawa was an American atoll. Some 3,000 Japanese had been killed and their stronghold captured in just over three days. Four hundred U. S. Marines defended Wake. They held out for 14 days.

"Not Too Bad"; "Pretty Well"

A few days after the capture of Tarawa two U. S. Marines met in the comfort of Pearl Harbor.

"Did you have a good trip?" one of them asked, grinning broadly.

"Not too bad," the other answered, also smiling. "How did it go with you, Jimmy?"

"It went pretty well."

The marine addressed as Jimmy was one of the sons of the President of the U. S. The other was Colonel Carlson. They had both just come back from the bitter actions in the Gilbert Islands.

In their phrases—"not too bad" and "pretty well"—characterizing the assaults on Tarawa and Makin respectively, lay the true significance of those awful fights.

Tarawa was very bad. Colonel Carlson, a student of all kinds of martial histories, had the authority of the Marine commander at Tarawa, Major General Julian C. Smith, to say that this action was the worst fight in the entire history of the Marine Corps. That means it was worse than Tripoli, worse than the storming of the heights of Chapultepec, worse than Guantanamo or Belleau Wood or Guadalcanal. To outclass those actions in severity, it must have been very bad indeed.

And yet it was, in the words of a man who was there, "not *too* bad."

Not too bad for what? Was such a fight not too costly for a patch of sand two and a half miles long and 800 yards wide? What could be worth suffering such anguish for?

Tarawa was not too bad because it gave proof of three things.

First: Tarawa proved, so that it never need be proved again, that American men can fight with the very best men in the world. The shame of Pearl Harbor, the shadow of doubt that lingered with the smoke on the hills at El Guettar, the slow success of Guadalcanal—these things were better than atoned for; they could now be forgotten. On Tarawa the U. S. Marines were fighting the Imperial Special Navy Landing Force, which is the Japanese way of saying Marines. The enemy was Japan's best. And yet the dead lay two-for-one in the dugouts, and sometimes four-for-one. Tarawa proved again that the famous tenacity of the Jap is not equal to the tenacity of an American aroused.

Hard Battles The Hard Way

Second: Tarawa brought home, as it needs to be brought home again and again, the fact that there is no cheap short cut to win wars. It is a peculiarly American foible to want to do things the easy way. Many Americans believe that Germany can be knocked out of the war by bombing alone, which is certainly cheaper than invasion. Most of those who do not really believe that, hope it. Many of those who do not even hope it about Germany get a glint in their eye when they think about those paper houses in Japan. But Tarawa, like the other land battles that were being fought at the same time on the Sangro River, around Gomel, in Bougainville, and south of the Yangtze, reminded those who have faith in a cheap way that there is none. Hard battles must be fought.

Third: Tarawa was a proof that we are now on the way to certain victory. Notice the date on the cover of this issue of LIFE. Two years ago on Dec. 6 America spent its last day at peace. In two years the country, while dedicating itself to the defeat of Germany first, has nevertheless moved from the unawareness of Pearl Harbor, from the crushing loss of Guam and Wake, through the nightmares of Bataan and Guadalcanal, to Tarawa.

As Carlson of the Raiders said when it was all over: "These boys who died down there did not die in vain. They took an island, but more important was the knowledge gained for the future." The future he was talking about was victory. Tarawa proved that the winning of it is certain and that the fight for it will be bad—but "not too bad."

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

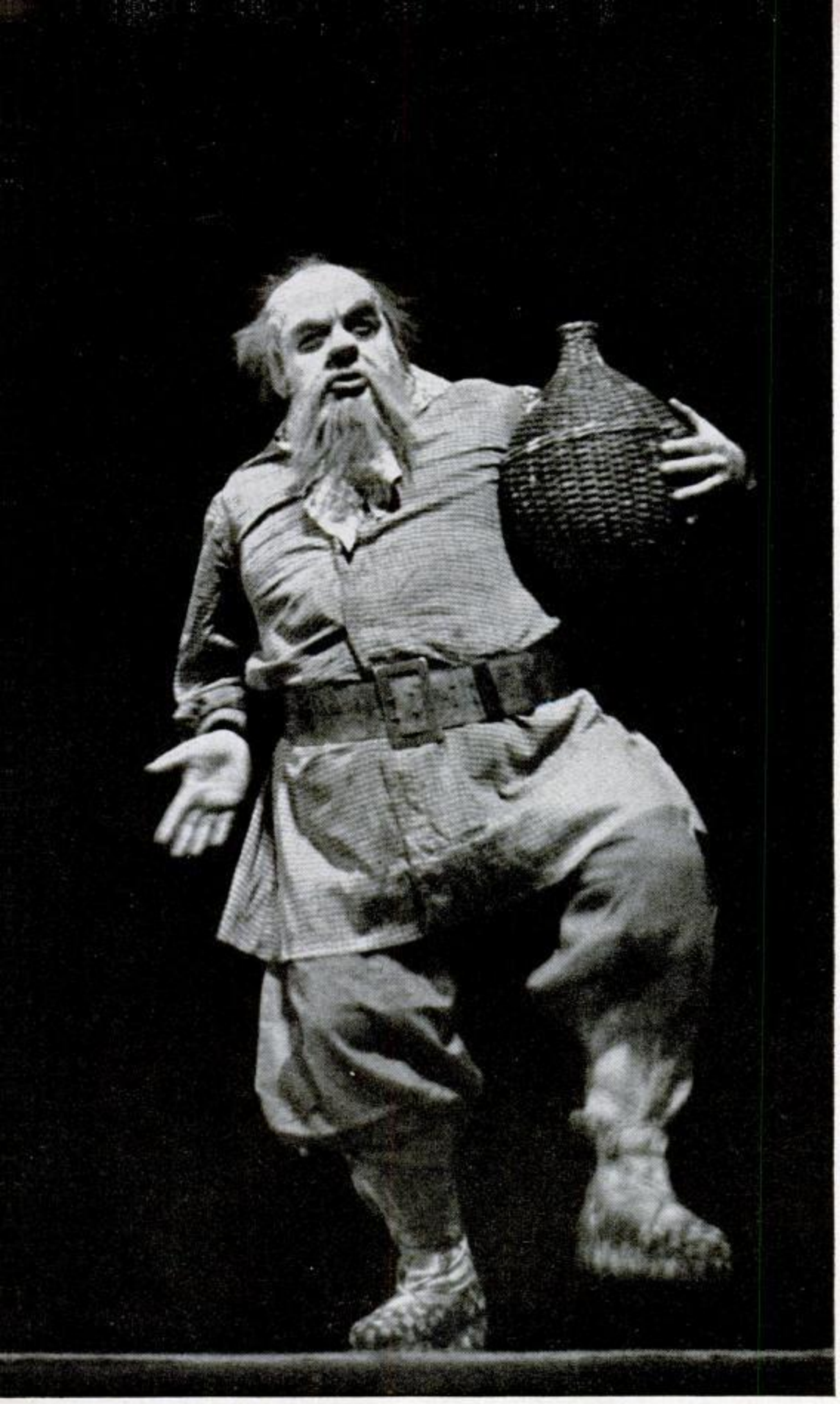
On Nov. 10, Irving Berlin's all-soldier musical show, *This Is The Army*, which raised over $2,000,000 for Army Emergency Relief during its 31-week tour of U. S. theaters, opened in London for a benefit run dedicated to British war charities. The audience and critics were enchanted. Among those favorably disposed was Noel Coward, who went backstage to deliver encomiums to Author Berlin in person. Berlin's reaction is pictured opposite.

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Irving Berlin accepts Noel Coward's congratulations on "This Is The Army"
in backstage encounter at London premiere of composer's all-soldier hit

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Comic relief in the otherwise gloomy opera was furnished by Salvatore Baccalone, who played drunken friar mistaken for the monk who eventually overthrew Boris.



Coronation scene in *Boris* has the familiar coronation music, which swells with brasses and the pealing of gongs and bells. Here Boris Gudunov crosses cathedral square to be crowned Czar of Russia. Having killed

THE METROPOLITAN OPENS

Except for the horse that almost ran away with the tenor in the fourth act, the opening of the Metropolitan Opera in New York City on Nov. 22 was like most openings. The Met had proclaimed a Diamond Jubilee to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the opera house and had broken precedent by starting with a Russian opera as a tribute to the U. S. S. R. But this hardly changed things. There was the same old self-conscious glitter and the same fashionable people arriving too late and spending too much time in the bar. There was the same dispute among newspaperwomen over which there were more of—ladies in mink

The fashionable people were laden with jewels. Most bejeweled were Mrs. George W. Kavanaugh and Lady Decies whose entry was viewed with distaste by spectator.



The bar was crowded the entire evening. Here is late Walter Chrysler's daughter and husband, Lieut. Col. Garbisch.



Telephone booths were filled by mothers phoning home to see how baby was, by peo-



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the rightful heir to the throne, Boris has maneuvered to make himself the people's choice. The crowds in *Boris* are far more important than in other operas. Their choruses are most magnificent music in the work.



"Boris Gudunov," sung by Ezio Pinza, is great and tragic operatic figure. Here, driven mad by his conscience and failure as czar, he sings death scene to his son.

WITH A RUSSIAN OPERA

or ladies in ermine. There was the same old smell of camphor hovering over the fancy furs.

The opera was Modeste Moussorgsky's *Boris Gudunov*, greatest Russian opera, which tells of a Russian czar who was driven mad when the Russian mobs, which had enthroned him, finally turned against him. The solemnity of the occasion was disrupted by a stage horse that didn't like the tenor astride him, insisted on turning its back to the audience while the tenor sang bravely on. Nobody worried about the mishap. The Met management viewed the crowded house and its heavy reservations, happily predicted a fine season for itself.

The plain people waited in line for hours to get standing room, listened intently and, as always, showed better musical manners than people sitting in boxes.

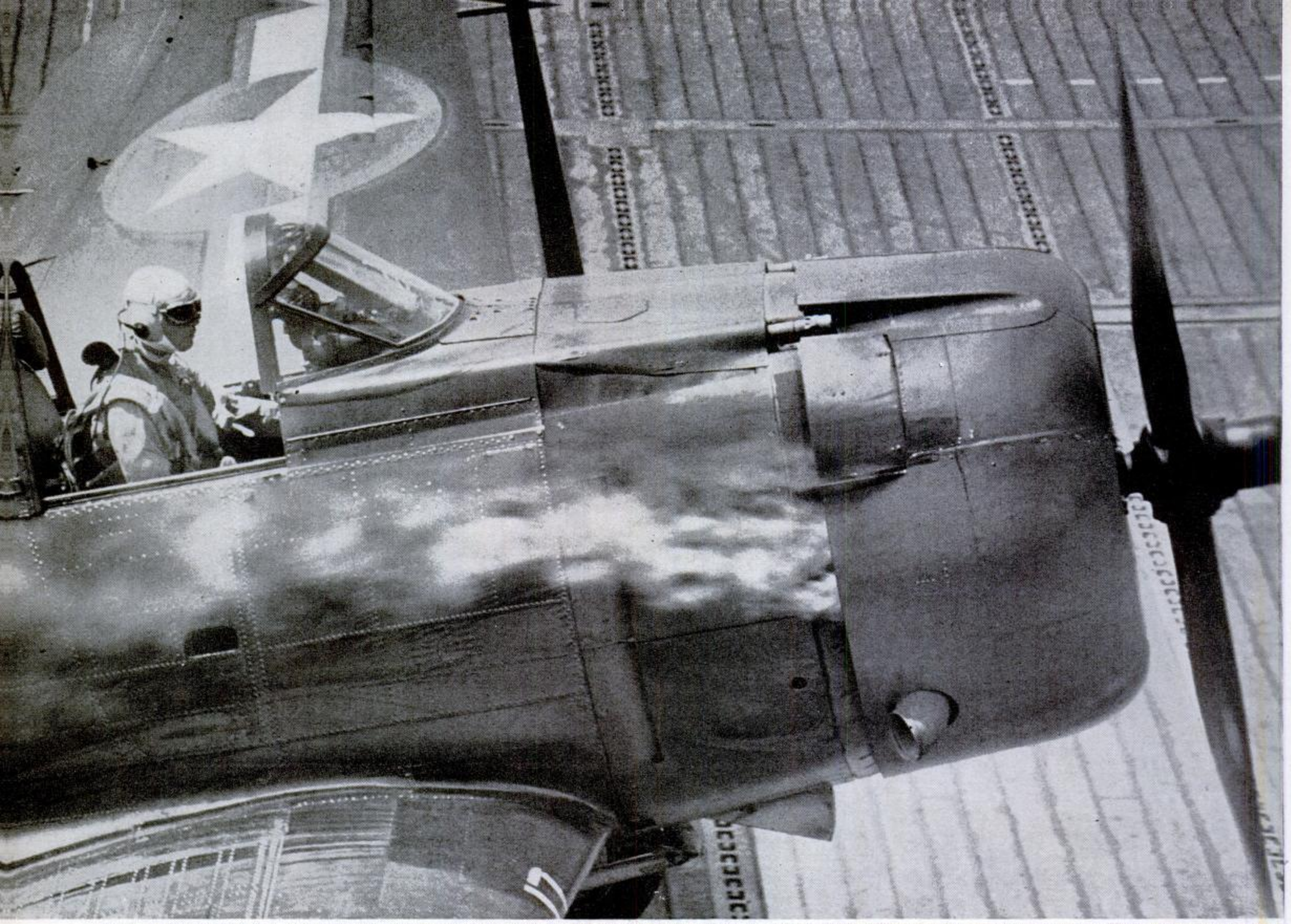


ple carrying on social chats, by dressed-up newspaper reporters phoning to city desk.



"Mary Martin dress," like actress' (LIFE, Nov. 22), was worn by Señora Olavarria (*left*). It was something to see.





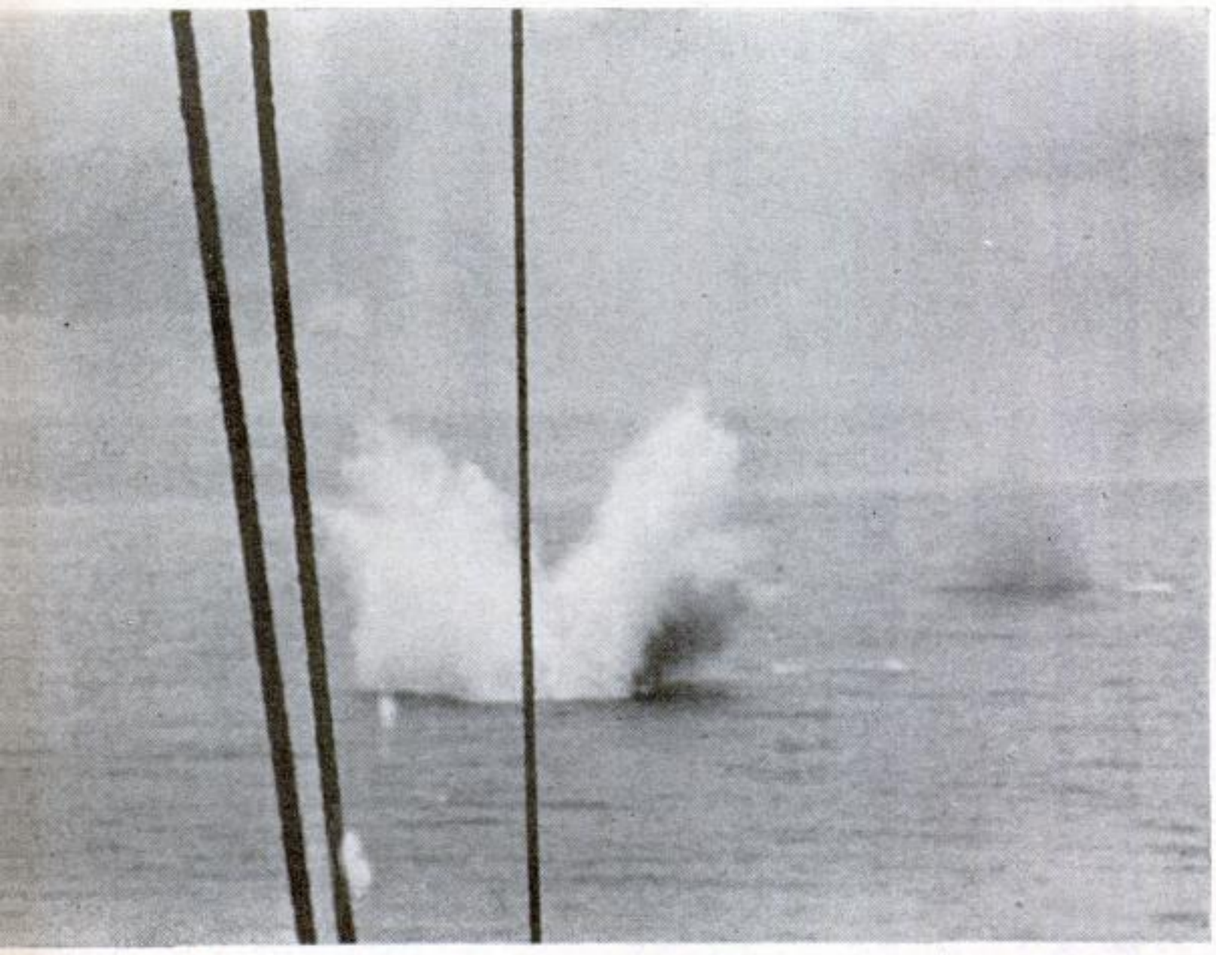
WITH ITS ENGINE ON FIRE, AN AMERICAN DOUGLAS DIVE BOMBER (SBD) LANDS SAFELY ON SHROUT'S CARRIER AFTER BEING HIT BY JAP ANTIAIRCRAFT FIRE OVER RABAUL

CARRIER BATTLE

U.S. task force destroys all but six of 70 attacking Jap planes

From Rabaul Nov. 11 the Jap commanders in the South Pacific dispatched 70 dive bombers, torpedo bombers and Zeros to attack a U. S. carrier task force. The battle lasted one hour and 20 minutes and when it was over, all but six Jap planes had been shot down, their crews perishing in plumes of oily black smoke. Aboard one of the U. S. carriers was LIFE Photographer Bill Shrout who took these pictures.

The carrier battle was part of a major Allied attempt to capture Rabaul. The night before land-based Army bombers made a blistering attack on Rabaul's Vunakanau and Lakunai airfields and on the same day carrier planes from the same task force attacked Jap shipping in Rabaul's Simpson Harbor. Strafing and bombing from masthead height, they sank one enemy cruiser and two destroyers and damaged another cruiser and 11 destroyers. In addition, they shot down 24 more Jap planes over the harbor.



A big Jap bomb explodes in the sea just off port bow of a carrier. In the raid U. S. ships suffered only minor damage and a few casualties. Closest Japs came were near misses.



Black smoke pours up from spot where burning Jap plane hit the water near carrier. Exploding bombs make white smoke, but burning Jap planes, when they hit the water, make black smoke.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

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TO PINCH-HIT FOR MEAT

Campbell's Bean with bacon Soup

Country Omelet

Coleslaw Brown Bread

Jellied Fruit Cookies

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BEAN WITH BACON SOUP

COLD-WEATHER EATING FOR WAR-BUSY FOLKS

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Your family can "eat hearty" in spite of shortages if you serve good Campbell's Soups often. These three tempting menus show you how handily Campbell's Soups can be used . . . BEAN WITH BACON—plus an omelet to take the place of meat . . . VEGETABLE—to stretch a little meat . . . CHICKEN NOODLE—to make a feast out of a few leftovers.

Yes . . . good hearty soups make your meal-planning easy, even now. More than ever, wise women are relying on the rich nourishment of garden-fresh vegetables, plump chickens, choice beef in Campbell's Soups to stimulate work-weary appetites and round out war-short meals.

SALVAGE TIN TO WIN! It will mean more tin for canned foods and for war materials. Save every can you open. Remove label, then wash, fold in both ends and flatten. Turn over to your local Salvage Committee.

TO NOURISH A BUSY FAMILY

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Celery & Carrot Strips • Baked Sweet Potatoes

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TO ROUND OUT LEFTOVERS

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup

Vegetable Casserole

Pickled Beets Potato Chips

Fruit Bowl

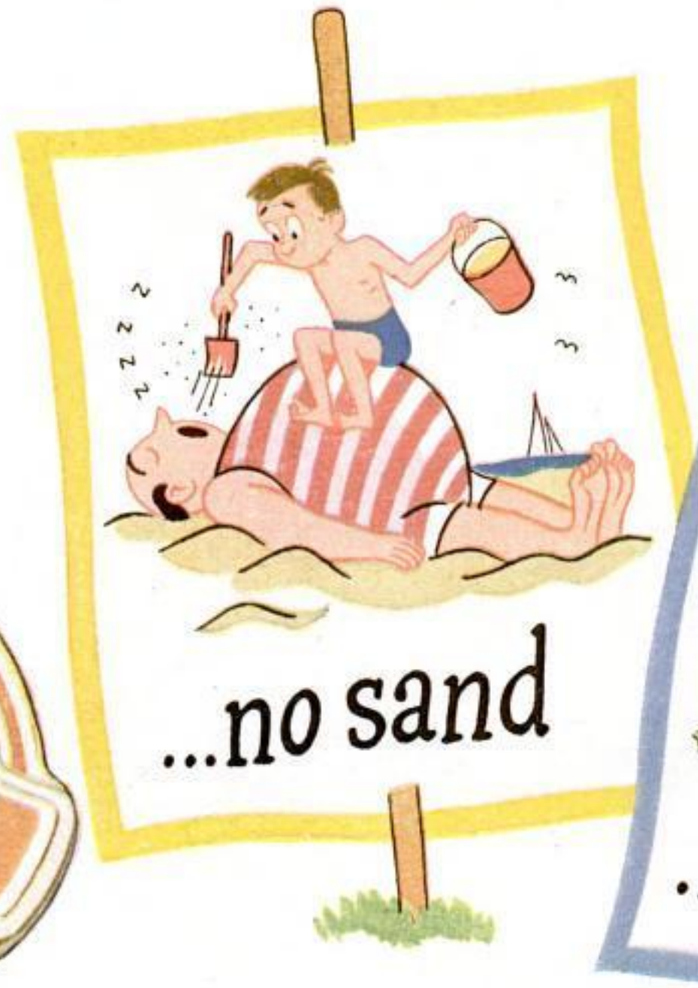
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CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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(with two clever ways to s-t-t-r-retch it!)

SPINACH-LOVERS! Spinach-haters! Meet a spinach whose like has never before adorned your fork!

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Being waste-free, sand-free, it's completely *work-free*—absolutely *no* kitchen mess. And on this page, you'll find bright new recipes, tried and tested, to "stretch" this superlative spinach!





BIRDS EYE DOUBLE-FEATURE SALAD

1 box Birds Eye Spinach, thawed
2 tablespoons chopped pickles
1½ teaspoons minced onion
⅔ cup broken macaroni, cooked
⅓ cup thinly sliced celery
⅓ cup tart French dressing
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
4 tablespoons mayonnaise

Drain thawed spinach and chop coarsely. Add remaining ingredients, except mayonnaise, and mix lightly but thoroughly. Let stand in refrigerator about 20 minutes to marinate. Add mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce. Garnish with raw carrot sticks. Or heat mixture and serve as a vegetable. Makes 6 servings.

NOTE: Mayonnaise may be omitted from mixture and served as a garnish, if desired.

BIRDS EYE SPINACH LUNCHEON PLATTER

1 box Birds Eye Spinach
1¾ cups seasoned white sauce
2 tablespoons sautéed diced onion and green pepper
4 poached eggs, seasoned

Cook frozen spinach as directed on package. Drain and keep hot. Make white sauce, adding onion and green pepper. Chop hot spinach coarsely, season, and spread out on hot platter. Cover with sauce and top with poached eggs. Makes 4 servings.

NOTE: Pimiento strips, grated cheese, or coarsely chopped left-over meat may be added to sauce, if desired.

THERE'S a wide variety of fruits and vegetables at your Birds Eye grocer's. ALL delicious. But huge quantities have gone to the armed forces. So, if you're after Asparagus—and he's out of it—try Peas, Cut Corn, or some other product.

Not all frosted foods are Birds Eye! Be sure there's a Bird's Eye on your package.

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Two Jap dive bombers crash into the sea and burn in plumes of black smoke. They were shot down as they tried to break through to the carrier. The swirling wake is caused by the ship's violent turns, made to avoid bombs. Because the Japs came in when the SBD's (*foreground*) were refueling, the planes were forced to stay on deck throughout the entire attack.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Put Your family in this photo Now...

THAT SERVICE FLAG on the wall is for Son Dick, U.S.N.R.—somewhere in the Pacific at last report.

Proud as they are of what he's doing, Dick's folks want him back as quickly as possible—just as you want *your* loved ones and friends to come home soon. So every member of the family is *doing something* to bring him back:



DAD RETIRED IN '39; BACK IN WAR PLANT NOW; BUYS BONDS REGULARLY



MOTHER MINDS CHILDREN FOR WORKING NEIGHBORS; SAVES FATS AND TIN



DAUGHTER HELEN'S A STUDENT NURSE —A VITALLY IMPORTANT WAR ACTIVITY



DICK'S WIFE ANN'S A WELDER; HER FIRST JOB; BUYS BONDS, TOO, YOU BET

That's how *every* member of *this* family is working to bring about an early end to the war. If every member of *every* family does as much, we'll *speed-up* victory . . .



... and bring the boys home Faster!



Then, with peace restored . . .

. . . America's families, *together again*, will be free to live their own lives—in their own way—*in their own homes.*



And most of these homes will be made more *livable*—more *work-free*—by *new and better models* of well-known products now put aside by their manufacturers to make way for war goods. Like Duo-Therm Fuel Oil Heaters, Furnaces and Water Heaters!

Soon after Duo-Therm's war jobs are completed, new DUO-THERM models will be ready for production. And they'll be even more *beautiful*, more *efficient* and more *economical* than the pre-war DUO-THERMS now delivering *more* heat from *less* fuel in 500,000 wartime homes!

Copr. 1943, Motor Wheel Corp.

DUO-THERM FUEL OIL HEATERS

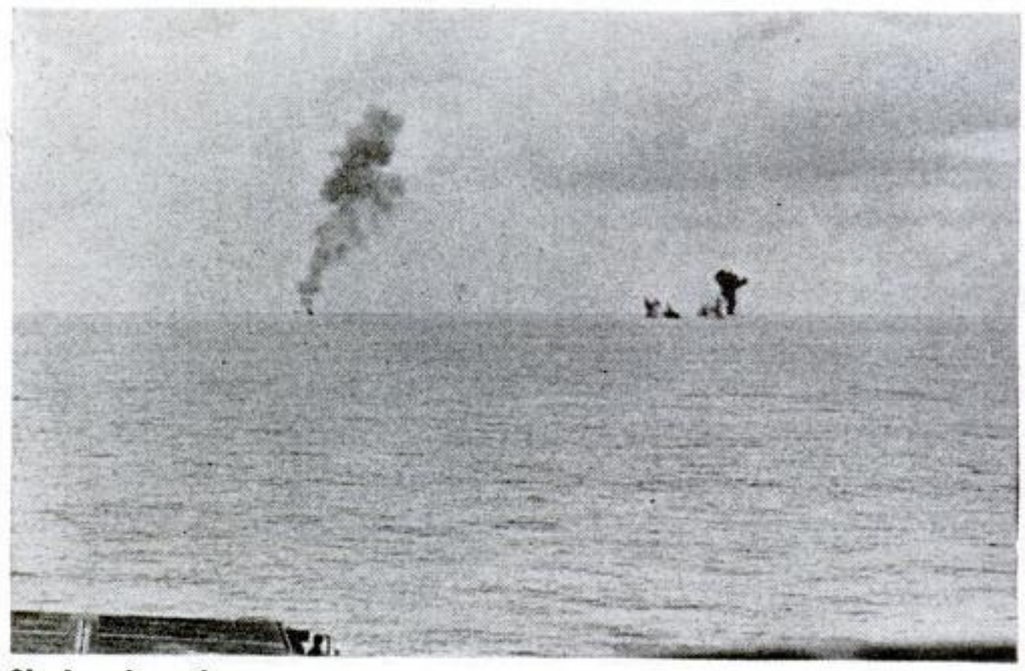
DIVISION OF MOTOR WHEEL CORPORATION LANSING, MICHIGAN



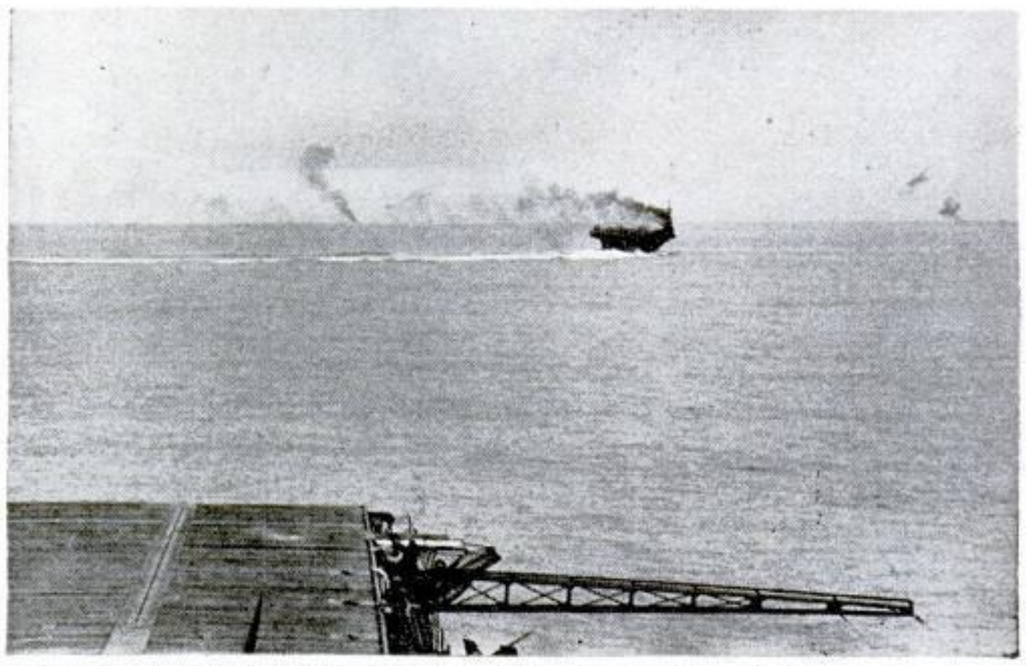
AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF FUEL OIL HEATING APPLIANCES



Antiaircraft shells, fired from Shrout's carrier and from the U. S. destroyer at left, burst over the sky as three Jap torpedo planes, hidden by the ack-ack, attempt a



Six Jap planes burn simultaneously on the water to the carrier's port. The one at the far left, with the plume of black smoke high in the sky, was the last one to fall.

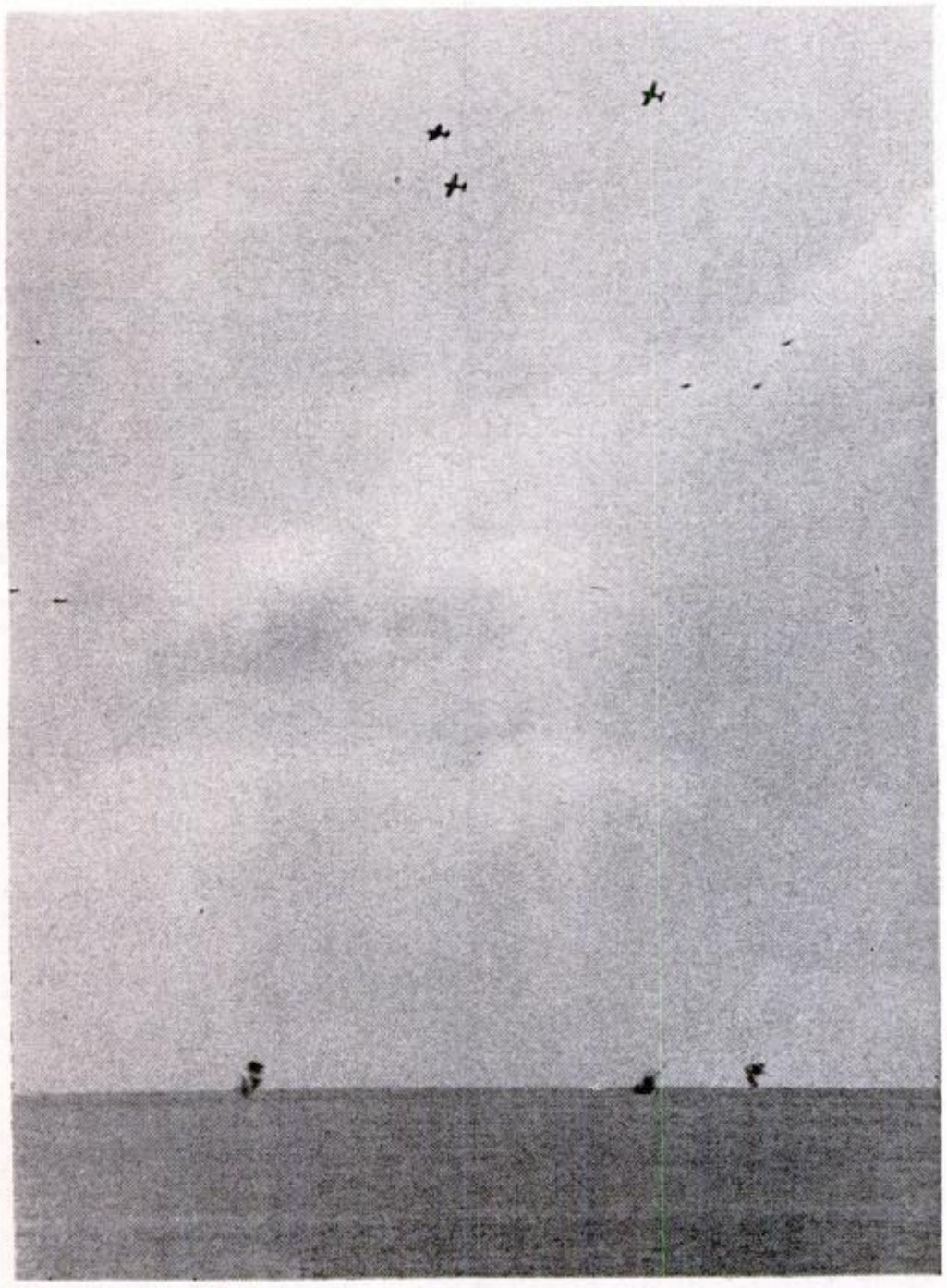


Another carrier makes a sharp turn to avoid bombs. Smoke at left comes from burning Jap plane, but smoke at right is merely from the carrier's hard-working engines.

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run. A second later all three of them were knocked into the sea. Of the 64 Jap planes shot down by the carrier force, 54 were destroyed by one Hellcat (F6F) squadron.



Three Jap planes burn on water while the three Hellcats who shot them down sweep through the sky looking for more Japs. In the distance are other American planes.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT — *and stamping the W. L. Douglas trade-mark on the sole of a finished shoe is a little thing that means a lot. Before a Douglas Shoe can be stamped, it must pass 5 thorough inspections, go through 130 separate hand and machine operations, be perfect from tip to toe.*

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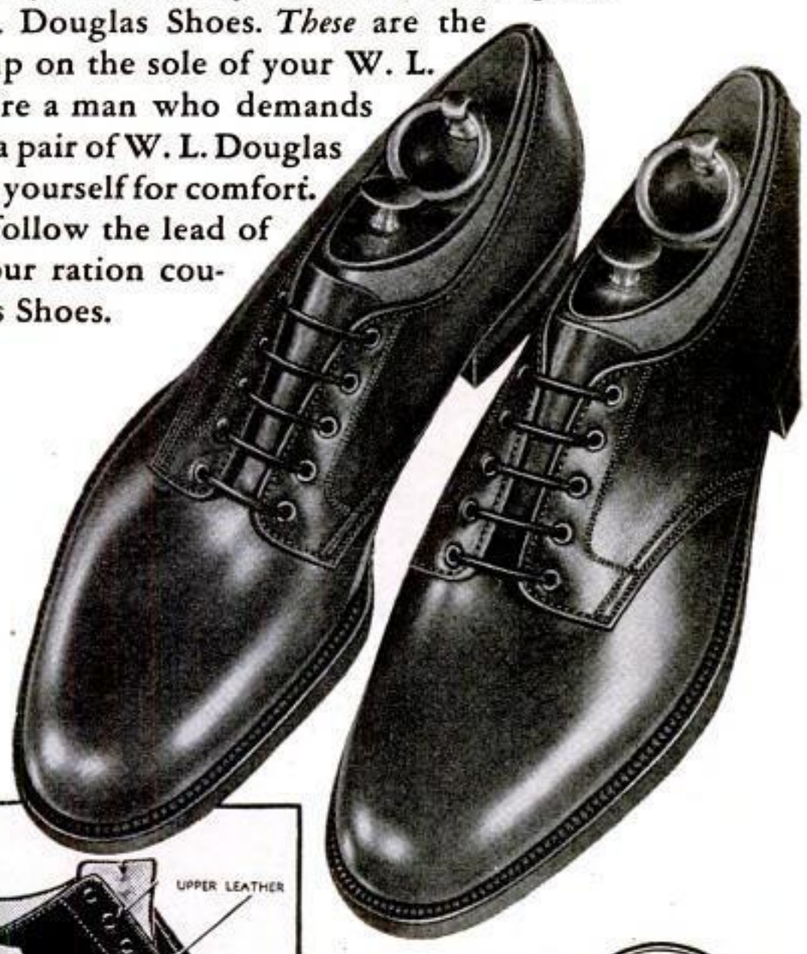
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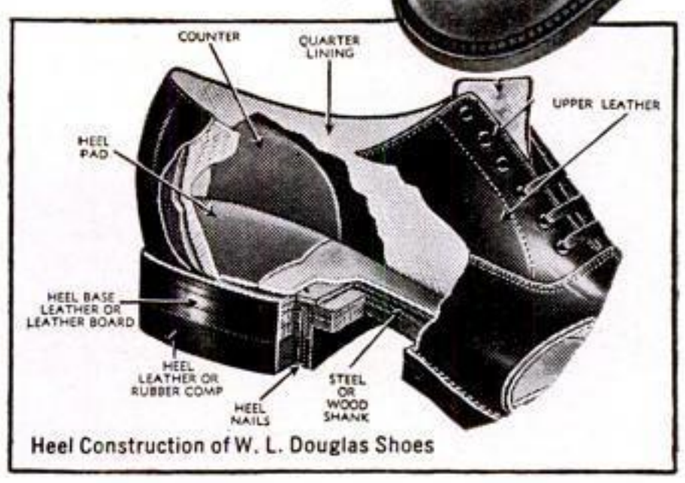
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It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin.*

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

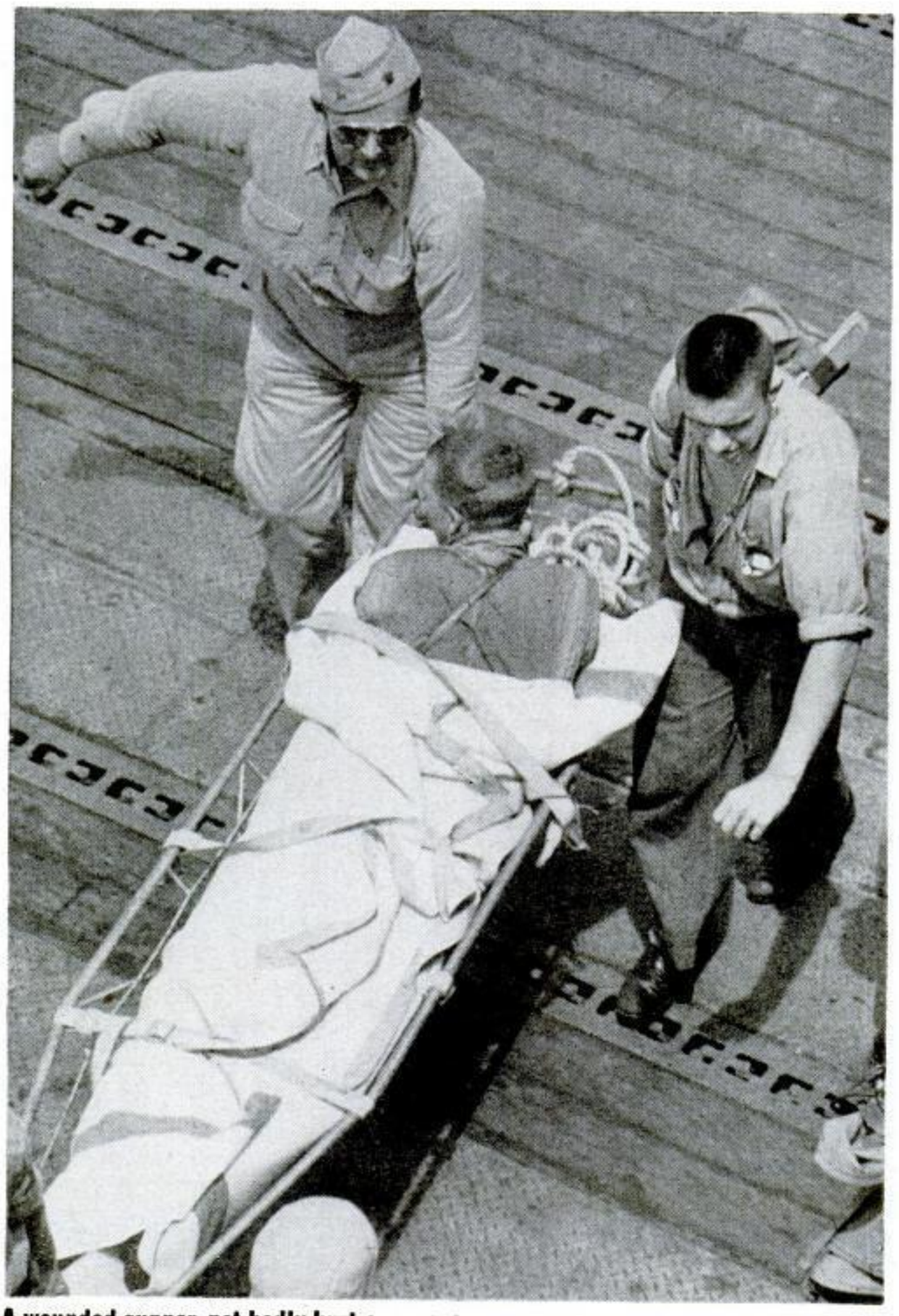
For men who must shave *every day* —doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

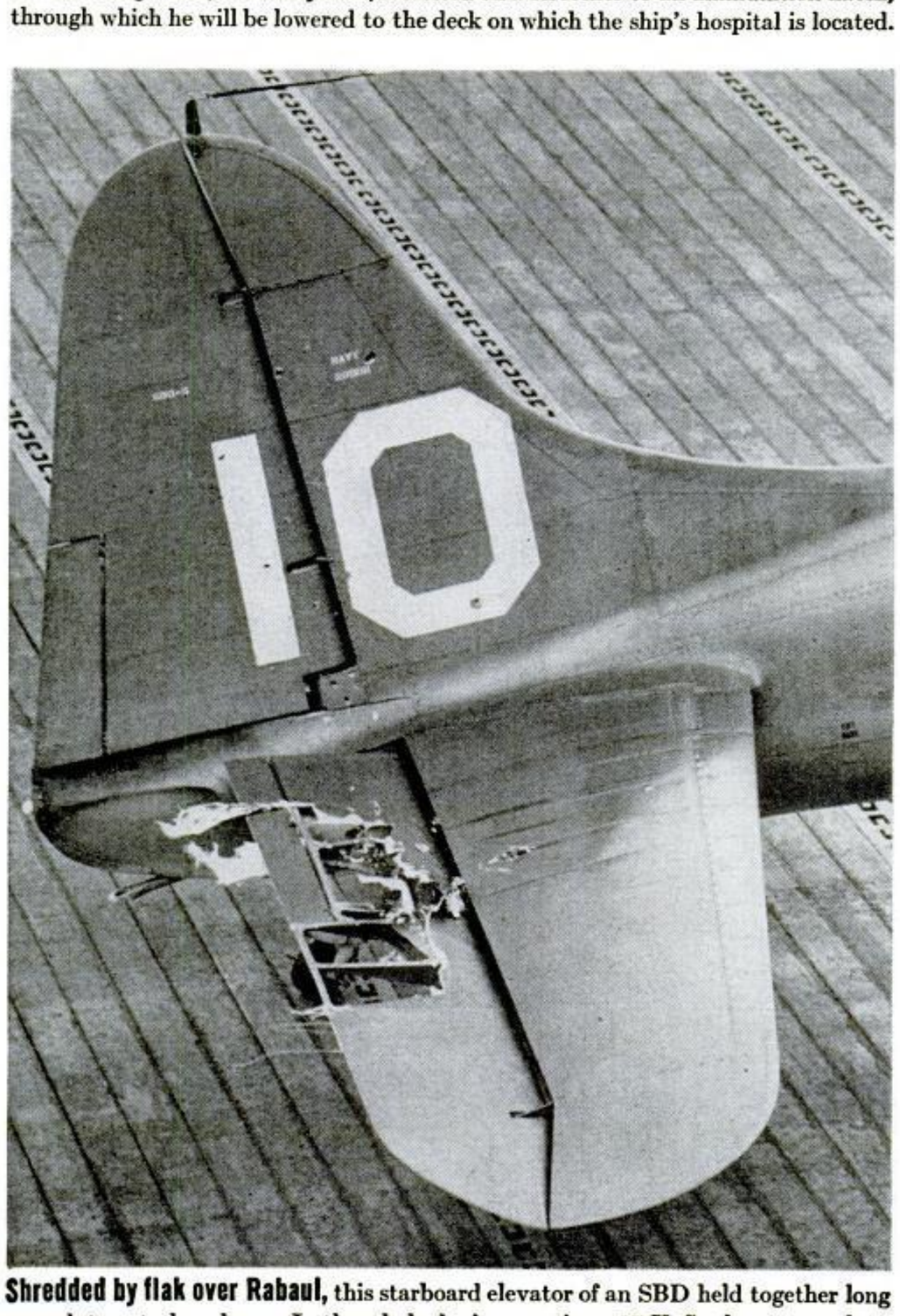
If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-18, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.



A wounded gunner, not badly hurt, is carried on a stretcher to an ammunition hatch, through which he will be lowered to the deck on which the ship's hospital is located.



Shredded by flak over Rabaul, this starboard elevator of an SBD held together long enough to get plane home. In the whole day's operations, 17 U. S. planes were lost.

When a STOPPED-UP NOSE PLAYS HOB with your WARTIME JOB



USE

MISTOL DROPS

WITH OR WITHOUT EPHEDRINE

Helps soothe irritated nasal passages. Helps relieve that "stuffed-up" feeling due to a cold.

CAUTION: Use only as directed

Copr. 1943, Stanco Incorporated

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES

ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC

EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Helps Shorten Working Hours



For Tired, Burning Feet

Eight and twelve hours on the job—here's the way to take the murder out of those hard floors—make those endless hours seem shorter. Tonight, give your feet and ankles a brisk massage with frosty white, stainless Ice-Mint—and repeat again in the morning. The cooling, soothing action of Ice-Mint goes to work at once to relieve fiery burning—to help relax tired muscles. Also helps to soften up stinging corns and callouses. Get a jar of Ice-Mint today.

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REMEMBER way back when you got a lower to New York—or to St. Louis, Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, Cleveland, or Washington—without any trouble at all? . . .



AND you strolled into the diner without waiting—and had *three pieces of butter* on your baked potato? . . .





AND when you reached your destination, you went to the Statler Hotel and said to the room clerk, "A nice single facing the park, on an upper floor!" . . . and the clerk said, "Number 1432 is just what you want. Front!"



WELL, things have changed. But it strikes us that—what with the tremendous war effort our country is making both at home and abroad—we are still mighty lucky people...



▸ *You can still travel when it's necessary, though you may get an upper, and experience some delay . . .*

▸ You still haven't gone hungry, even though your favorite cut of beef is scarce . . .

▸ *And you still get a mighty comfortable room at any of the eight Statlers—if you take the precaution of reserving it well in advance.*

So please—for your own comfort, and that of other travelers—make your reservations early, giving us, if possible, the hour of arrival and the day of departure. And, if your plans change, help the other fellow get a room by cancelling reservations promptly.



HOTELS STATLER IN

BOSTON $3.85 — *BUFFALO $3.30* — *CLEVELAND $3.00*
DETROIT $3.00 — *ST. LOUIS $2.75* — *WASHINGTON $4.50*

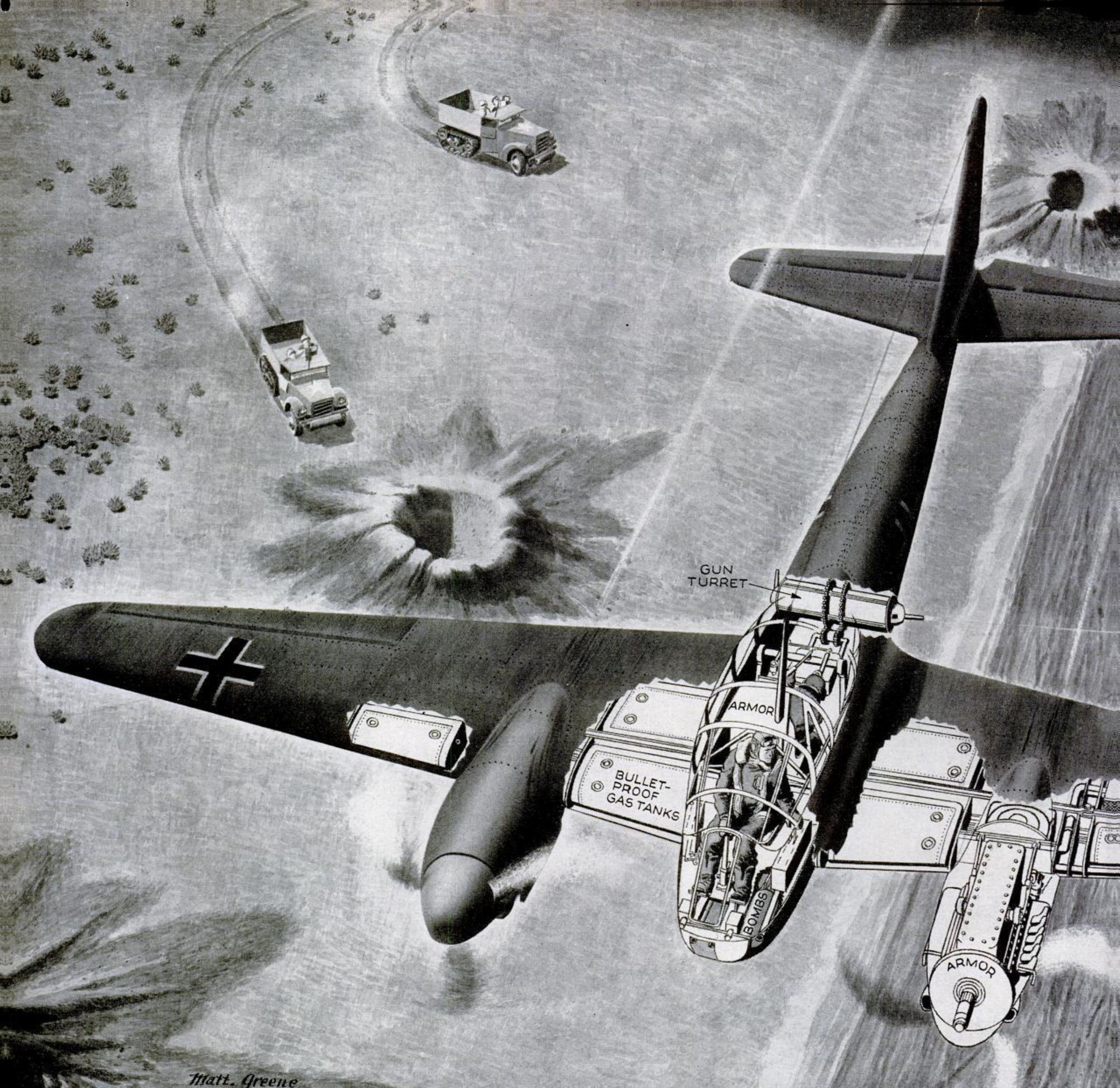
STATLER OPERATED

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA $3.85 NEW YORK — *HOTEL WILLIAM PENN $3.85* PITTSBURGH

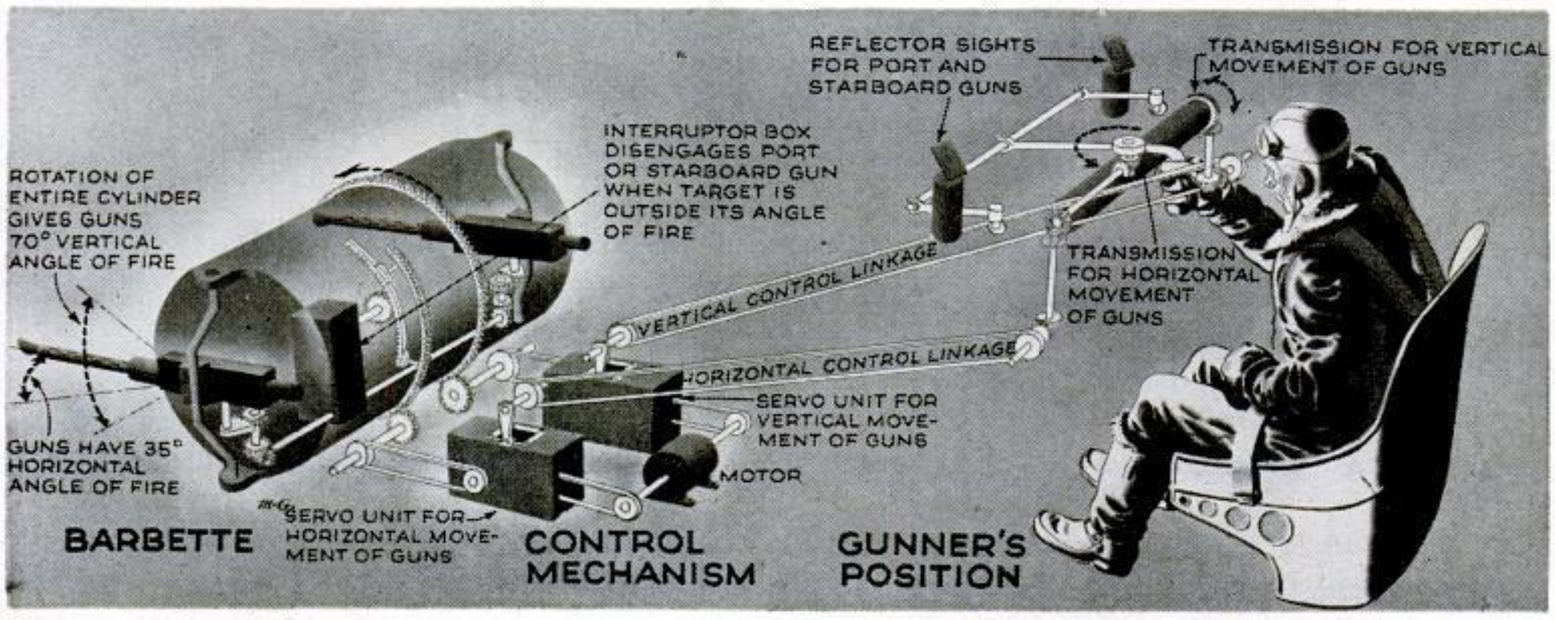
Rates Begin At Prices Shown

★ YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS ★

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ME 210 A-1 IS ARMED WITH REMOTE-CONTROL GUNS AMIDSHIPS, SIGHTED AND FIRED BY RADIOMAN GUNNER AT GROUND AND AIR TARGETS ON EITHER SIDE OF PLANE. THE PLANE



German remote-control turret is a metal drum which mounts its guns at either end. Gunner, by pointing sight at target, activates servomotors. Horizontal servomotor swings guns; vertical servomotor rotates drum. Guns cover a 70° cone of fire around tail. Automatically engaged or disengaged as gunner swings sight to right or left, guns may be fired separately.

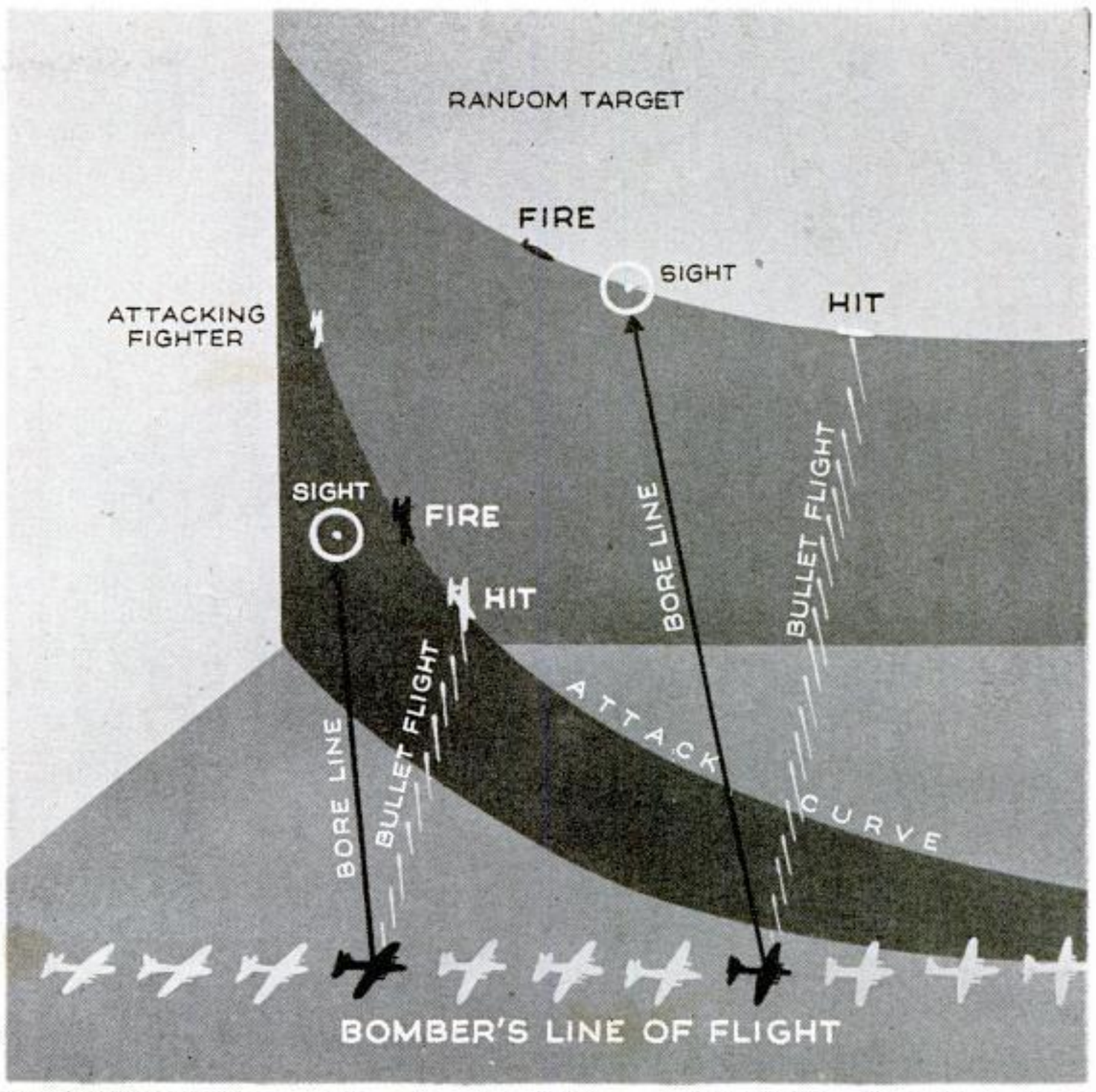
REMOTE-CONTROL TURRETS

Aircraft guns are aimed and fired by power units which are directed by gunner's pointing of his sight

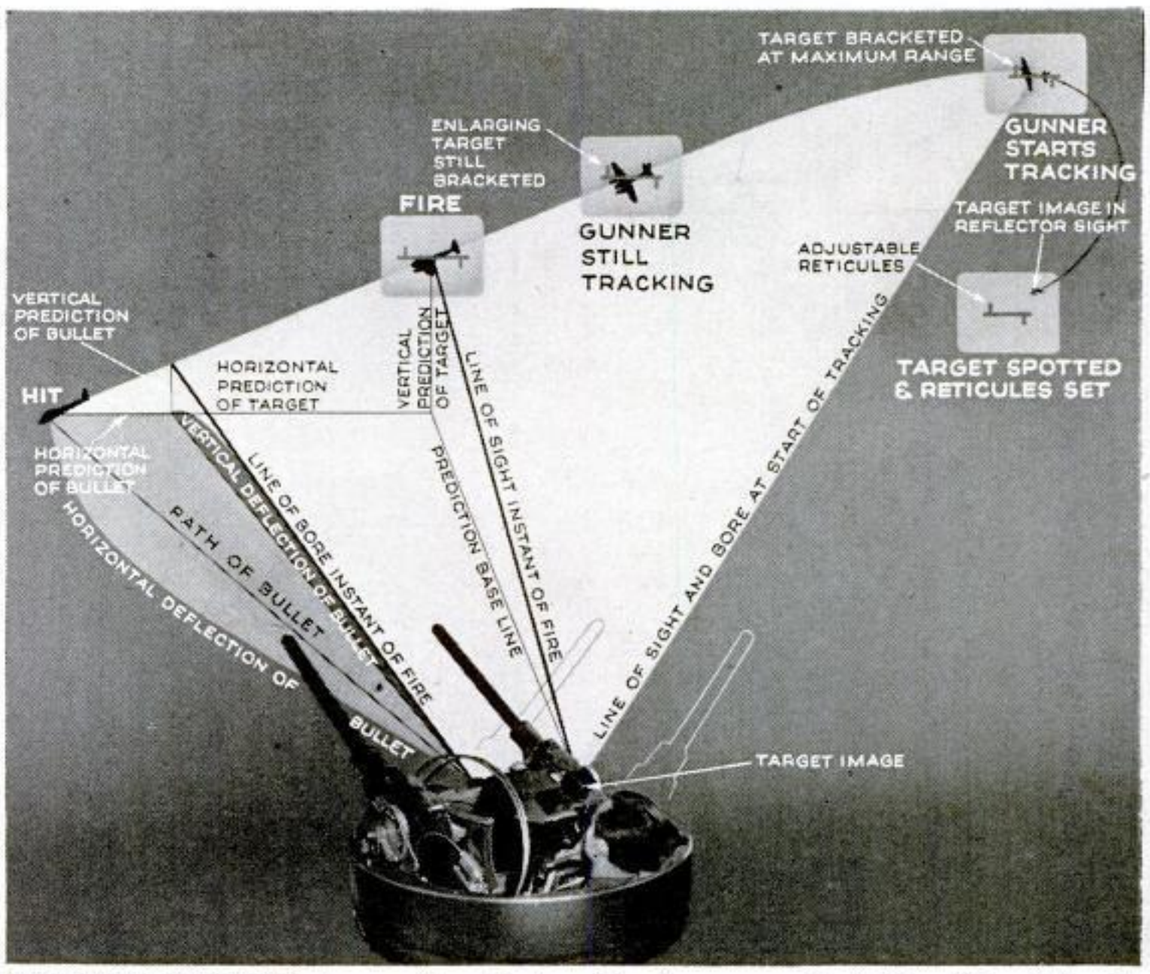
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CARRIES BOMB LOAD OF 2,200 LB. IN NOSE ARE TWO MACHINE GUNS, TWO CANNONS



Two kinds of target present themselves to aerial gunners. To hit fighter closing in on attack curve, he must point the guns behind target. Random target calls for lead ahead on its course. The bullets from his guns retain forward speed of bomber, hence travel diagonal course shown.



Sperry Computing sight solves mathematical problem for gunner. Bracketing of target in reticules gives continuous measurement of range. Tracking plots course and speed, sets turret in motion and points gun bore line ahead of or behind sight line at right imaginary point in space.

Shown here is an impressive Nazi plane which is distinguished by an even more impressive new development in aircraft armament. The plane is the Me 210 A-1, a long-range fighter bomber. The new development is its remote-control turret which is aimed and fired by a gunner at a remote position in the plane.

Similar remote-control turrets will soon be seen in new planes joining the line-up in all the major world air forces. One example is the chin turret of the B-17G, recently announced by the U. S. Army Air Forces (*see p. 50*). Remote control makes it possible to mount guns at points in the plane where it is impossible to position a gunner. Furthermore, it opens the possibility of focusing the fire of several turrets into a barrage against a single target.

The remote turret is directed and fired by a power unit which is in turn controlled by the gunner's pointing of his sight. In the familiar ball and dome turrets of U. S. heavy bombers, a modification of this remote-control principle is applied by the Sperry Automatic Computing sight. Diagrams at right above explain how the Sperry sight solves the complex mathematics of aerial gunnery.

In order to hit another plane in flight, the gunner or his gunsight must predict the future position of the target by estimating its course, speed and range in three-dimensional, perspectiveless space. A similar calculation, which takes into account the fact that the bullets fired from a moving plane retain the forward motion of the plane, must be made for the trajectory of the bullets. With these two calculations integrated, the guns are pointed not at the target, nor at its future position when hit, but at an entirely imaginary point. This point is more often behind the target than in front of it (*see diagram at top right*). If the right imaginary point is found in a life-and-death span of two seconds, bullets and target will meet on their respective courses in a hit.

Since sight and guns must both be trained on the imaginary point, the gunner on manually controlled guns almost never frames his target inside his sight ring. A Sperry sight, in contrast, is always pointed directly at the target. In the glass screen of the sight the gunner brackets the target between two movable, illuminated, vertical lines which he has set, on the mil scale, for the target's actual dimensions. This operation automatically measures the range of the target. He keeps the target bracketed and tracks it briefly on its course across the sky. This operation automatically registers the target's course and speed. Information thus assembled is fed continuously and instantaneously into the predicting mechanism of the sight. At moment of fire, with sight still pointing at the target, the bore line has been trained on the right imaginary point in space.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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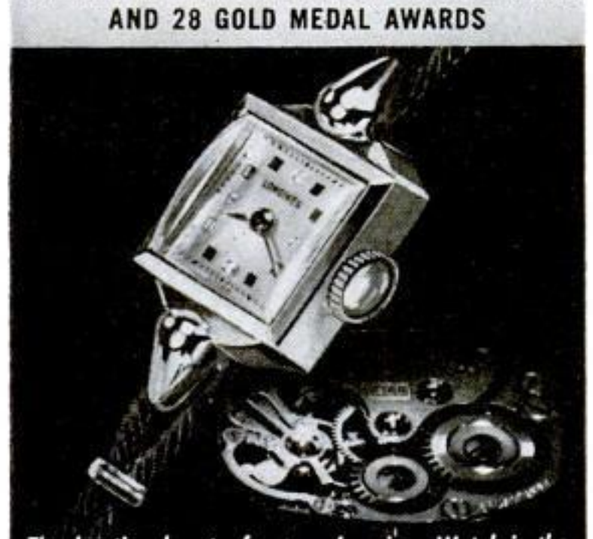
The Longines watch pictured above was given to an American boy on his induction into the Army in April, 1918. He became a machine gunner and the watch went with him through the mud, fire and fury of battle at Baccarat, Meuse-Argonne, Panne, Ypres, and Lys, to the Armistice. ¶Then he put aside the tools of war, but his Longines watch he kept. He wore it daily as he created his peace-time estate—marriage, a home, family; a son grown to manhood. Now it is the son who goes to war. Enlisted as a flying cadet, no military watch could be found. So the A.E.F. watch of the father was pressed into service for the flying son. ¶Truly the promise of long life from a Longines watch is not based on expectancy but on experience. The 25 year old Longines on this young pilot's wrist can tick the seconds with the best of the watches in service.

*From documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

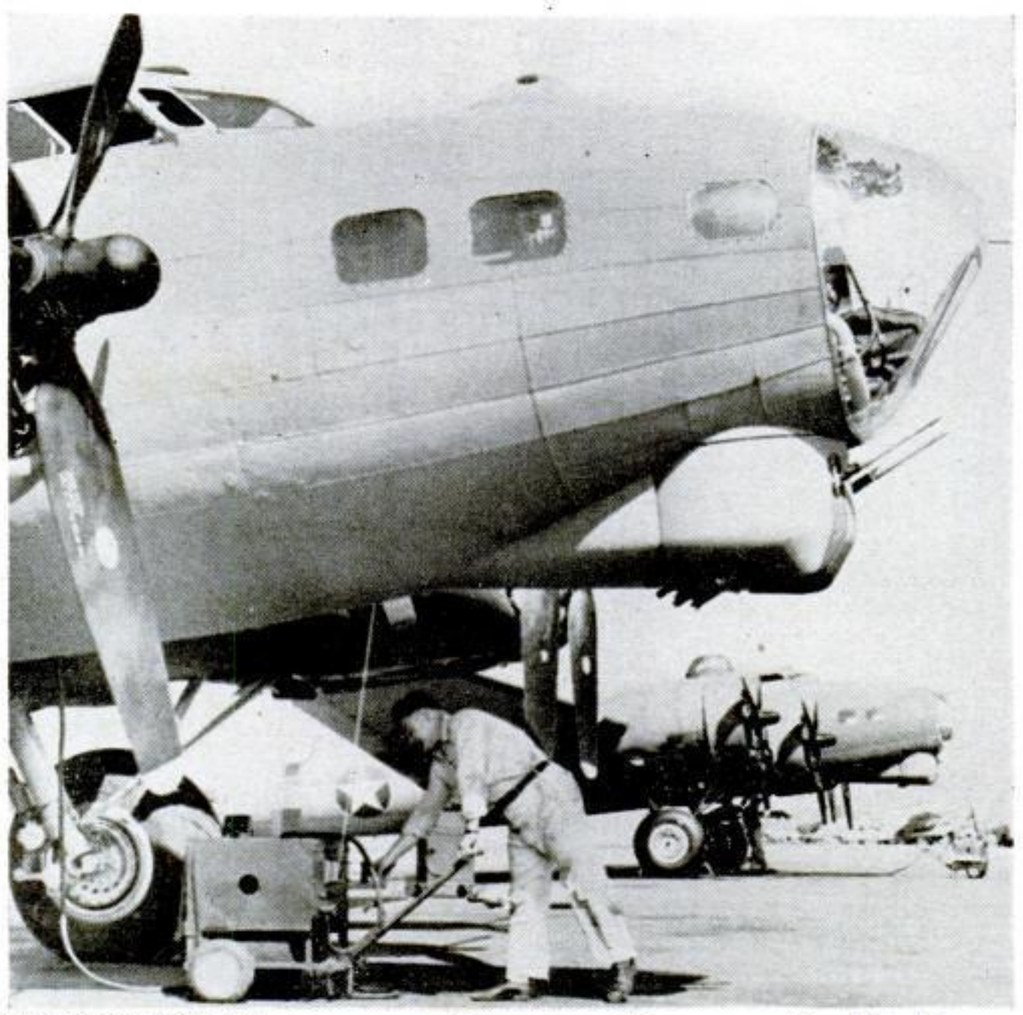
Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

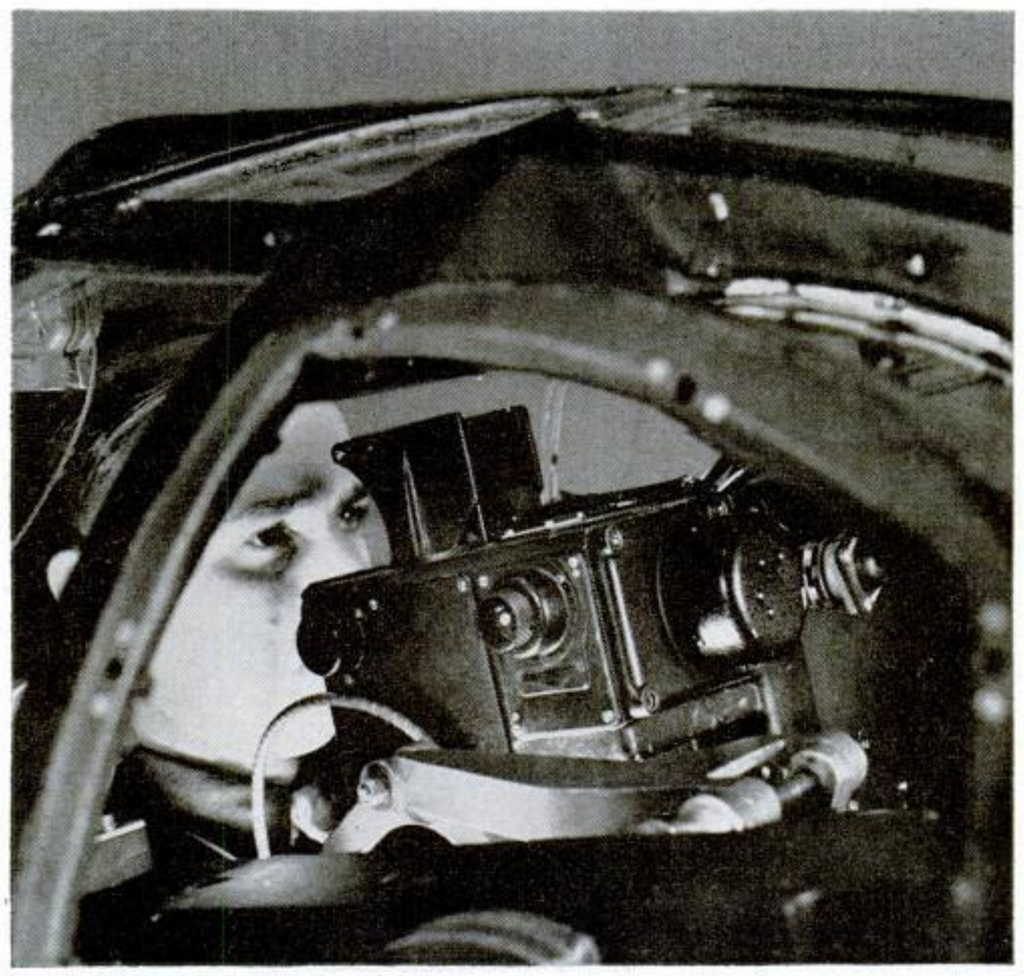


The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

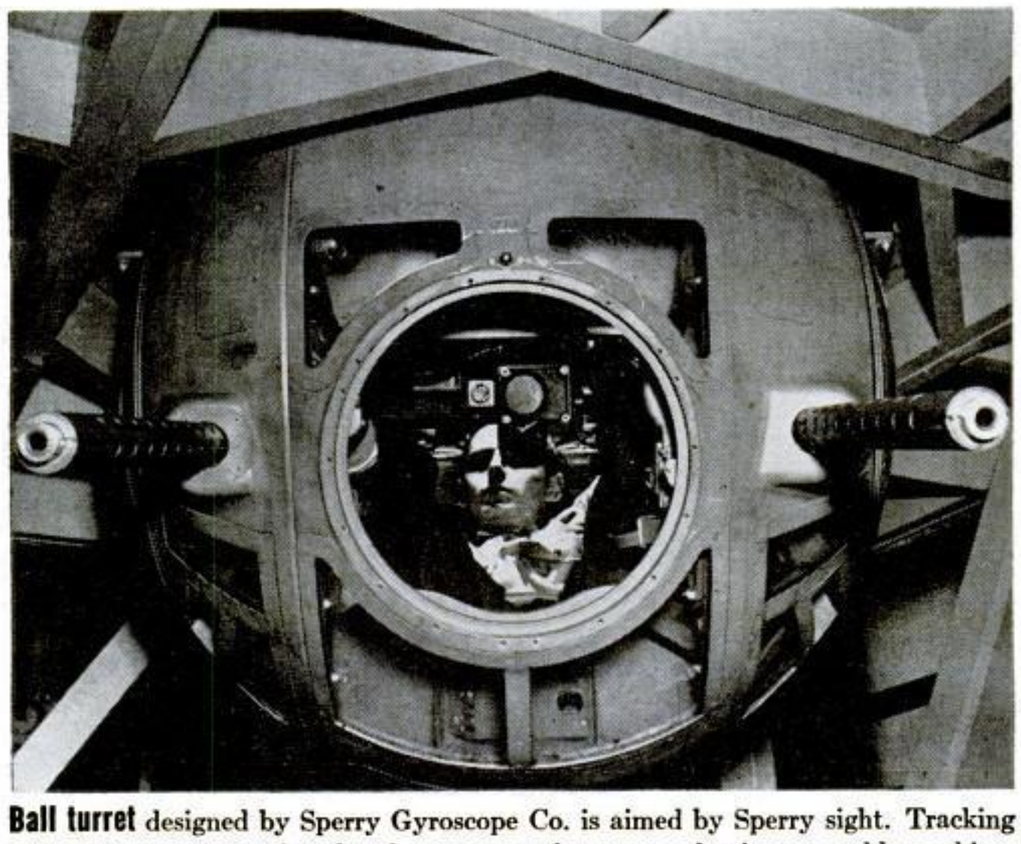
Remote-Control Turrets (continued)



Chin turret of B-17 is remote-control turret recently announced by War Department. Operated by bombardier, it covers weak spot in defenses of Flying Fortress.



Sperry Automatic Computing sight is here installed in dome turret. Target is seen in optical head on top and is bracketed between two lines projected on a glass screen.



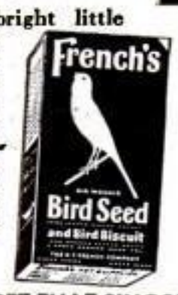
Ball turret designed by Sperry Gyroscope Co. is aimed by Sperry sight. Tracking calls for surgeon's touch to bracket target and to get mechanism smoothly working.



SONJA HENIE—Star of 20th Century-Fox's WINTER TIME, takes time out to "chat" with her pet canary.

There's a New Star in Hollywood Now!

It's a star among pets—a bright little creature with perky manners and a golden voice. All Hollywood has taken canaries to its heart—and all America is following its lead! Your home, too, will be brighter, happier, with one of these inexpensive, easily cared for pets. And—another hint from Hollywood—let French's help *keep* your bird a healthy singer!



OWN A CANARY... THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

UNTIL DECEMBER 10TH

you can enter Christmas gift subscriptions to LIFE at the

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES

$4.50 for the first subscription
$3.50 for each additional gift.

★

AFTER DECEMBER 10th the regular rate will be in effect again.

★

To give LIFE for Christmas at the SPECIAL CHRISTMAS RATES rush your order today to

LIFE

330 EAST 22 ST., CHICAGO 16, ILL.

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy it from your druggist today

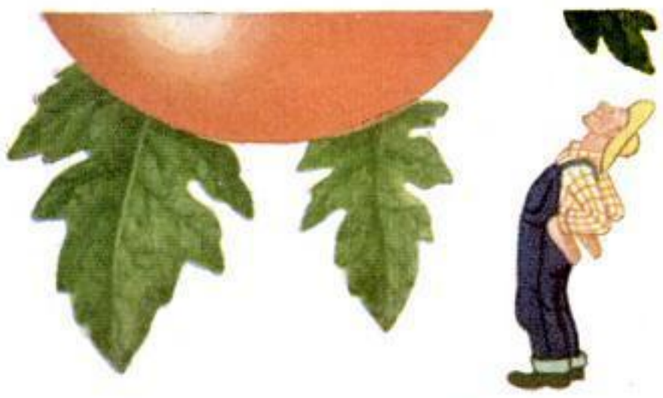
DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION

Just rub it on the gums

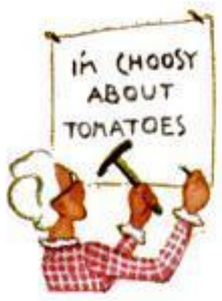
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NO WONDER *City Folks Like our Country Style Catsup!*

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ASKING US Snider Folks how we get that real down-on-the-farm flavor in our Snider's Catsup. Well, I reckon to answer that question we've got to go right out in the tomato patch with Farmer Snider.



See that big, beautiful tomato? That tomato wouldn't be so big and beautiful today if it hadn't been for Grandma Snider and the rest of the Snider Folks.



You see, Grandma's always been persnickety about tomatoes.

"If a tomato isn't red and ripe, juicy and full of flavor—it isn't going into *my* catsup kettle," Grandma used to say.

So years ago, Farmer Snider set out to grow extra-special tomatoes for Snider's Catsup. He even started some in greenhouses, mind you—petted 'em and pampered 'em—picked and chose 'em—until one day, we all stood back and said, "*That's it!* That's the tomato for Snider's Catsup!"

And ever since—only tomatoes that are just as good as THAT TOMATO go into Snider's Catsup. We give 'em real home-cooking care to protect their natural color and fine flavor. We wash 'em till they shine, chop 'em up, and cook 'em down in mild spices . . . the tasty kind they use in good country kitchens. No artificial coloring or over-spicing! That's not the Snider way. So next time you buy catsup, be sure and look for the name *Snider!* If it's Snider's Catsup, it's real *good* catsup, you can bank on that!

The Snider Folks

Snider's
CONDIMENTS
VEGETABLES
FRUITS

And Grocer Ed says to tell you the same jim-dandy tomatoes that go into Snider's Catsup go into **Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce,** too. He says folks take to our Chili Sauce just the way they do to our Snider's Catsup. Trouble is, these wartime days he can't *always* give everybody all they want. Well, that's true of all Snider's good foods now that the armed forces use such a lot. But just be patient, folks, we'll do our best.

Hey, you folks who like sea food! Here comes Old Salt Snider putting in to shore with a fine mess of fish. Did you know that we make a real tasty Cocktail Sauce, too, with a regular down-East tang to it? You'll sure like **Snider's Cocktail Sauce.**

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IN WHICH WE

This is the story, briefly told, of men and women who turned from the arts of peace to the grim trade of war. And in their story of individual achievement you may read the story of America—the epic victory of a free way of life over dictatorship.

In December, 1941, the men and women of Nash-Kelvinator were building the revolutionary Moist-Master Kelvinator Refrigerator, to keep the food in peaceful American homes fresh and appetizing and healthful. In 1941 the men and women of Nash-Kelvinator were also building a new type of automobile, designed years ahead on aerodynamic lines, and giving as much as twenty-five to thirty miles per gallon of gas at highway speeds.

And then, virtually overnight, these men and women so well versed in production for peace, turned to production for war.

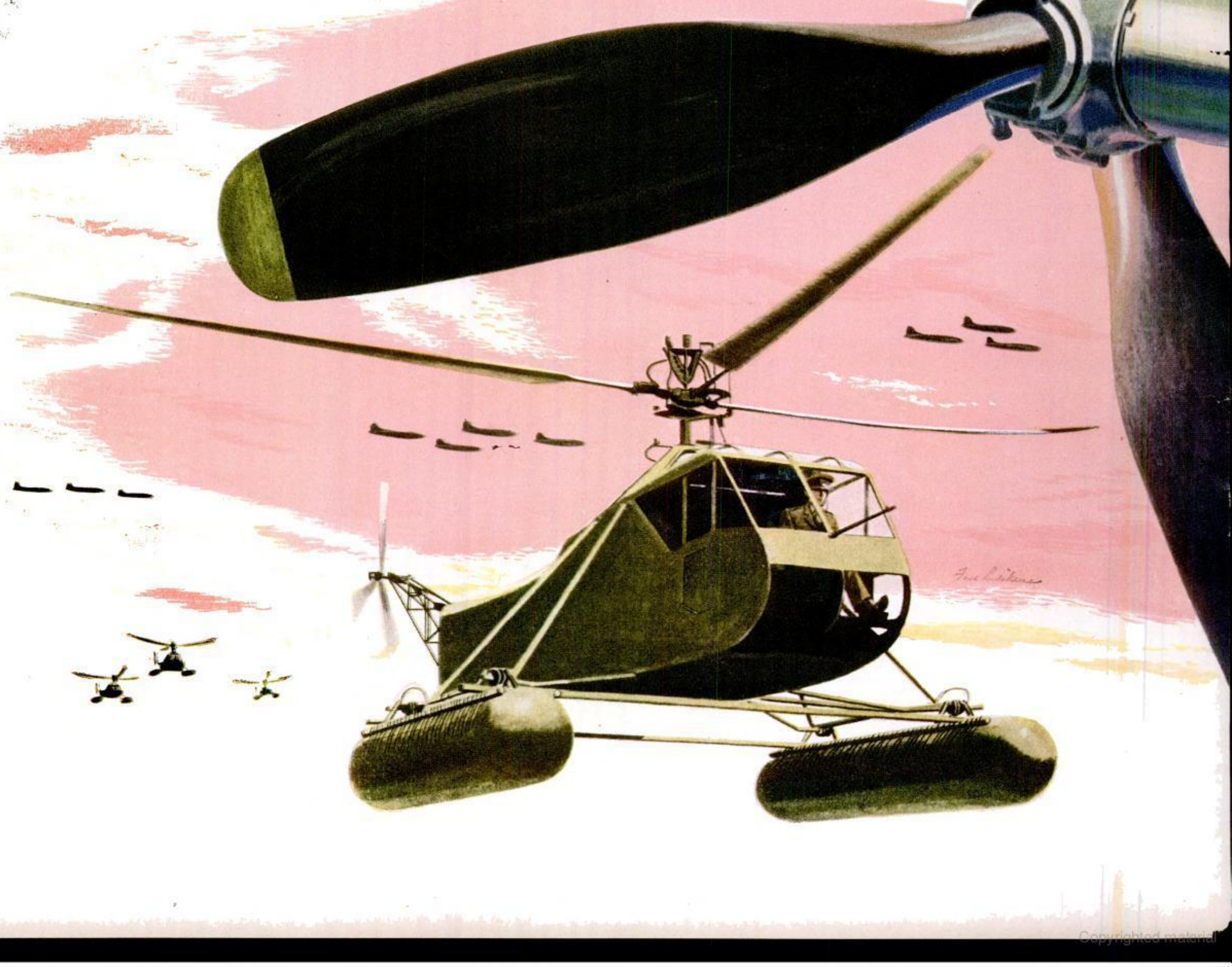
Now in this December, two years after Pearl Harbor—what account can we and they render of our war years?

This . . .

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having never built a propeller before, we are building intricate Hamilton Standard propellers for these famous American and British bomber, transport and cargo planes . . . Flying Fortress, Liberator, Mosquito, Mitchell, Lancaster, Baltimore, Dauntless, Havoc, Skytrain and Skytrooper. You have seen their names, and read their records in the ruins of enemy ships, and cities, and armies. Now we have become the largest manufacturer of this type of aircraft propeller in America.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having built great automobile engines, we are building great aircraft engines . . . 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney super-charged, eighteen-cylinder, air-cooled engines that power the mighty Vought Corsair fighters of the U. S. Navy. And these great planes driven at speeds approximating 7 miles a minute, to altitudes of over 7 miles by these great engines—miracles of craftsmanship containing more than 10,000 separate parts—are the planes that are helping to break the back of Japanese air power in the South Pacific.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having built great cars, we are readying our production lines to build Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces. When and where and how the Army will use this new marvel of the air, which can rise vertically, hover



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SERVE FREEDOM...

motionlessly, fly forward or backward, is a military secret. But this can be told—this newest aerial marvel of the United Nations will be built only by Nash-Kelvinator and its designers, the Sikorsky Division of United Aircraft Corporation.

Here at Nash-Kelvinator, having a reputation for precision manufacturing, we are building governors for the propeller mechanisms of Flying Fortress, Douglas, Consolidated North American, and Martin bombers—and Navy PBY1 and PB4Y1 patrol bombers. And, again because our men and women are craftsmen and precisionists, we are now one of the largest manufacturers of binoculars in the world—supplying the U. S. Army on most of the world's battlefronts.

And in addition, here at Nash-Kelvinator, we are producing parts for submarines, cargo ships, and Army trucks, trailers, jeeps and tanks.

In this brief period of less than two years, Nash-Kelvinator facilities have been expanded tremendously in Milwaukee, Kenosha, Detroit, Grand Rapids and Lansing . . . and our production for war is now virtually double our former production for peace.

This is how the men and women of Nash-Kelvinator have served America . . . have served you . . . are serving freedom. This is the story of how free men and women driven only by the compulsion of their will to stay free, their desire to keep America always a land of progress and individual opportunity, have helped perform the miracle of production that is now smashing our foe on every front.

This is the story of how they are working day and night to hasten Victory so that they may turn once again to peaceful things—to the building of an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash.

This is their story . . .

This is the history of America.

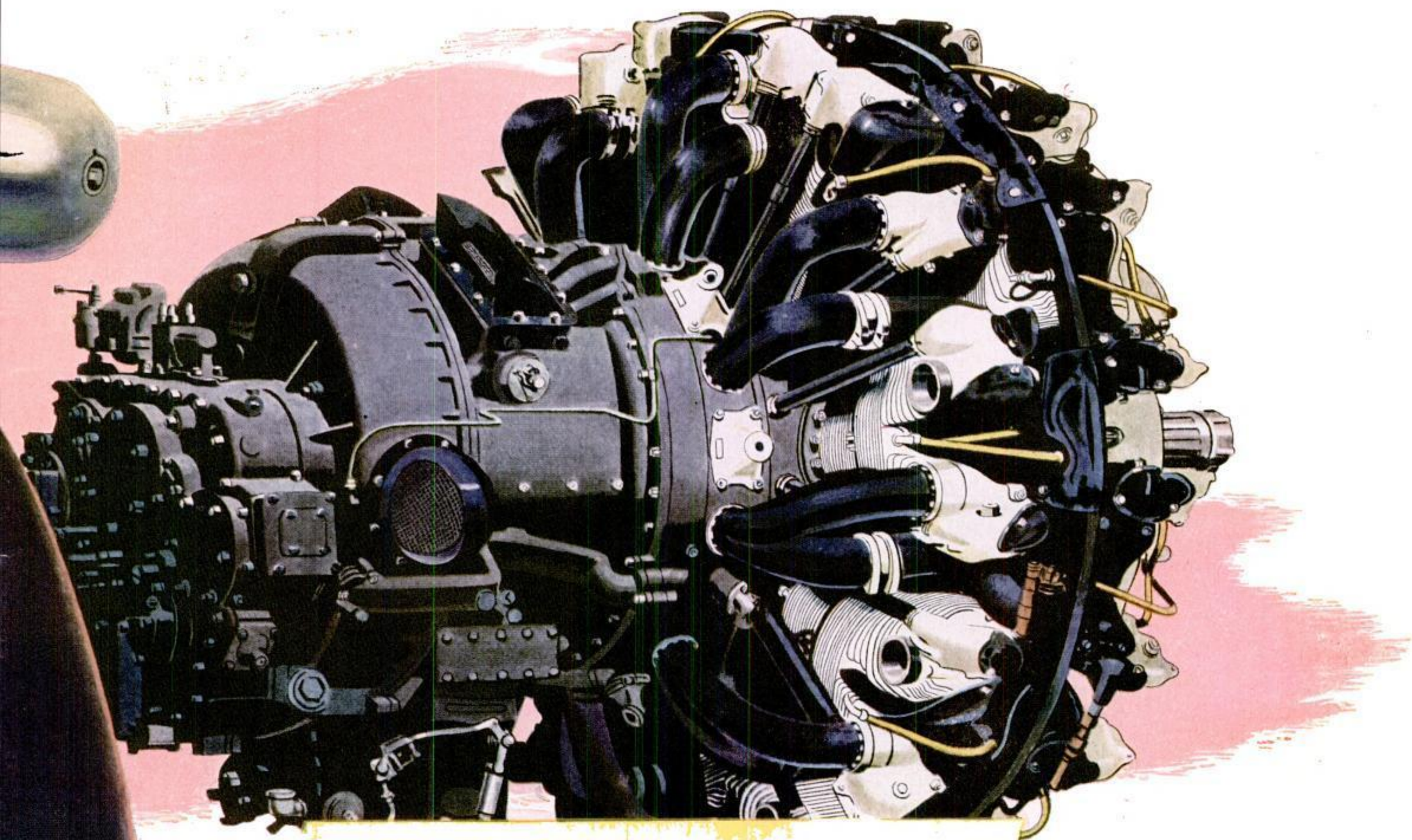
• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Kenosha • Milwaukee • DETROIT • Grand Rapids • Lansing



The men and women of the Propeller Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation have been awarded, and proudly fly and wear, the famous Army-Navy "E" for High Achievement in War Production.



NASH AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

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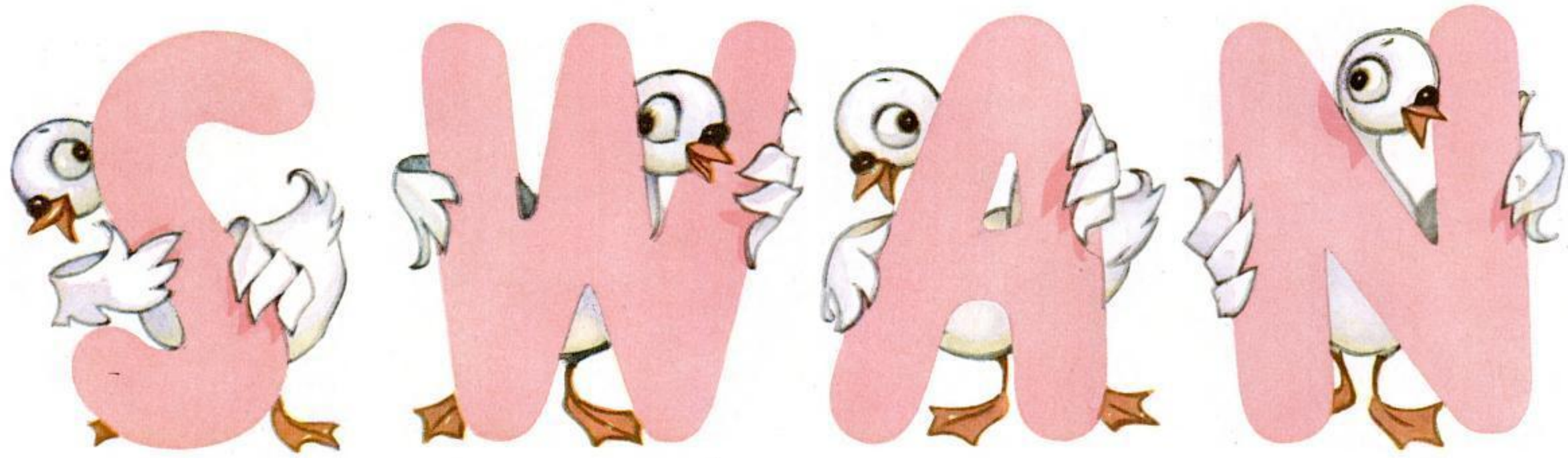
for Baby..Dishes....Duds and You

Pretty lucky for Junior
that Swan's just as pure
as fine castiles! Lovely and mild!
O.K.d by Doctors, too!

More dishes now that the
family's war-working! But fast-
sudsing Swan whisks through
'em! Helps hands stay silky too!

Fine things *have* to last, these days.
Gentle Swan's a honey to keep 'em
fresh and bright! So m-i-l-d!
So firm! Swan lasts and lasts!

For pampering a pretty face or
whipping up real he-man suds,
you can't beat Swan! No wonder
the whole family's Swan-happy!



yes, Swan is four swell soaps in One



Gracie Allen says:

Tune in, folks,
To George and me—e!
No one's such
A scream as we—e!

Tune in: George Burns & Gracie Allen! CBS, on Tuesday nights.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

Two convenient sizes
—Large and Regular

Uncle Sam says:
DON'T WASTE SOAP

Paste these hints on bath mirror...

1. Don't leave soap in water. Don't make more lather than you need.
2. Beware of wet soap dish! Keep dry.
3. Wipe off grease and rinse all dishes *before* washing.
4. Save soap slivers; dissolve in boiling water to make soap jelly; use for dishes, shampoo, etc.

MADE BY LEVER BROTHERS CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

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IN A CORNER OF THE CELLAR A VENTILATED SPACE INSULATED SO THAT THE TEMPERATURE WILL NEITHER FALL BELOW 35° F. NOR RISE ABOVE 50° IS IDEAL FOR STORING FOODS

ROOT CELLAR

It provides unrationed abundance

To the amateur tillers of the soil, to the novice canners and jelly makers of the past summer and fall, the picture above should bring a glow of pride. It is a family root cellar where the fruits and vegetables, canned during the months of plenty, and crops such as potatoes, onions, celery, turnips, apples, pumpkins and squash are stored. One such cellar is unimportant, but estimates are that the total number of quart cans of fruits and vegetables now in storage bins or on shelves in U. S. is about 4,000,000,000. To the families who have stored wisely and well these cans mean variety and plenty without the benefit of ration points.

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I didn't want Christmas to come, this year

WHEN your family invited me for Christmas, George, I was afraid.

Afraid to meet them without you there . . . and . . . well . . . just afraid. Even the nicest families can be funny about the girl their only son wants to marry.

I was feeling pretty lonesome as I packed up my ration book, and took my least-crazy hat down from the closet.

It seems silly . . . now.

Your dad took both my hands, and gave me the shy grin that's so like yours. Your mother linked her arm in mine.

And in no time, they had me in a yellow apron, frosting Christmas cookies!

Well, *you* know what Christmas is like at your house, George . .. neighbors running in and out . . . the granddaddy of all turkeys . . . a big tree hung with precious, shabby ornaments . . . presents piled underneath . . .

When your dad handed me the square box, I felt suddenly shy.

And when I opened it . . . oh, George, there were our first pieces of International Sterling . . beautiful and real . . . the one thing I'd wanted most for us.

To own really fine sterling, George. . .that's a *wonderful* beginning, for our own home and our own family traditions. And . . . well . . . only something very special could live up to the special sort of marriage *ours* is going to be.

I thought you'd like to know, darling. This was the nicest possible way your family could have given me their blessing.

INTERNATIONAL is working full speed on war production and making less sterling, so your jeweler may not have all the pieces you want.

But no American complains about shortages. He knows that until victory is won, bullets are more important than butter knives.

So buy more War Bonds with your money . . . earmark some of them for International Sterling after the war. International gives you the lifetime satisfaction of knowing . . .

—that your sterling was made by the world's foremost silver house . . .

—that your pattern was designed by International craftsmen whose predecessors were creating spoons of coin silver 100 years ago . . .

—that pieces created by these craftsmen have been exhibited in leading art museums.

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Root Cellar (continued)



What to do with surplus crop is problem that confronted this Ithaca, N.Y. gardener. Many thousands of gardeners solved problem by building outdoor root cellars. In regions where ground is unfrozen and vegetables cheap, root cellars may still be built.

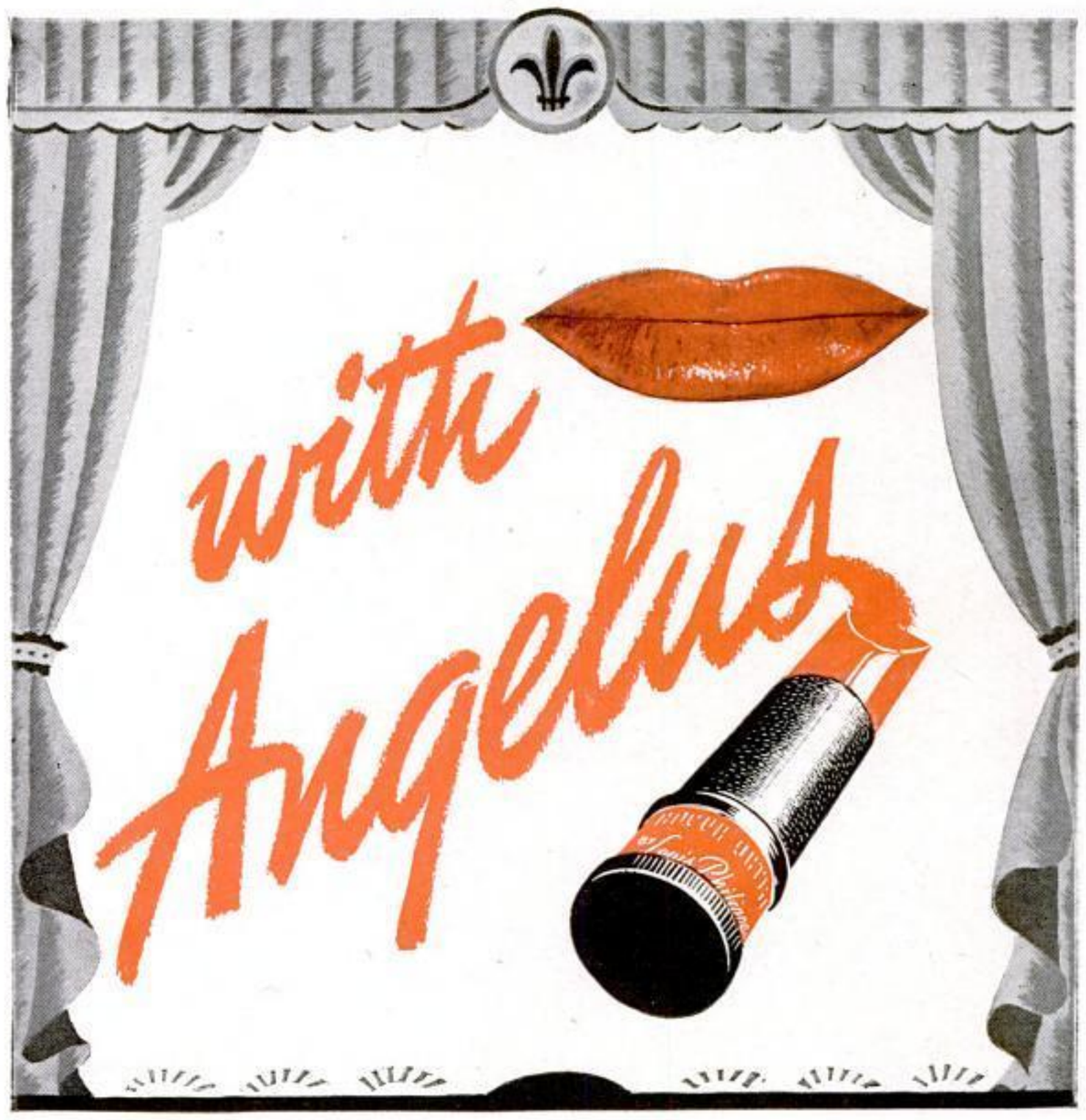


The easiest answer to the problem is a hole dug in the ground and lined with straw. Unbruised vegetables are carefully placed in the pit, covered over with straw and a foot or more of dirt, enough to act as insulation and keep vegetables from freezing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

How many of the loveliest actresses

'MAGNETIZE' THEIR LIPS



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For years—many of the loveliest Stage and Screen actresses have depended upon ANGELUS Lipstick to "magnetize" their lips with fascinating, youthfully appealing beauty. ANGELUS—the lipstick which so many beauty experts rave about!

So why not try this remarkably beautifying ANGELUS Lipstick *yourself!* You'll adore its wonderful creamy *texture*. ANGELUS is neither too hard nor too soft but *evenly balanced* "just right" so that it spreads on divinely smooth and "stays put" for hours without caking or drying. Yet ANGELUS never appears "greasy".

You'll be thrilled at the sparkling, radiant and enticing lip-allure ANGELUS brings. In flattering shades which will delight the most exacting *femme fatale*.

ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT ROUGE NATURAL 407 LOUIS PHILIPPE

Highlight Your Complexion With ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT

ANGELUS Rouge Incarnat is a *creme* rouge which gives such a *natural*-like bloom that it actually seems to match your own blood-tones. Beauty-famous for years! At all cosmetic counters.

Louis Philippe

ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POUDRE—CREMES—MAKE-UP

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Naturally, we're sorry there weren't nearly enough Wembley Nor-East Ties to gladden men's hearts this Christmas. But there will be merrier Christmases—with our boys back home—and a gorgeous array of Wembley colors in the famous Nor-East imported cloth.

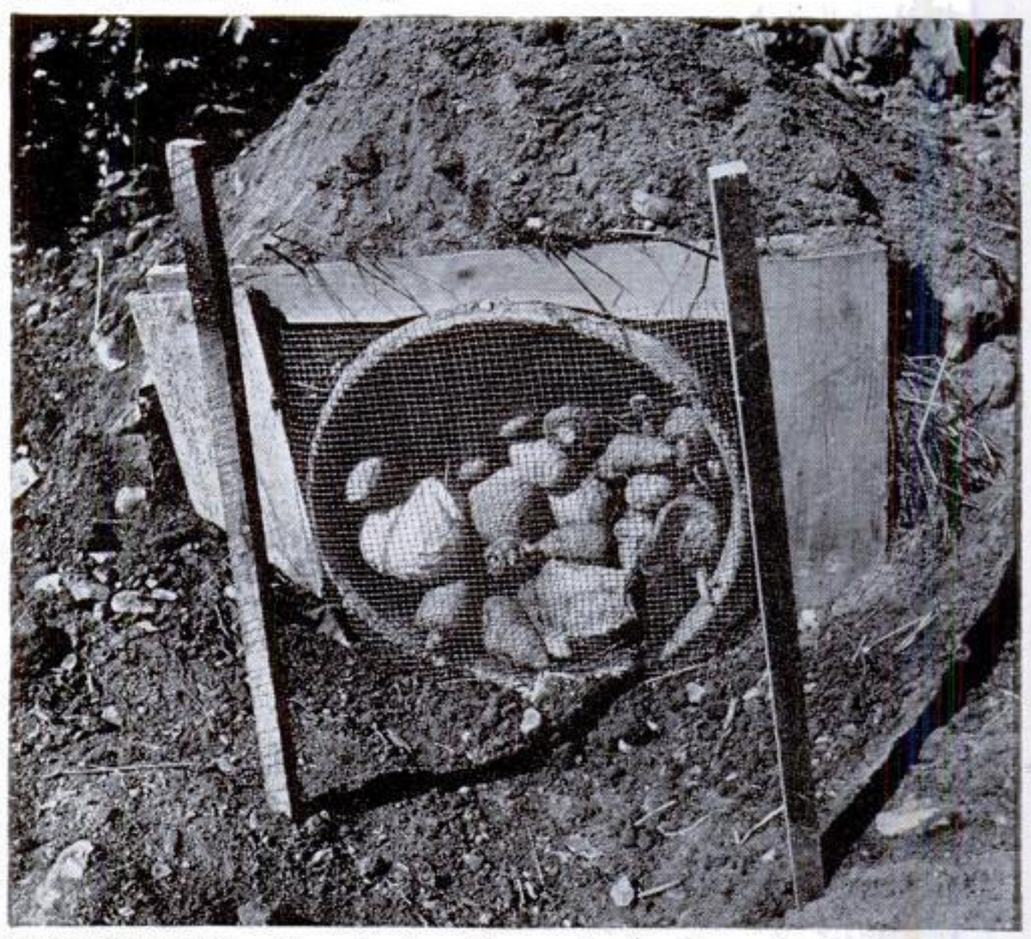
SPEED THE DAY!
BUY BONDS—AVOID FOOD WASTE—
DON'T BUY WHAT YOU DON'T NEED

Wembley Ties

MADE OF PRIESTLEY'S NOR-EAST NON-CRUSH FABRIC

Copyright 1943, Wembley, Inc., New Orleans

Root Cellars (continued)



Barrel laid on side makes a handy outdoor root cellar. Screen is nailed on front to keep out rodents. Straw and dirt are heaped on top and in front to keep frost out.



Barrel sunk in ground and covered with soil is a common storage place. Cellar is opened on mild day if possible, food for two or three weeks taken out each time.



Cellar window well makes convenient place for keeping vegetables. Board and soil are placed on top of the well, vegetables taken out by opening window from inside.

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1. Old King Rainbolt
was fairly morose.
He called for his men and he said,
"Stop your fiddling . . . where's my bowl
of coffee?"
And the men said,
"Haven't you heard, Boss Man?
The Crown Prince has lured Cook away.
Ten dollars more a week,
Her Majesty, your frau,
Is doing the marketing herself.
Sorry, Sire—no Cook, no Queen, no coffee!"

2. So he popped off of his throne
and holding his crown behind him
so that he looked like a subject and strictly nonroyal,
he snucked into line with the King's Guard
when they lined up for breakfast.



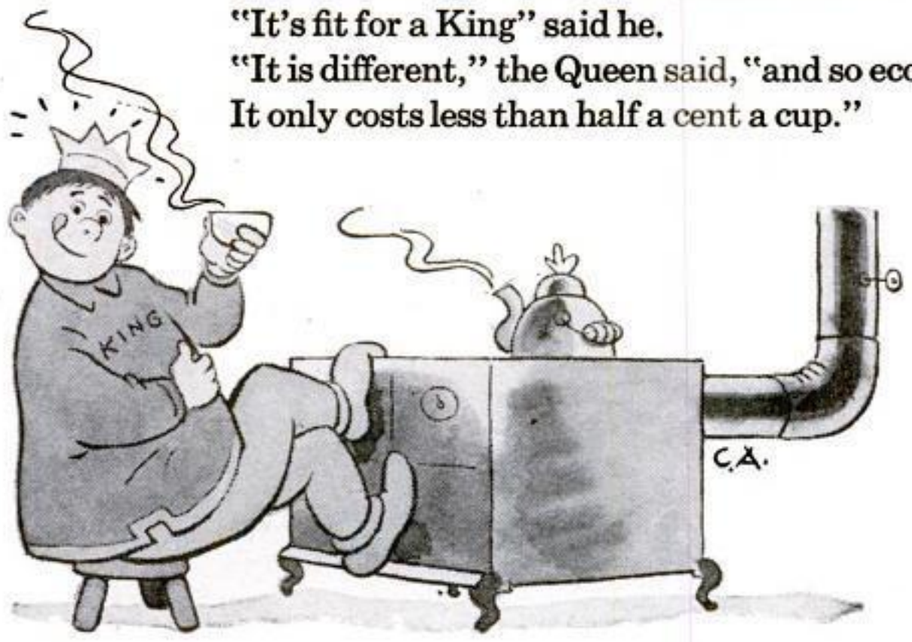
3. He was moving right along
and the Queen happened by with her market basket
over her arm . . . and saw him.
So she said, "Get out of that line
right away. I've got some Postum."
And the King said, "What's Postum?"



4. So the Queen smiled and said,
"It isn't like coffee and it isn't like tea,
and it's one of America's great mealtime drinks."
And the King said, "Isn't she cute!"
and stepped out of line.



5. So they went into the kitchen
and the Queen made him a cup of Postum
quick as a flash—and the King
smacked his lips over its rich, robust flavor.
"It's fit for a King" said he.
"It is different," the Queen said, "and so economical.
It only costs less than half a cent a cup."



6. And the Queen,
seeing that he was in rare good
humor, brought out a silly and
somewhat expensive hat
she had bought.
And the King said,
"You look cute as a button
in that new hat." And he
never asked her
what she paid for it.
But he did ask for
another cup of Postum.

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THE AVERAGE GERMAN AGED 40-50 HAS EXPERIENCED WAR . . .



. . . REVOLUTION (HERE SOLDIERS OF REPUBLIC FIRE ON RIOTERS) . . .



. . . UNEMPLOYMENT (HAMBURG WORKERS SLEEP SITTING UP) . . .



. . . RUIN BY INFLATION (MARKS TURNED INTO WASTE PAPER) . . .



. . . ADOLF HITLER (HE LEAVES HALL AFTER SPEECH IN 1924) . . .



. . . TERROR (COMMUNISTS ARRESTED AFTER THE REICHSTAG FIRE)

GERMANY— ENIGMA OF THE PEACE

by DOROTHY THOMPSON

In the past months there has been a tremendous discussion going on, on both sides of the ocean, over the question of what to do with a defeated Germany. All the discussion has revolved around the assumption that if the Anglo-American powers and Russia agree on what to do with or to Germany any program will work.

It is certainly true that if the Anglo-American powers and Russia do not eventually agree regarding the future of Germany, it is impossible to make any predictions. But even in the case of a 100% agreement among the victors, there will be limitations upon their power to operate successfully.

Whatever is done with Germany will obviously have to be done with the human material which is at hand.

Under whatever restrictions and punishments some sort of German state and society is going to survive, with some sort of sovereignty, however limited. That German state, whatever it may be, will have some sort of social order, some sort of administration, some sort of political system, some form of economy and some relations with the rest of Europe and the world. The only material out of which it can be created or create itself with any prospect of permanence is the German population.

Our peace planners and experts have various ideas about the German nation. Most of them have one thing in common: their view of Germany goes back ten, twenty, thirty years, or much more. And, however much they may differ in their view of what should be done with defeated Germany, they show remarkable similarity in one thing: none of them takes adequately into account the actual experience of the living generation of Germans.

The Germany of tomorrow will have to be made with or imposed on living Germans—not with Germans who are dead or with Germans not yet born. It is these living Germans, therefore, that concern us. The understanding of these living Germans is not a matter for pity, sympathy, hatred or any other emotion, but a necessity of statesmanship.

What are these Germans? Volumes have been written on the subject, including some by those who doubt whether they are people at all. Some ask: Is there one Germany, or two Germanys—a good one and a bad? Others inquire: Is there a New Germany or only an Eternal Germany, that always, throughout history, has had a characteristic face and behavior? Endless numbers of essays are written around the question: How do the Germans get that way? Is it the result of Prussian militarism? Are they the product of an education that must be drastically revised?

"Conspiracy Interpretation of History"

The psychologists have been busy, the diplomats, and the historians. One psychologist has discovered an inherent paranoid tendency in the German mind. Historians have discovered a national behavior pattern, which periodically leads them to attack the world. Others continue to interpret the German behavior in class terms.

Dorothy Thompson made her primary reputation as a reporter in Germany and Central Europe. She was ousted from Hitler's Reich in 1934 and returned to the U. S. to become one of the leading specialists on Germany. As such, she crusaded against Nazism long before this war began. It is as a specialist that she writes this article, presenting one of the many divergent views of "What to do about Germany?"

Most of these interpretations belong to what I might call the "Conspiracy Interpretation of History."

Even the British diplomat, Lord Vansittart, does not escape from this. In this school of thinking, the German behavior is to be explained by one "key" clue. According to the Vansittart wing this "key" clue is Prussian militarism. The Prussian military caste, based on the Junkers, have engaged in a gigantic plot. Everything that has happened is traceable to this plot. Nazism is a creation of this plot. The Weimar Republic was merely a disguise for this plot. Even the revolution of 1918, fought against the militarists, was staged by themselves to deceive the world. And the plot is successful because the Prussian militarists are the most truly representative Germans.

This school interprets history as a mystery melodrama and traces down the villain. But various wings of it find various villains.

Left-wing thinkers see a capitalist plot as the source of all the evil. The Junkers, the army and the Nazis are only instruments of powerful wirepullers—the Vereinigte Stahlwerke, the I. G. Farben Industrie, the Krupps, the electrotechnical industries, the Thyssens, the Roechlings, etc. These capitalistic Elders of Zion conspired with confreres in other countries, were responsible for Munich and brought about the collapse of France.

There is a conservative interpretation that makes the Communists the center of the plot. In their argument, the Communists destroyed all the roots of democracy and stability with devilish means, favored Nazism as a contributor to the destruction of the bourgeoise order, paved the way to war by propaganda entangling the capitalist powers, while a handful of shrewd leaders planned the collapse of the normal world and their rise to power as a result of it.

And before the war, and even now, the Liberal *deus ex machina* was the Treaty of Versailles—interpreted as a predatory conspiracy of the victorious Allied governments of the last war.

The interpretation of social and historical events as the result of a series of plots and conspiracies, engineered by master minds, is but another manifestation of the mentality that lays all the ills in the world to an international conspiracy of Jews. Some secret Machiavellian group must be responsible for the explosive forces in modern society and the world will be saved by sleuthing them down to extermination.

For people of this view the solution of all social and political problems, including that of what to do with defeated Germany, would be relatively simple, if only they could agree.

Exterminate the Prussian militarists—or the capitalists, or the Communists—and you have no more German problem. You don't need to bother about the Jews, because the Nazis have already "solved the German problem" that way themselves.

All these conspiratorial views of history fortify themselves with actual facts. All of them reveal an element of truth. Prussian militarism has plotted. Capitalists have assisted Nazism. Communists have undermined the social order. The Treaty of Versailles did disillusion and help unseat the German mind.

But these interpreters, who would have us base a peace program on their ideas, isolate a single phenomenon from the stream of the history of a generation and a nation. They isolate it from the element of time and from the background of contemporary circumstances and make it into an abstraction and a scapegoat.

They are like the physicians of some years ago who thought that all the ills of man were attributable to focal infections, and pulled out tonsils and teeth as a cure for everything from arthritis to angina pectoris. But still people died.

If we want to understand Germany—merely in order to know how to act toward her—we must rather behave like mature and competent diagnosticians, who first carefully examine the life-story of their patient before proposing a therapy.

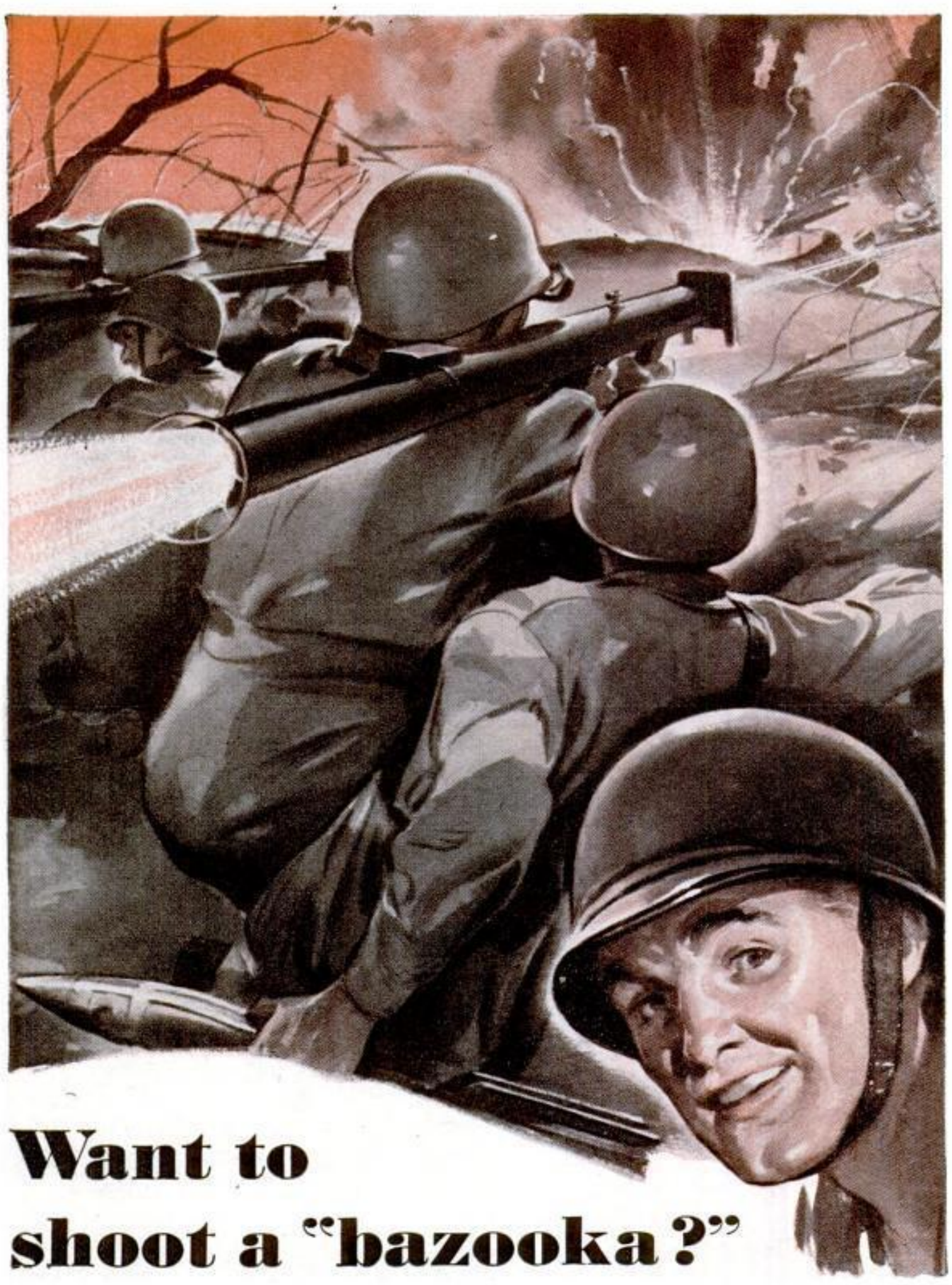
A Diagnosis of a German Generation

We have before us a generation—an entire generation of Germans—the outstanding fact in whose life-story is that it has never known any stability or normalcy whatsoever. It is a generation that has never had any rest from continual and feverish change.

A German between 40 and 50 was born in the Kaiserreich, which was a society of wealth, widespread social and political security, order and culture. Its social structure was predominantly middle-class under a highly military-minded aristocracy. His childhood recollection, therefore, is of a world notable for comfort, order and general well-being. That this order held within itself the seeds of disintegration, which would be immensely accelerated by a war which it would lose, was not at all obvious to the child growing up in it. The middle-aged German has, therefore, a childhood memory of something that once appeared secure. Younger Germans have not even that.

But in the 'teen age these children of the Kaiserreich were thrown into a terrific war. Those of them too young to fight in it nevertheless felt its effects as did no other European people.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Want to shoot a "bazooka?"

The "bazooka" is a mighty efficient little weapon. Armed with it, two men can destroy a tank . . . but behind those men must stand a team of 130,000,000 Americans. You're one of them. You, as a civilian, can help supply more war weapons through *thoughtful buying*.

Thoughtful buying means purchasing only the best and longest-lasting articles and only when you really need them. It means taking care of the things you own—eliminating waste. For example, restricted driving can damage a battery. In many cases periodic recharges are necessary. An expert check-up by your Exide Dealer every two weeks can prolong the useful life of your battery.

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WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE YOU START

GERMANY, ENIGMA OF PEACE (continued)

The family life of the old Germany had been one in which the father played the greatest role. For four years these children were fatherless—deprived of familiar disciplinary influence—and hundreds of thousands of them remained so.

In the last war the blockade was highly effective. The result was that these children, day after day, went to bed hungry. They developed rickets, tuberculosis and nervous diseases—all upsetting to physical and nervous stability.

At the end of the last war this youth saw, in an abortive revolution, the breakdown of all national authority. The Kaiser, its symbol, fled the country. The new leaders who arose never had uncontested authority. They were, inevitably, the symbols of defeat and internal dissolution.

The years 1918 to 1924—one-sixth of a generation—saw nothing but disorder. In various parts of the Reich there were revolutions and counterrevolutions, street fighting, and civil war: The "Raete-Revolution" in Bavaria, and its suppression; the "Spartacus" revolution in Berlin, and its suppression; the great uprising in Hamburg; the counterrevolutionary Kapp putsch, ending in open war between armies of workers and divisions of the Reichswehr in the Ruhr valley and throughout Westphalia; the insurrection in Upper Silesia in 1921; the Max Holz leftist rebellion in Saxonia; the Ruhr occupation and war in 1922; the attempted Nazi *coup d'etat* in 1923, again in Bavaria.

THE AUTHOR



DOROTHY THOMPSON in Vermont farmhouse study where she began writing her columns, warning against Nazism, in 1936, when many an American still believed we could keep on doing business with Hitler.

Accompanying all this disorder, and climaxing in 1923, was the inflation, which added the dissolution of all economic order to the dissolution of political order.

No other country has known any comparable inflation. At its end the new Reichsmark was stabilized at one thousand billions of the old Reichsmark. The entire savings of the German people were wiped out in the course of a few months. From that the whole population drew a conclusion: it is useless to save.

The adventurism that had conquered the political life, with the breakdown of the Kaiserreich in defeat, now conquered the economic life. The New Man to appear on the scene was a speculator. Only the financial adventurer proved capable of saving himself.

This period also saw the further disintegration of family life and with it, of moral authority. The death of two million men had thrown the relationship of the sexes out of balance. Sexual chaos, in the form of libertinism, heterosexual and homosexual, was added to political and economic chaos. The economic destruction and inflation increased this libertinism, for the family had previously had an economic basis.

At the end of six years of chaos an attempt was made at rehabilitation. Better relations were established with the outside world in an attempt to fulfill the Treaty provisions, and concessions were made to Germany, especially in regard to reparations. Germany joined the League of Nations and Briand and Stresemann made the Treaty of Locarno. There was a brief political *détente* in external relations.

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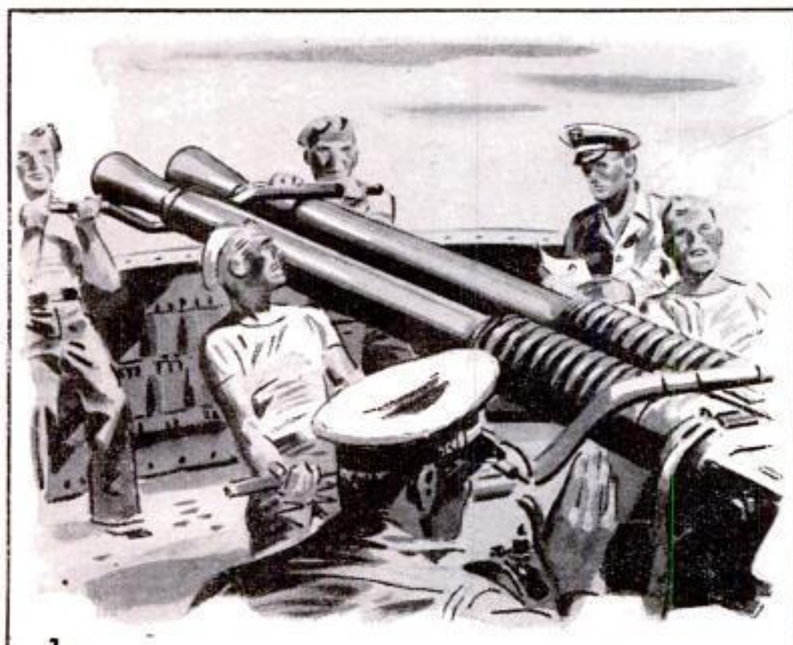
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"EVER HEAR OF AN Ack-Ack Ship?"

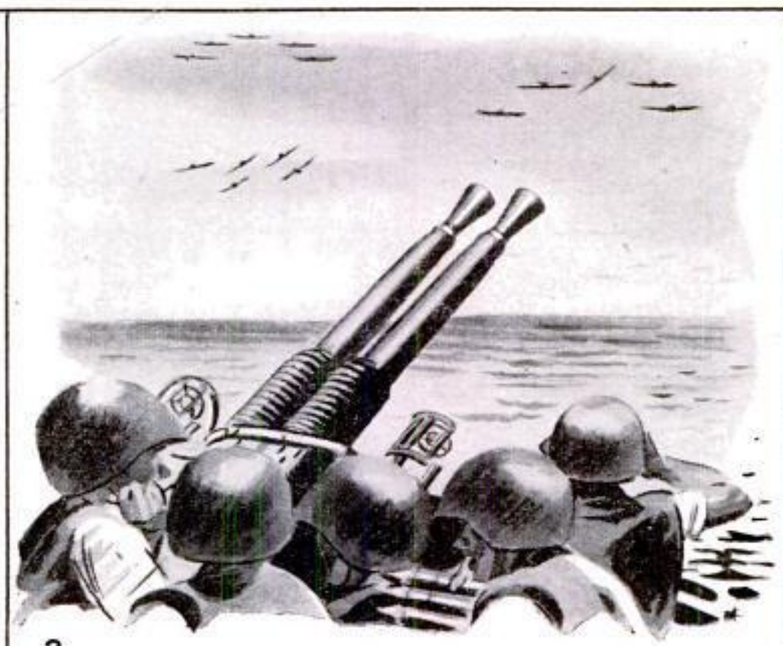
SAGA OF THE U.S.S. SOUTH DAKOTA

HOW AMERICAN-BUILT 40 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS HELPED DESTROY 32 JAP PLANES IN 25 MINUTES IN THE BATTLE OF SANTA CRUZ . . . ACCORDING TO A REPORT BY CAPT. THOMAS GATCH, RELEASED BY THE INCENTIVE DIVISION, U. S. NAVY



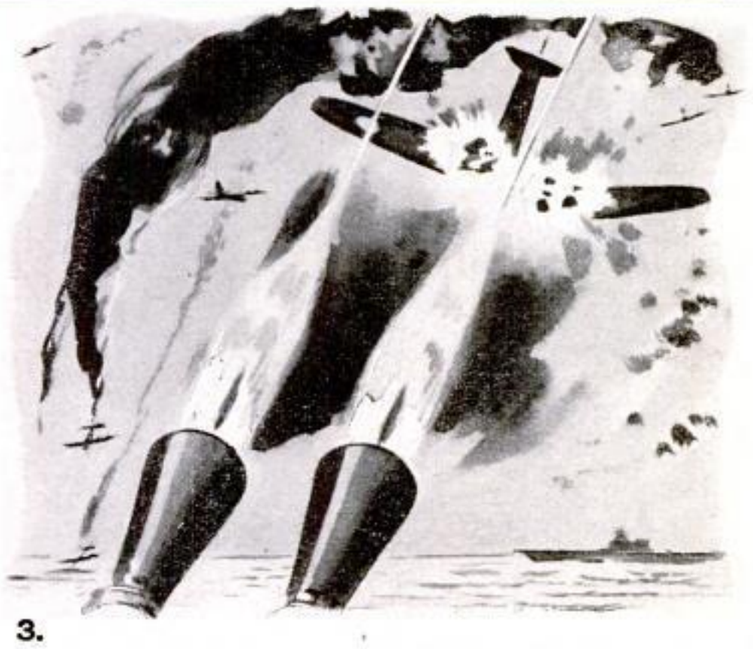
1.

Trained to split-second efficiency was the crew of the new U. S. mystery battleship as she plowed toward the Solomons. The South Dakota was making naval history. Scores of American-built 40 mm. anti-aircraft cannon swung skyward. Here was an "ack-ack" ship designed to screen carriers from dive bombers and torpedo planes.



2.

First attack of 20 Jap dive bombers brought "General Quarters" blaring on the bull horn. Every man took his battle station on the double . . . spoiling for a fight. Over the PA system, Captain Gatch asked the men if they were ready for action. From every part of the mighty battlewagon came the reply, "Aye, aye, sir!"



3.

Into a wall of flaming steel dived the Jap planes. Batteries of 40 mm's.—each gun hammering out 120 rounds a minute—blasted the skies. 20 mm's., 1.1's and 5-inchers joined in. Together, their whipping fire caught one plunging target after another. Crimson bursts lit the skies. Then silence. *Every Jap plane was destroyed!*



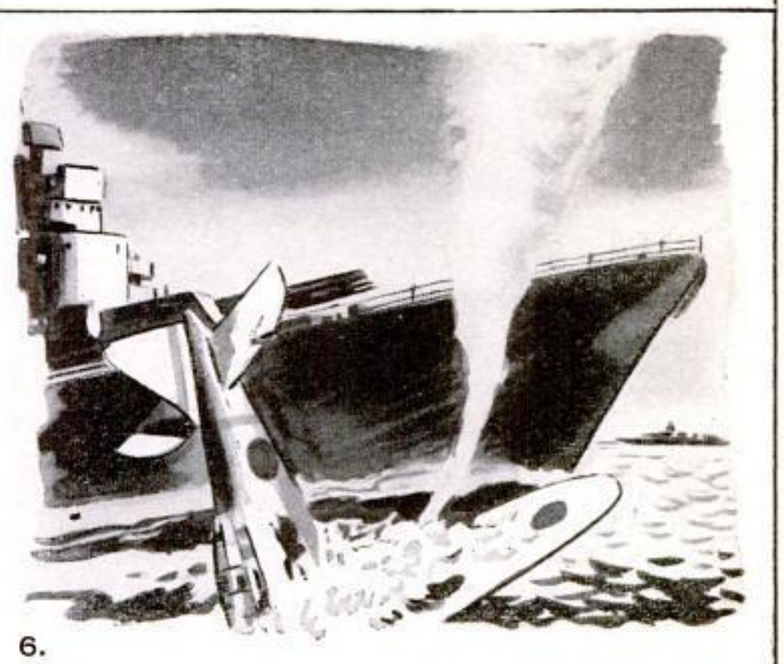
4.

Torpedo planes in second assault. 30 minutes later 40 Jap torpedo planes and dive bombers struck at the battleship and carrier. Again a withering barrage of ack-ack fire. The gun crews kept crying, "Come on, boys! Let's have more of that good red ammunition!" Only one enemy plane got through and that did no damage.



5.

Bomb strikes the forward turret. 24 enemy planes made the final attack an hour later. One bomber, penetrating the curtain of fire, screamed down upon the ship . . . released a bomb which struck the forward turret. The blast hurled Captain Gatch against the conning tower, and a fragment severed an artery in his neck.



6.

Better than a plane a minute. 32 Jap planes were destroyed in 25 minutes of combat. A new all-time record. The damaged ship was repaired. Three weeks later—with Captain Gatch on the bridge—it was part of a task force which helped blast a Jap battleship, four cruisers and several destroyers in the battle for Guadalcanal.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION engineers and production technicians first saw the 40 mm. gun on January 4, 1941. Quantity production of this intricate, rapidfire mechanism had never before been attempted. Each of some 1500 parts had to be examined . . . redimensioned . . . and drawings and specifications made to permit production in large quantities.

On June 20, 1941, we were authorized to build the gun—water-cooled, twin mounted for the Navy; air-cooled, single barrel for the Army.

Volume production of the American 40 mm's. got under way rapidly in the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler plants. 1836 subcontractors helped supply materials and parts. Army and Navy engineers assisted. Our years of experience in car and truck production developed short-cuts.

Large numbers of 40 mm. guns turned out by Chrysler Corporation are now used on ships, in land defenses, and at the fighting fronts.

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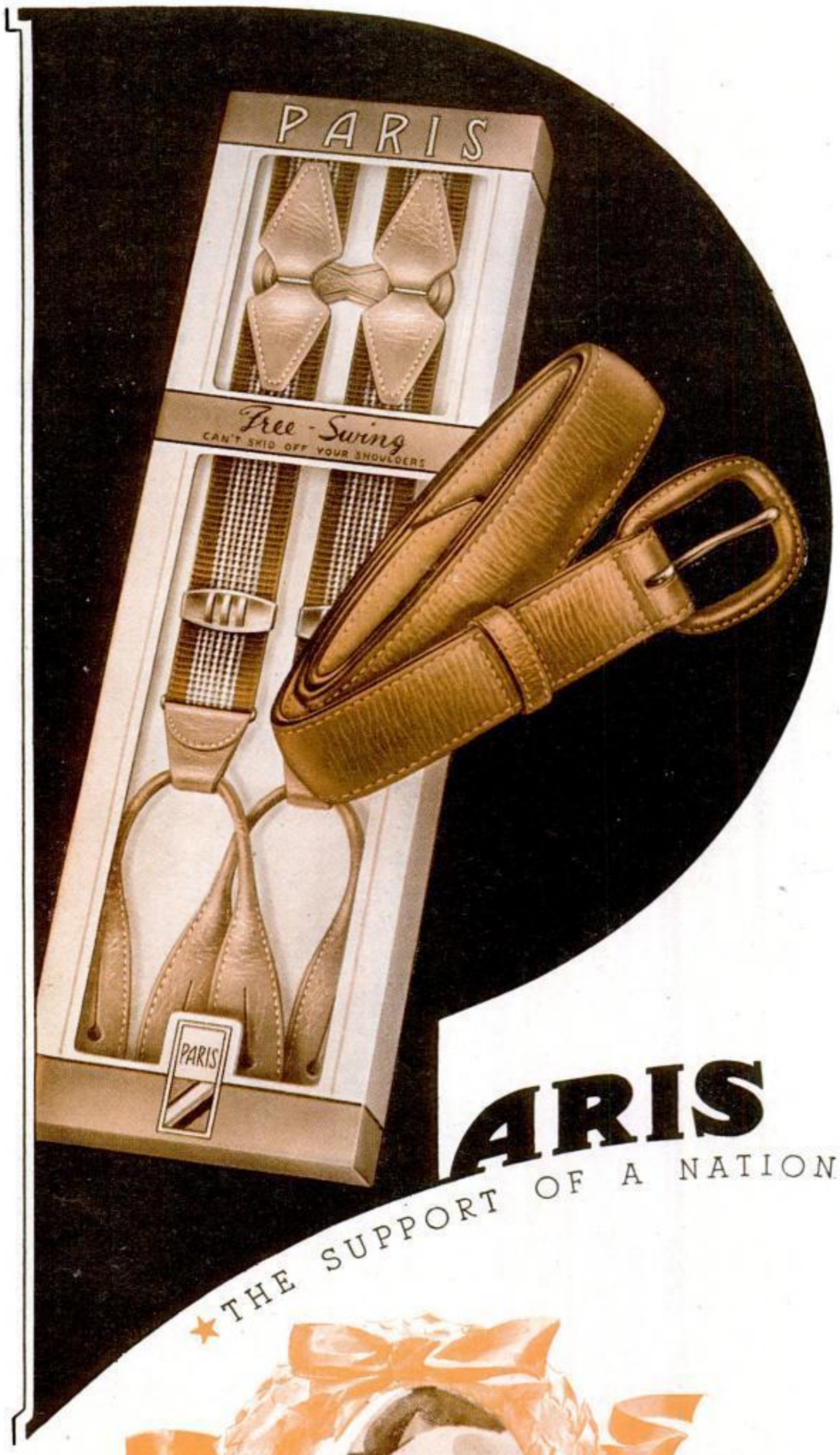
Chrysler Corporation buys materials or services from over 9800 subcontractors in 956 towns in 39 states

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, C. B. S., 9 P. M., E. W. T.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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GERMANY, ENIGMA OF PEACE (continued)

The internal situation also quieted down as the democratic parties gained ground. Liberal theories flourished again and in this atmosphere the stabilization of the currency was successful. But the basis of this economic stabilization was artificial. It rested on foreign loans, dubiously invested, and at very high interest. The recovery induced was in the nature of an injection of adrenalin. It did not cure the disease although it produced temporary symptoms of health. Even in this apparent health widespread unemployment remained. Even the boom period offered no way for integrating German youth into the economic process. There were hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of young workers without any chance of apprenticeship; there were thousands of young graduates from universities without any chance of getting a job.

Meanwhile a great deal of easy money was turning over very rapidly. A nation that had had a decade of war and poverty, and had learned that savings don't last, spent what money it had with profuse recklessness. In the great cities this was the era of the nightclubs, splendid hotels, extravagant theaters. Berlin became the most luxurious city of the continent, overshadowing Paris. The contrast between the helpless youth and unemployed and the easy-earning speculators and profiteers was stark.

This epoch of artificial boom on the basis of foreign credits lasted in all five years and then blew up in the most terrific panic and depression. The "cloud-topped towers, the gorgeous palaces," revealed themselves as but the "baseless fabric of a vision" and vanished into air.

Every fourth man, of working age, was unemployed. The unemployment occurred in a society which had no reserves whatsoever. All Germany was a scramble for relief. The workers were broke and the capitalists were broke. At both wings of society were Utopists preaching total solution by radical change, either by social revolution or by social reaction, and in the middle were the nice people who cried for normalcy, but had no idea of how to attain it, or even what normalcy was.

The Hopeless Quest for Order

So civil war, open or veiled, sprang up again. There was street fighting between lefts and rights. Young people changed from one side to the other, not only once but often two or three times. Each wing of the civil war stole slogans from the other. The Nazis called for socialism and organized strikes, and the Communists declaimed against the Treaty of Versailles as a plutocratic weapon to turn German workers into coolies. Both wings, and the middle, all created private armies—the Communists the Red Front, the Nazis the S. A., and the Social-Democrats the Reichsbanner. In the same family two sons might be members of clashing private armies. Behind the scenes was the problem of which of these would get the backing of the regular army and the support of at least part of the industrialists. The Nazis got sufficient help, however grudging and however reserved in purpose, in order to come out on top.

This generation that I am describing now hoped for order and social peace, for that is what it had been promised by a Nazi victory. Instead of this it got civil war again, but this time civil war organized by the party-state with all the instruments of power on one side. It got roundups, arrests, looting, terror, concentration camps, the S. S. and the Gestapo. Having made a revolution in order to avoid a revolution, it got a violent counterrevolution, really begun in earnest after the Nazis were in power, instead of before. This terroristic period lasted for three years and then ebbed without ever ending.

The German economy got a new and powerful injection through public works and rearmament with state credits. Again, the disease was not cured, but many symptoms of the illness disappeared, notably unemployment.

This period lasted only five years, and at the end of that the Second World War began.

Even this was no normal war. It began as a German fairy story, in which principalities and thrones toppled before a mere threat. The British Empire came to Munich like Heinrich to Canossa. In the mind of the German masses all that Germany had lost was to be regained without spilling a drop of blood. This went on for a year. It was followed by another fairy story. Blood would flow, but in limited quantities for fantastic achievements. Campaigns were concluded in three weeks, or six weeks, ending in total victory.

Successful adventurism was climaxing an age of adventurism. The whole German people had become successful armed speculators.

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You can't beat

*Inter Woven

The Greatest Name in Socks

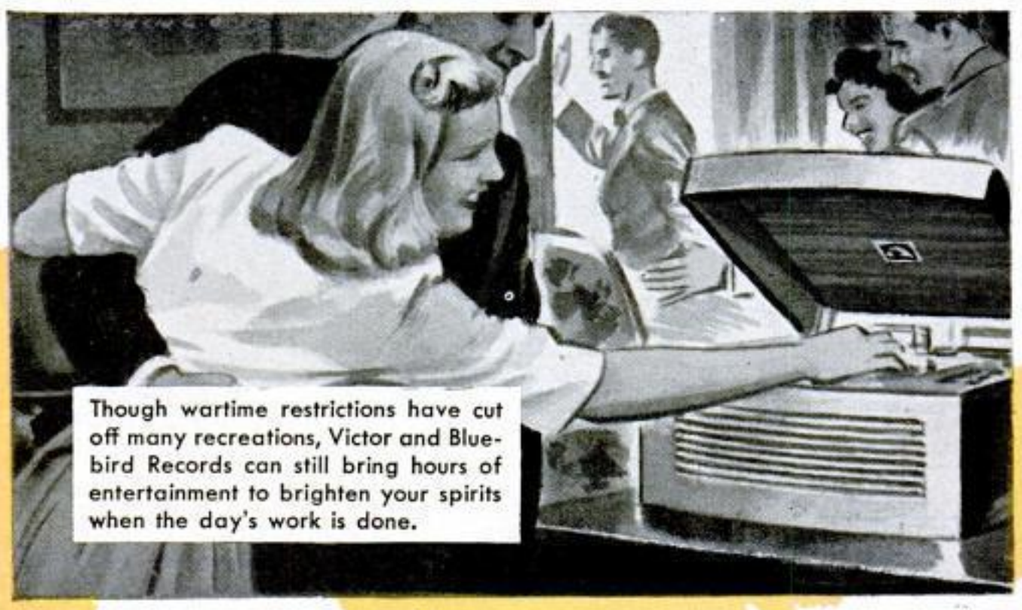
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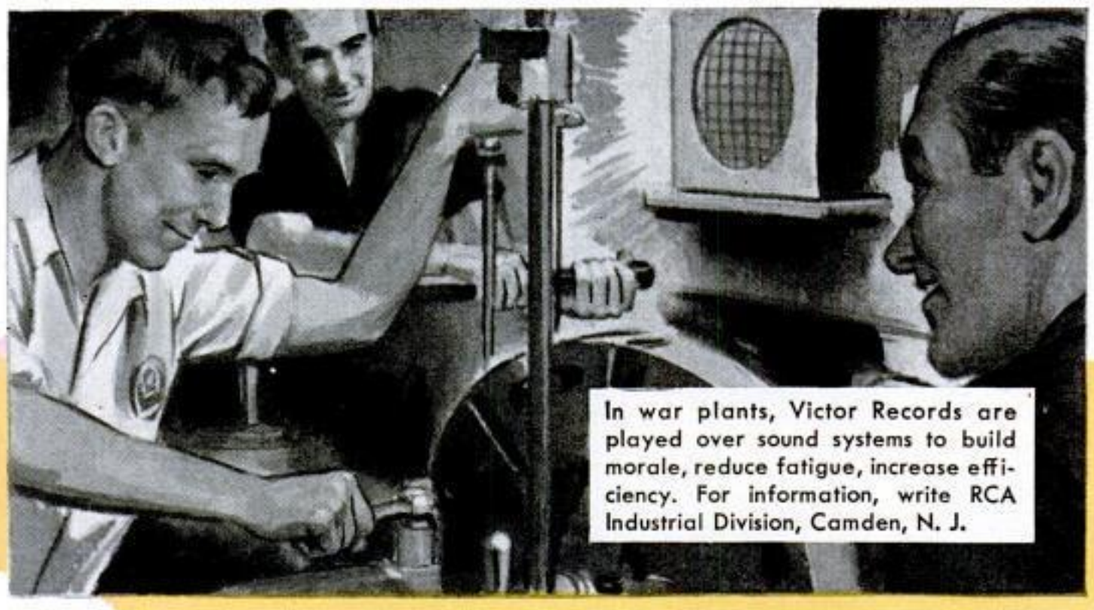
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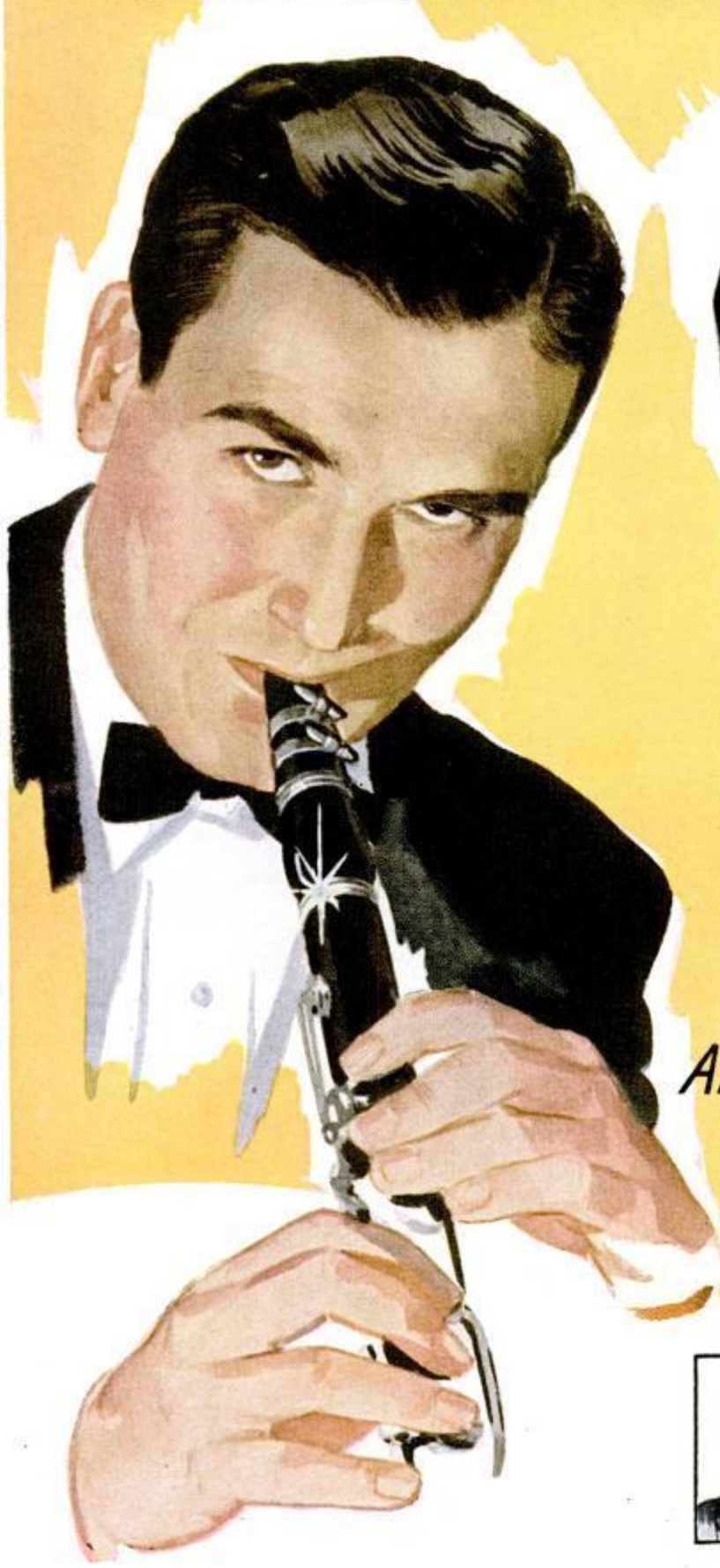
From Main Street to War their Records help



Though wartime restrictions have cut off many recreations, Victor and Bluebird Records can still bring hours of entertainment to brighten your spirits when the day's work is done.

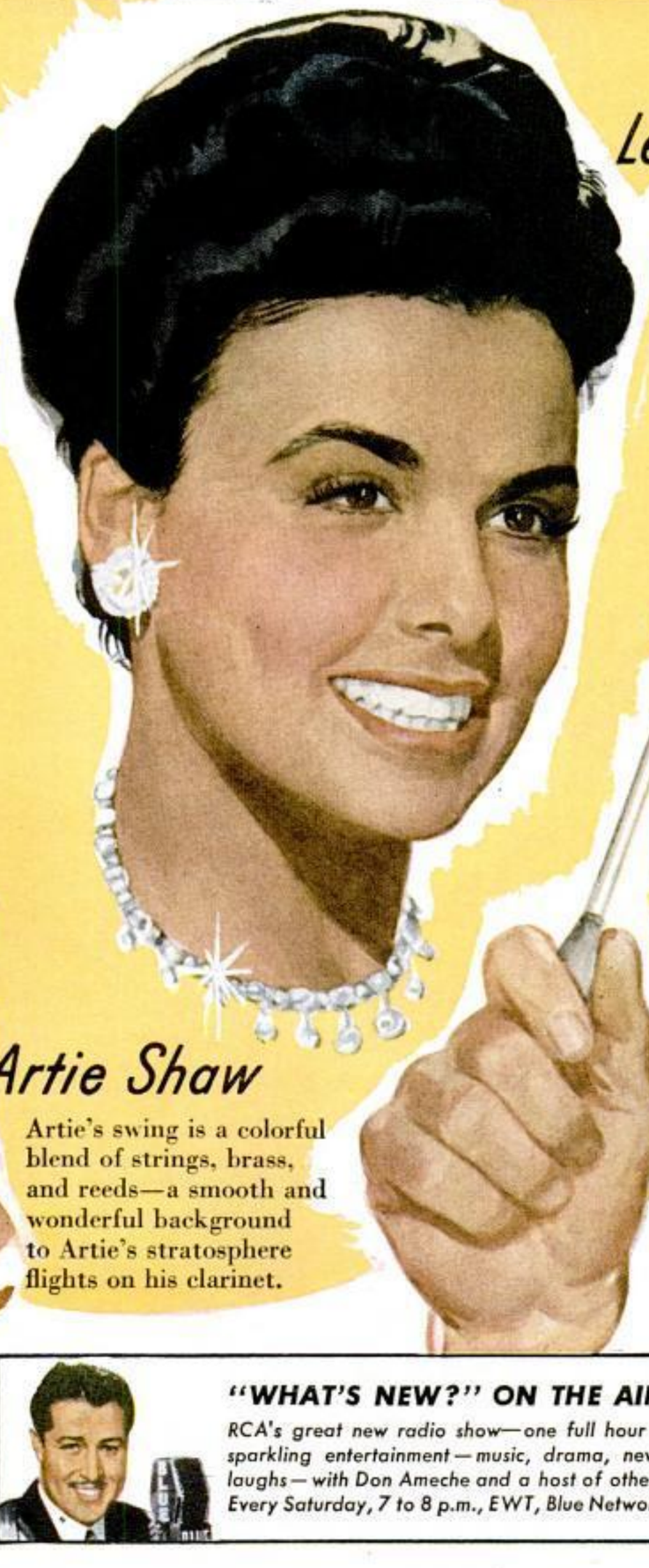


In war plants, Victor Records are played over sound systems to build morale, reduce fatigue, increase efficiency. For information, write RCA Industrial Division, Camden, N. J.



Artie Shaw

Artie's swing is a colorful blend of strings, brass, and reeds—a smooth and wonderful background to Artie's stratosphere flights on his clarinet.



Lena Horne

Lena's voice must have been made to sing torch songs—it's warm, vibrant, and heartbreaking. Her blues are the kind that make you happy!



Vaughn Monroe

Vaughn has a sweet band and a hot one (same band) and a romantic baritone voice. This explains why the hep cats and Uncle Abernathy both get such a kick out of him.

"WHAT'S NEW?" ON THE AIR!

RCA's great new radio show—one full hour of sparkling entertainment—music, drama, news, laughs—with Don Ameche and a host of others! Every Saturday, 7 to 8 p.m., EWT, Blue Network.

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Plant to Guadalcanal keep up our Nation's Morale



To our fighting men overseas, Victor and Bluebird Records bring welcome relaxation and a bit of home—the American orchestras and singers they knew and loved so well.

Hal McIntyre

Hal gives you imaginative arrangements . . . close, smooth section work . . . and surprises in his hot numbers. Hal started at the top and stayed there!



Fats Waller

Fats believes in sticking close to the melody. That's why you keep humming after a Waller record. Fats also makes you want to beat your foot in time and chuckle back at him.





Spike Jones

Spike and his City Slickers use a police siren, a washboard and a hiccuphone—among other things—to bring their music from the corn's ear to yours. Makes most people laugh "danged near fit to bust."

THE BANDS AND SINGERS YOU WANT TO HEAR ARE ON VICTOR AND BLUEBIRD RECORDS

Perry Como	*Freddy Martin*
Tommy Dorsey	*Glenn Miller*
Duke Ellington	*Tony Pastor*
Shep Fields	*Teddy Powell*
Charlie Spivak	*Alvino Rey*
Erskine Hawkins	*The King Sisters*
Earl Hines	*Dave Rose*
Sammy Kaye	*Dinah Shore*
Wayne King	*Barry Wood*



BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY DAY

To help us make new Victor Records for you, sell your old ones to your dealer.

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR and BLUEBIRD RECORDS

RCA

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He Comes FIRST!





We're doing our best to see that your dealer receives his fair share of the Nestle's Chocolate Bars and EverReady Cocoa remaining after all the demands of war have been met. Please be patient if he can't supply you today.

CHOCOLATE and COCOA

Fight with Our Forces Around the World

If your dealer is sometimes out of Nestle's Chocolate and EverReady Cocoa, here's why:

1. Three Chocolate Bars make up *U. S. Army Emergency Ration D.*

2. A Chocolate Bar is the dessert for supper in *U. S. Army Field Ration K.*

3. A Cocoa Beverage Powder is included in *U. S. Army Field Ration C.*

4. Chocolate Bars (*Ration D* type) are contained in *Naval Aircraft and Liferaft Ration.*

5. *Breakfast Cocoa* is served to Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines.

6. *Chocolate Bars, Hot Chocolate* and *Chocolate Flavored Drinks* by the millions boost the morale of our Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines at Post Exchanges and Ships Service Stores all over the globe.

7. *Chocolate Bars* and *Hot Chocolate* in large amounts are distributed to our Fighting Men by the U.S.O.

8. *Chocolate* and *Cocoa* in large quantities are given by the Red Cross to American boys who are sick, wounded, or Prisoners of War.

9. *Chocolate Bars* and *Cocoa* are a part of many Lend-Lease shipments.

10. *Chocolate Bars* are included in Life Boat Emergency Rations of our Merchant Marine.

• • •

Chocolate is a FIGHTING FOOD!

BACK THE ATTACK . . . BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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GERMANY, ENIGMA OF PEACE (continued)

Every German woman had a chemise from Bucharest, or a hat from Paris, or shoes from Prague. A bank clerk, who had shivered behind his desk and cringed to his superior in the dread fear of losing his job, suddenly found himself the master-race administrator of some Polish town.

This second artificial boom, the greatest in the history of mankind, was suddenly to end. For the real war began with the campaign in Russia and the air war. Now came the Apocalypse. Hundreds of thousands of German women got something to remember Russia by, too—not silk chemises but widows' veils. Obituary notices began to accumulate so that strict restrictions had to be put upon how many could be published. The earlier ones had announced that the oldest son of the family, Kurt, had fallen in Crete or in Sedan "for the glory of the Führer and the future of Greater Germany." The later ones announced that the youngest and last son, "according to the inscrutable will of God," had "followed his two elder brothers into death, in the defensive war before Orel."* The press, which had glorified the bombing of Coventry and invented the word "conventrate," recorded the total extinction of the city of Hamburg. Literally the whole house of Germany began falling upon the peoples' heads. The slogan, "Today we own the nation, tomorrow the whole wide world," was changed to "We are fighting with our back to the wall in the sole hope that we may at last walk barefoot and ragged through our own streets of Berlin."**

This is the life story of living Germans. A people has gone from defeat to defeat in one generation. It has seen the dissolution of all political, economic, moral and even military values. Its whole experience of life has been a Germanic fairy story, of Cinderellas, golden pumpkins, glorious balls, midnight chimes, and revenging witches. Everything has been illusion.

I envy those who can find some simple conspiracy in all this. I see rather that forces were let loose by war and defeat which produced innumerable conflicting social phenomena, and innumerable and conflicting popular reactions, which no leadership was able to control. I see many plots but not *a* plot, and above all I see no Master Mind. For Master Minds control, and all the Master Minds, including that of Hitler, merely rode the largest waves of chaotic turbulence.

It may be said that all this could not have happened in any other nation. It is my opinion that it could happen to any people if the continuity of all their traditions were so drastically broken by the convergence of many circumstances, as many of them fortuitous as designed. But the question is not pertinent. It did happen. The German people are a people to whom all this has happened.

We shall have to deal, therefore, with an abnormal people; not abnormal because their race made them so, or their history, or Bismarck, Nietzsche, Hegel and Fichte, but abnormal because they have led an abnormal life. In that abnormal life Hitler himself is an abnormality. He does not emerge as a traditional and recurrent figure; he stepped out of an abyss which was a radical break in German history, enlarged the abyss immensely, and is now about to be swallowed in it, leaving, I dare predict, much less of a trace behind than people now think.

For characteristic of this epoch of German history is that everything has disappeared leaving hardly a trace. The Kaiserreich so disappeared, the Republic so disappeared; so why not Hitler? The only thing engraved in the mind of this German generation is that nothing in the political, economic or social sphere ever lasts. Everything is transitory. The living adult German has gone through every conceivable social experience with kaleidoscopic and breathless rapidity.

Monarchy was a fraud. Democracy was a fraud. Money was a fraud. National Socialism was a fraud. War was a fraud. No generation has ever tried as many things and been disillusioned in all of them, as have the Germans.

In fact, the only thing this generation of Germans has not yet tried, except briefly and spottily in some places, is radical Communism. They have tried to defeat it in the symbol of Russia and have been defeated by it.

Such a generation, with such an experience, has learned one thing —fatalistic adaptability to circumstances. If change is the habit of one's life, change becomes the "normal," the "way of life." The Germans became gamblers because life itself was a gamble.

If there has been no stable authority in the lifetime of the living German, on what basis can authority be established? That is the crux of the German problem.

*Quotations from the German press.
**Actual quotation from a German editorial.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

YOU DON'T NEED A *Fortune* TO HELP WIN THE WAR

$18.75 is all you need for a war bond and Uncle Sam will repay you $25

You do not buy a Bond when you invest your $18.75. You merely lend your money to help buy the guns and grenades our fighters need so desperately. You invest your money in Victory and in your own and America's future. Don't delay, invest in a Bond today!

STEP INTO THIS *Fortune* FOR A WEALTH OF LASTING COMFORT

Style 6709, from Fortune's "Rugged Grains" series, with the new flexible, longer wearing, weather-proof sole.



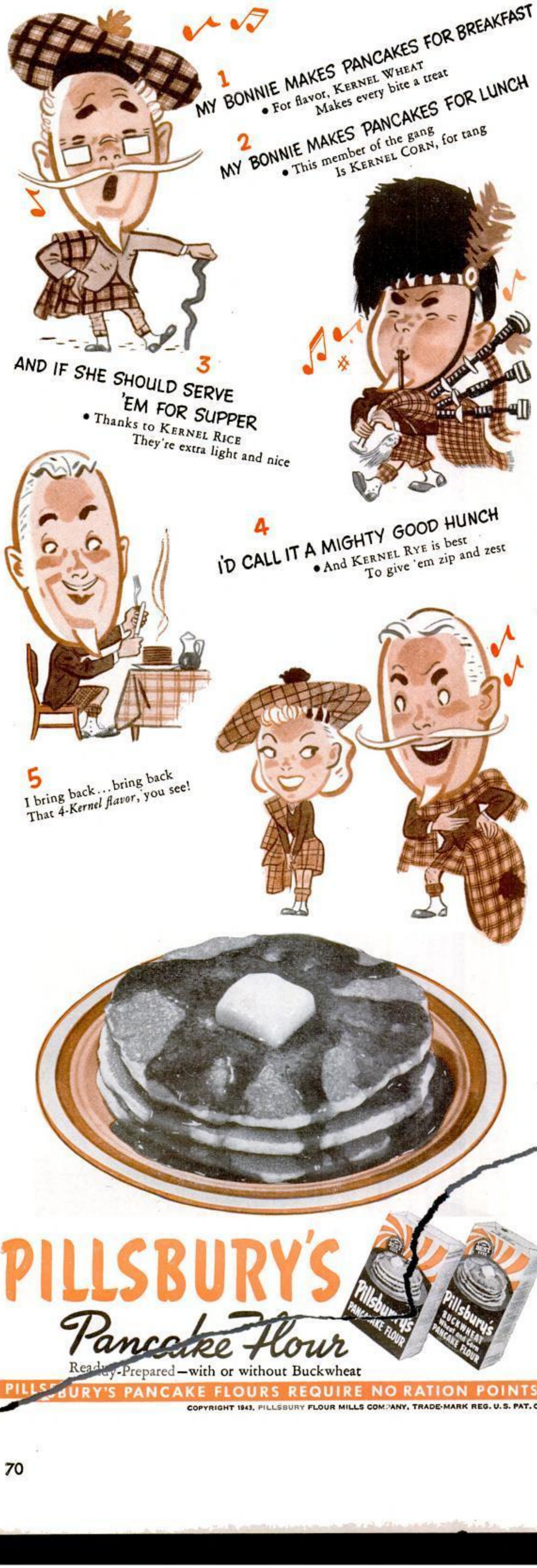
$5 TO $5.50
SOME STYLES HIGHER

When you step into a Fortune you will be spending your ration coupon for a high-yielding investment. Snug-fitting comfort and long mileage will be the dividends, and the sensible purchase price is one you can easily afford. Before you buy, give Fortune a try . . . dollar-for-dollar you can't buy better.

FORTUNE
Shoes for Men

RICHLAND SHOE CO • A DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORP • NASHVILLE, TENN

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GERMANY, ENIGMA OF PEACE (continued)

The Nature of Authority

The answer to it lies in understanding the nature of authority. Authority is not force. Force may be used to overthrow one authority, but the force itself is not another authority. The fact that a regime has to maintain itself with naked force is always proof that its authority is not really established.

Had the Nazi leadership won a successful war, immensely widening and strengthening the German Reich, its authority might have been established. The loss of the war will remove its only chance, since it staked its whole gamble for authority on it.

Where the stream of historical continuity is not disastrously broken, tradition, of itself, may constitute authority. The return to tradition may, therefore, be synonymous with the re-establishment of authority. This was attempted, after the French revolution and the fall of Napoleon, when the allies restored the Bourbons in France. But the restoration was of brief duration and the whole Metternich era quickly dissolved in European revolutions. The Bourbons had lost the social and political roots of their authority, and although there was yet another restoration later, it, too, failed, for the revolutionary idea that authority rests in the people and not in the kings had struck deeper roots in popular consciousness than the old tradition was able to regrow.

No real and permanent authority can be established by armies of occupation and foreign civil administrations, however benevolent and intelligent. Victory of one nation over another does not establish the legitimate authority of the victorious over the defeated. It never has in human history, except where the defeated have been taken into the organized society of the victors as equals, subject to equal laws, and merged, with a large measure of popular consent. Ancient Rome, by absorbing people as equals into her own system, established new authorities, but nothing of the kind has been openly proposed for Germany.

The Nazis themselves have been unable to establish any genuine authority in any of the lands they have conquered.

If the traditional authority is hopelessly broken and foreign rule is no authority, where can it be found, in a country which, living by trial and error, has tried everything and found only error?

When revolutionary developments break the traditional authority, it would appear that new authority is established only by the creation of a new popular cohesion around a new common purpose. The American Revolutionary War destroyed British authority and the Constitution created a new authority. The Constitution was a plan for the achievement of a purpose, as set forth in its preamble. The authority of that purpose has remained unchallenged from that day to this.

The impossibility of finding a social purpose on which general popular agreement could be centered led Hitler to dragoon the nation into a war of revenge. The only way he could organize the whole of Germany was as an armed camp, and the only purpose he could set forth was to re-establish and enlarge the national power. I repeat that, had he been successful, he might have established a new Nazi authority. But his purpose and program will have led to such an unmitigated disaster that it is quite impossible to believe that it can be revived again, in any foreseeable time, as a rallying point for authority—unless, again, it is accepted as a surrogate for chaos.

It is the realization of some of these facts which has led to such despair about the future of Germany. The complete expression of this despair is the desire to eradicate the German cancer once and for all, by the most draconic measure, some of them going so far as to divide Germany, or greatly reduce her size, by handing some to Poland, some to France and some to Russia; by not only totally disarming her, but by depriving her of any industries which might conceivably be used for rearmament; and if, as a result, her people should starve —well let them, for God knows they have deserved it.

I say these are counsels of despair because they do not make any political sense. A Germany that has already gone through the experience of the past 30 years, if confronted by such a Carthaginian fate, would be a country that would have an out-and-out nervous breakdown of the most formidable and dangerous proportions. Under these conditions no national authority could possibly hold the country; it would have to be held and governed indefinitely by outside powers. But these outside powers would also be unable to govern, for in order to govern one must be able to assure some sort of present and future to the governed. One cannot govern in a condition of per-

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She's Engaged!

SHE'S LOVELY !
SHE USES POND'S !

Adorable Rosemarie Heavey's engagement to Pvt. Lee E. Daly, Jr. unites two Baltimore families dating back to colonial times



HER RING—has eight small diamonds either side of the solitaire. It is an heirloom diamond worn by Lee's mother and grandmother.

THIS YEAR the carefree days of Baltimore's Cotillions seem far away to Rosemarie and her friends. "All my crowd are war workers now," she says. "With our men in the services we feel *we must* do something too."

She is training with American Airlines in Washington to fit her for any job around the airport that a girl can do. "I've never worked harder, but I *love* it," she says.

"And am I grateful for my Pond's Cold Cream when I come off my shift at 8:00 A.M.! It's wonderfully refreshing to smooth that nice cool cream over my tired, grimy face. It leaves my skin with *such* a clean, soft feeling."

She "beauty creams" her face with Pond's like this:

SHE SMOOTHS on Pond's snowy Cold Cream, then briskly pats it over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up—then tissues off well.

SHE "RINSES" with a second Pond's creaming to help get her face *extra* clean and *extra* soft—swirling cream-coated fingers around in little spirals—over forehead, cheeks, nose, mouth. Tissues off again.

Do this yourself — every night, every morning and for daytime clean-ups. Watch *your* skin respond—feel softer, look sweeter. You'll love this soft-smooth beauty care.

ROSEMARIE HEAVEY HAS ENDEARING CHARM . . . a halo of gold brown hair . . . a complexion exquisitely soft . . . "I just trust my face to Pond's Cold Cream," she says



LEARNING TO BE A HANGAR HELPER . . .
Rosemarie efficiently clears baggage being loaded on a transport plane. She will soon be ready to take over a man's job helping to keep the planes flying from one of the big airfields.

OFFICIAL WAR MESSAGE . . .
In many areas women are needed to fill men's places in stores, offices, restaurants, utilities, laundries, community services. Check Help Wanted ads —then get advice from your local United States Employment Service about jobs *you* can fill.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT lovely engaged girls like Rosemarie, beautiful society women like Mrs. Victor du Pont, III and Britain's Lady Doverdale prefer this soft-smooth cream. Buy *your* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Give your face a Pond's creaming tonight. It's a truly lovely way to help your complexion look prettier!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price

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GERMANY, ENIGMA OF PEACE (continued)

petual collapse. Germany would become a world of rival gangs, looting, pillaging, knifing, raping, hiding, living dangerously and recklessly, as the history of their times has already taught Germans to live dangerously and recklessly.

Now, to turn a nation into wild beasts, even wilder beasts than they have been under the regimented bestiality of Hitler's regime, their savagery turned in upon themselves, not even in an organized civil war but in scores of civil wars, does not seem to me a consummation devoutly to be wished, not for Germany's sake, but for the sake of Europe as a whole. For Europe is a small place; Europe itself is disorganized by war and conquest and embittered by suffering. There is, to be sure, a theory that suffering makes peoples wiser, but I have never seen evidence of it in mass phenomena. Rather was John Masefield right when he said: "The days that make you happy make you wise." The people of Europe are not happy. They are not going to be happy for a long time to come. The wounds that have been inflicted on the body of Europe will fester for years. And a berserk nation in their midst, a broken-down nation of broken-down characters, with crime substituted for war as the national occupation, would not be an aid in the reconstruction of Europe.

No matter what we do, no matter how wise our policies, no new heaven and earth, washed and combed and prosperous and decorous, is going to rise in the first spring of peace from the dragons' teeth that have been sown. All Europe has been rocked to its foundations, and, in effect, all Europe will have been defeated—one part of it by the Axis and the other part by the Allies.

When the Moscow agreement was signed, Europe, for the first time in the history of Western civilization, was excluded from councils regarding her fate. This fact of itself is illuminating. Not a single nation of continental Europe participated; all were represented, in so far as they were represented, by Britain, America and Russia. Of these, one, the United States, is definitely a non-European power and the other two, though geographically of Europe, are not quite of it in any other sense.

The collapse of all old authorities has probably gone much further in Europe than we realize. The German experience has been repeated elsewhere in Europe. It is impossible to believe that all governments in exile, or all prewar political and social systems, can be simply restored as of 1939. The resistance in allied countries has been carried on by revolutionary underground movements and through new, and until now unknown, personalities. The programs which they have been evolving will probably differ greatly from those envisioned by some of their governments abroad, which have lived through Europe's purgatory in London or Washington.

Perils of the Status Quo Ante

We must imagine, however, that through Europe's trials there has been a great deal of soul-searching, and much acute and bitter analysis of Europe's dilemma. Divided as Europe has been into a score or more of nations, all of them relatively small in comparison with the Great Powers of the earth—with America, the British Commonwealth-Empire and the Soviet Union—and many of them subject perennially in the past to the diplomatic maneuvers of ex-European interests, Europeans of whatever nationality must have been asking themselves questions. They must have been asking themselves whether they could ever restore what once was, and indeed whether its restoration would not leave them open to continual interference, if not domination, by the great powers to the east and west.

Sooner or later the nations of Europe must ask themselves decisive questions, concerning not merely their future as individual nations, but concerning the future of the whole of Europe, of which, for better or worse, they are a part.

If it turns out, as I think it must, that there is no future for Europe as a free, sovereign and creative section of mankind without a deal more unification than she has had since the 18th Century, we may expect that what will emerge in postwar antifascist Europe as the idea with the greatest authority will be the concept of European unity—with equality for all, great and small, with complete cultural freedom, with political sovereignty or states rights in all matters strictly internal, but with a common foreign policy and defense system and an integrated economic order.

Whether this development first begins regionally and coalesces from the periphery to the center, or emerges as a dynamic idea

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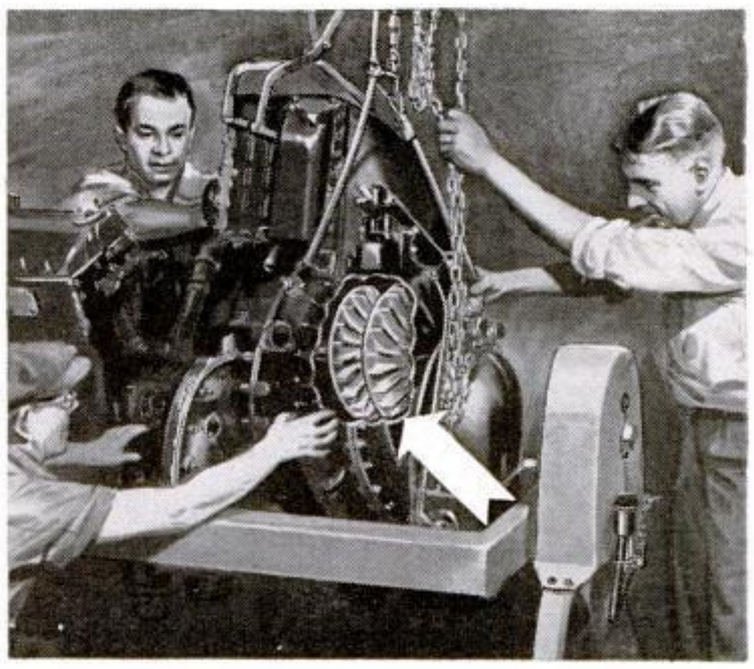
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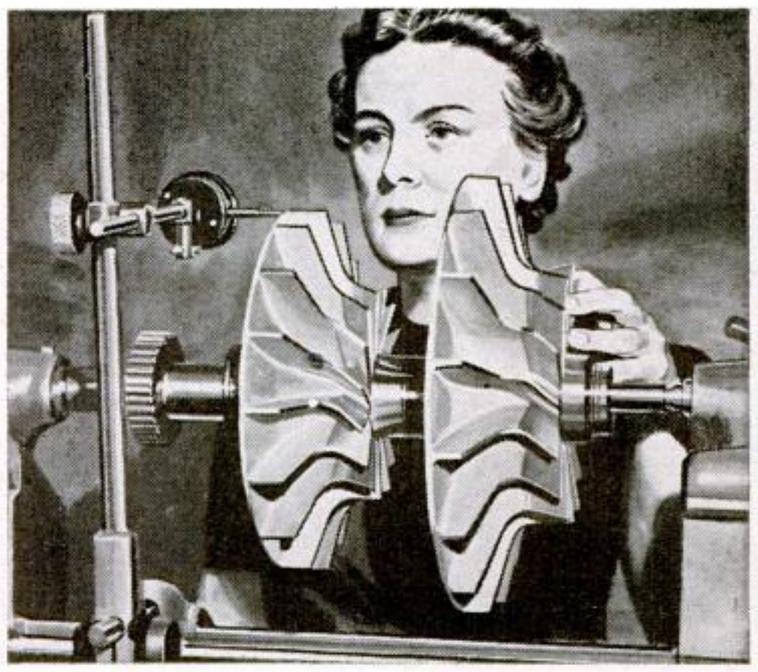
Engines, too, need oxygen masks



Five miles up, a pilot would die without an oxygen mask, and engines "run out of breath." Higher up, the air is so thin that a candle won't burn. That's why the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine has an "oxygen mask"—a new supercharger that boosts the Mustang's ceiling *2 miles higher* than it could ever fly before.



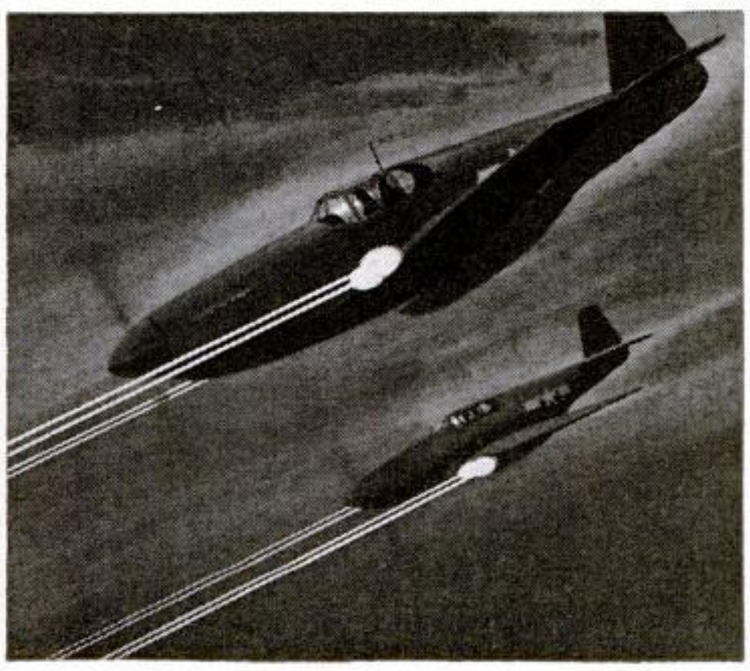
200-pound "oxygen mask"—a compact supercharger unit, mounted at the back of the Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine, holds the secret of the Mustang's high altitude performance. Its whirling fins *compress* thin air, force it into the engine for tornado-like power, even in the stratosphere.



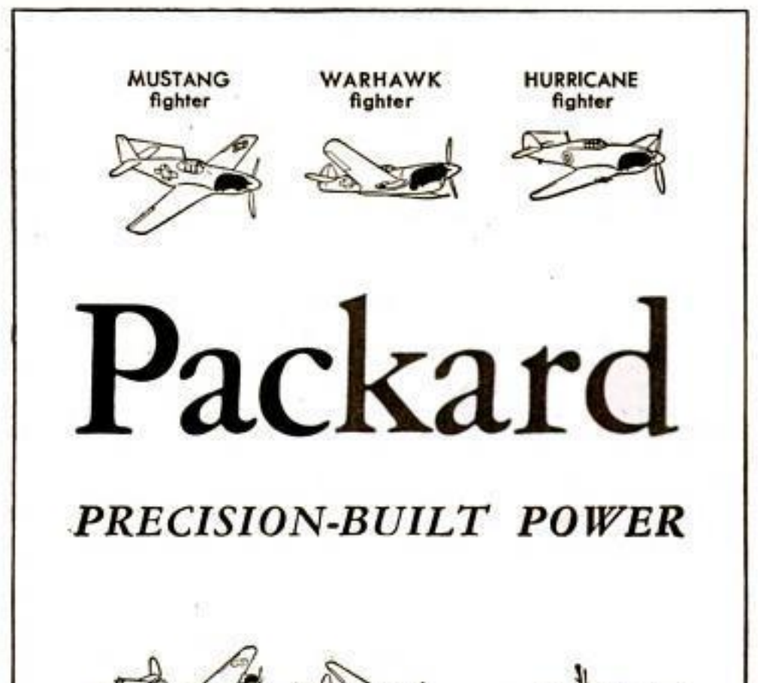
The heart of the supercharger is this pair of impellers which must be balanced to the incredible accuracy of 1/100th of an ounce-inch. This intricate 2-stage, 2-speed supercharger was perfected by British and Packard engineers, aided by invaluable Army Air Corps collaboration.



Just a puff of breath on this impeller will start it turning. These metal fins can revolve 25,000 times a minute, thanks to metallurgical, machining and balancing skill. They rotate *faster than the speed of sound*—867 miles per hour. A motor-car flywheel would explode at only half that speed.



Why a Mustang pilot can "stick to his guns": the Packard-built Rolls-Royce supercharger is automatic. The pilot can concentrate on fighting. Packard workers build these complex powerplants by *mass-production* methods—an achievement that adds the famous Mustang to the fighting craft at the right.

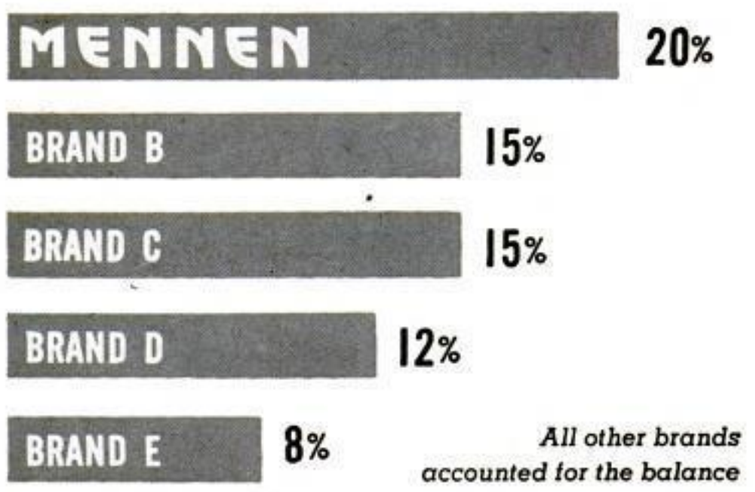


ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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MENNEN LATHER SHAVE WINS DERMATOLOGIST POLL

In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Lather Shave than any other brand... one third more than the next leading brand! Here are the final poll results.



This clear-cut preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Lather Shave. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in care and treatment of the skin.

A Novel Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT



Plain or Menthol-iced

STAY ON YOUR JOB!
EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!

GERMANY, ENIGMA OF PEACE (continued)

spontaneously in a dozen different parts of Europe, moving more rapidly than can presently be imagined—or whether it never emerges creatively at all—no one can predict. But if it emerges, it is certain that it will attract to itself, as an idea of dynamic authority, those Germans who are prepared, by consciousness, humanism and bitter experience, to be good Europeans instead of chauvinist master-racers. How many of them there are, no one knows. But that they exist is indubitable, because they always have existed during the entire history of Germany.

Either a new Germany must be reintegrated into a new Europe, or a new Germany will, eventually, be integrated into the Soviet Union. There is no such thing as a permanent no-man's land of sixty-odd million people. Any attempt to make Germany into a permanent, disarmed and impoverished buffer state between the Soviet Union and western Europe will fail, as buffer-state experiments always have failed. Sixty million people, more or less, highly skilled, with lands and towns, factories and cities, will not live forever in a political, economic and power vacuum.

Sooner or later they will either hurl themselves into the arms of their present western European enemies or their present eastern enemy, or, if they do not hurl themselves, they will be embraced by one or the other, each for its own protection. Europe as a whole will never be able to make anything but an uneasy peace, with the question mark of Germany, her farthest, large eastern member, permanently unsolved. Nor will the Soviet Union relax to life and her own great reconstruction with a vacuum on her western frontier.

A constructive solution of the European question can bring with it a constructive solution of the German question. It can also usher in an era of world peace. But without an all-European solution the German question is insoluble, except by another war to determine into what sphere of influence Germany will eventually go.

So far not an official word has been uttered by the leaders of the Anglo-American powers to indicate the slightest acknowledgment that there is a European problem. With the entry of the United States into the war, millions in Europe—millions to whom Roosevelt and America were the appointed instruments of reason, humanism and God Himself—waited breathlessly for a great constructive word which might show the way for all Europe into a new community and a new age. But that word has never come.

In the end, through blood, revolution, chaos, trial, error and despair, Europe, which was not for nothing and for centuries the center of the world's civilization, will find a way out for herself. But it may not then be the way that most of us would desire to see. The result, in the words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address, may be "fundamental and astonishing," and leave a disgruntled Britain and America gasping in chagrin.

It need not be so, but if it is not to be, we must discern the signs of the times, and ally ourselves with the forces of history, instead of waiting vacuously for something to turn up and indulging our spleen in pictures of eternal and perpetual punishment, just because we can imagine nothing better.



CRUSADER THOMPSON with Czechs in England during her 1941 visit. On her right is Jan Masaryk, now Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia's Government-in-Exile.

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Today your doctor brings your baby into the world—frequently in your own house—and turns him over to you for the duration.

FROM NOW ON— IT'S UP TO YOU TO SEE HE DOESN'T NEED A DOCTOR

YOUR BABY doesn't know there's a war and that he can't count on expert medical attention every day. And he mustn't ever find it out. It will be *your* job to keep him so well and strong he never has to call on his overburdened, war-busy doctor friend.

His greatest risk—the *"other fellow's" cold*

What is just an ordinary cold for an older child or for an adult may be really serious when it is passed on to your little baby. The great majority of fatal illnesses of infants and young children are caused by respiratory infections and their resulting complications.

The *best* way to protect your baby from the "other fellow's" cold—is to see that *absolutely no one* with any kind of cold or nasal irritation is ever allowed in his room. But what if *you* get a cold? What if you are ill and the baby's grandmother *has* to help—and she has a cold?



Insist on a protective mask

Where it is impossible to keep your baby isolated from a person with a cold—you should insist on a protective mask. Wear it, *if you have a cold*, whenever you nurse or bathe or do anything for your baby . . . *and see that anyone else with a cold* who has to be with your baby—does the same.

Easy to make of tissue

If you do not have a supply of standard hospital masks on hand, you can quickly make an emergency mask of tissue yourself. Simply take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover the nose and mouth and secure at the back of the head with an ordinary pin.

Clinical tests show that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap the germs and greatly lessen the danger of contagion.

No other single duty to your child is more important than the prevention of respiratory infection.



● A ScotTissue emergency mask—shown above—has two practical merits. It is used only once and is instantly disposable. If you stick to the "Mask For a Cold" Rule your family and friends will soon get used to it. When you explain its importance they cannot object.

• • •

FREE—write for 32-page booklet "*Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care.*" Authoritative information on Supplies for Emergency Use, Rest After Birth, Advantages of Nursing Your Baby, Use of the Mask, Time-Saving Schedules, Bathroom Habits. Address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. 44. Chester, Pa. Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Soft, Strong Bathroom Tissue for Baby and Family

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . you will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

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COLOR-BEARERS MASS FLAGS OF 44 STATES OF THE UNION AT CEREMONIES MARKING THE REACTIVATION OF THE FAMOUS RAINBOW DIVISION AT CAMP GRUBER, OKLA., JULY 14

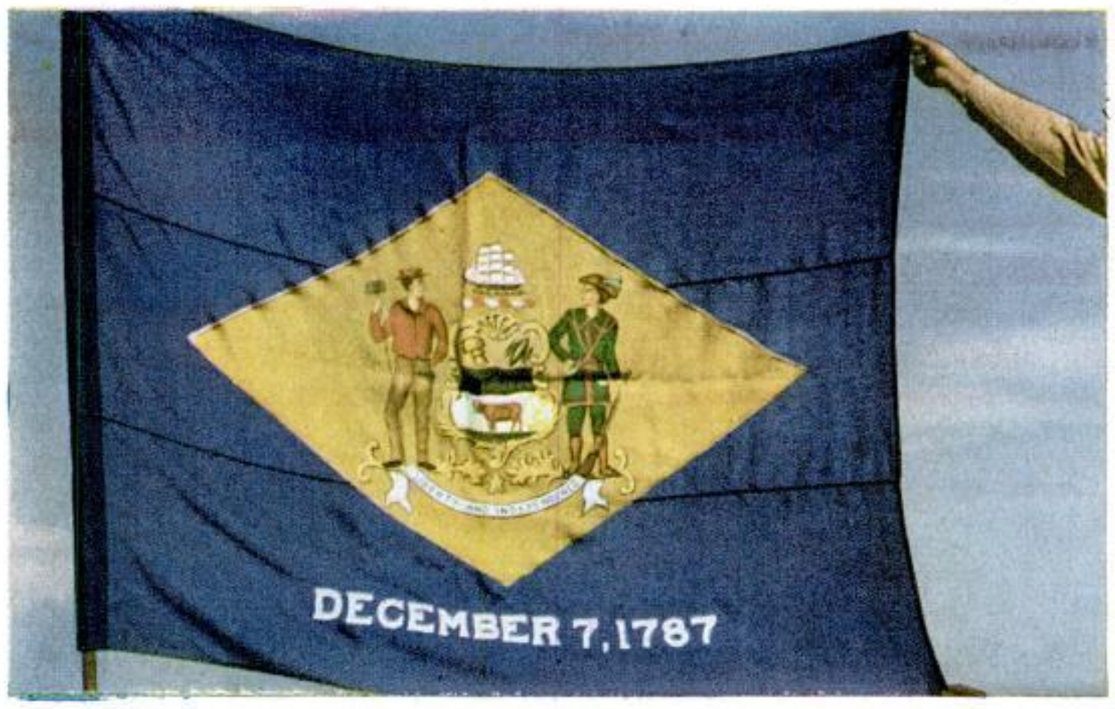
FLAGS OF STATES

MEN FROM EVERY ONE ARE IN NEW RAINBOW DIVISION

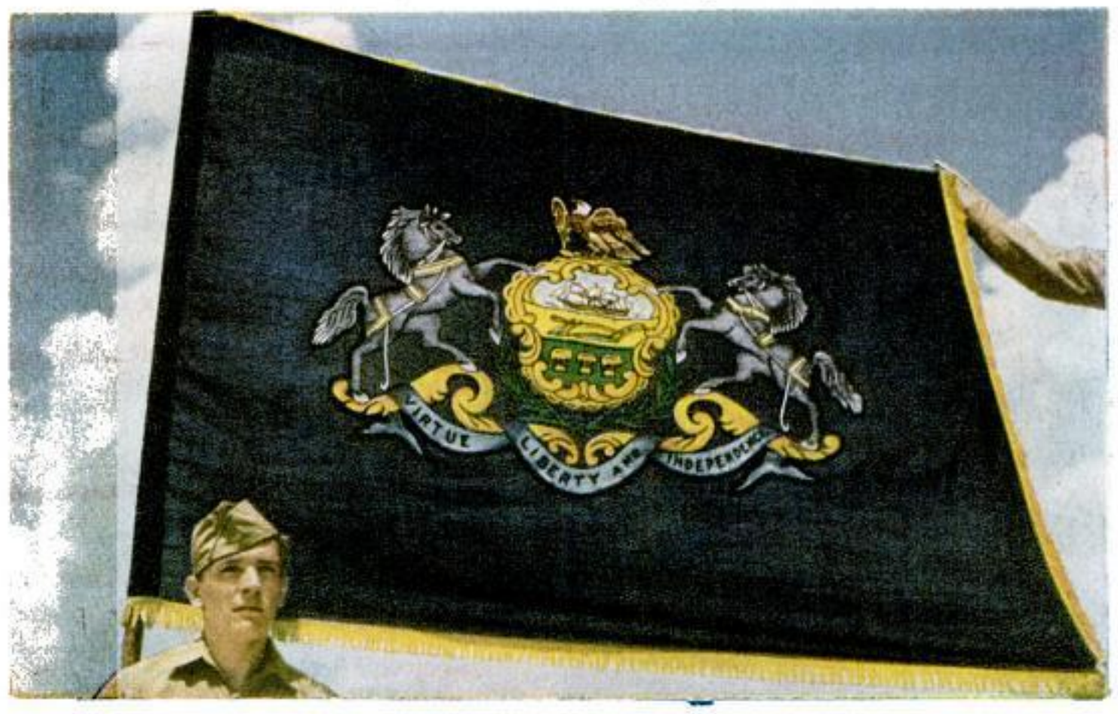
In World War I the AEF's famed Rainbow Division wrote bright chapters of battle history in the Champagne, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne. Douglas MacArthur helped create it from the National Guard units of 26 states. He christened it with the name Rainbow because it covered the nation from coast to coast "like a Rainbow."

Last July, on the 25th Anniversary of the old Rainbow's smashing of the German drive in the Champagne, a new Rainbow Division was born, this time with men from all 48 states. On pages that follow you see the state flags that fluttered at the division's reactivation ceremonies at Camp Gruber, Okla. Many banners were unfamiliar even to men from the states the flags represented. Note that Maryland flag on opposite page, with Marylander standing beside it, is upside down on pole.

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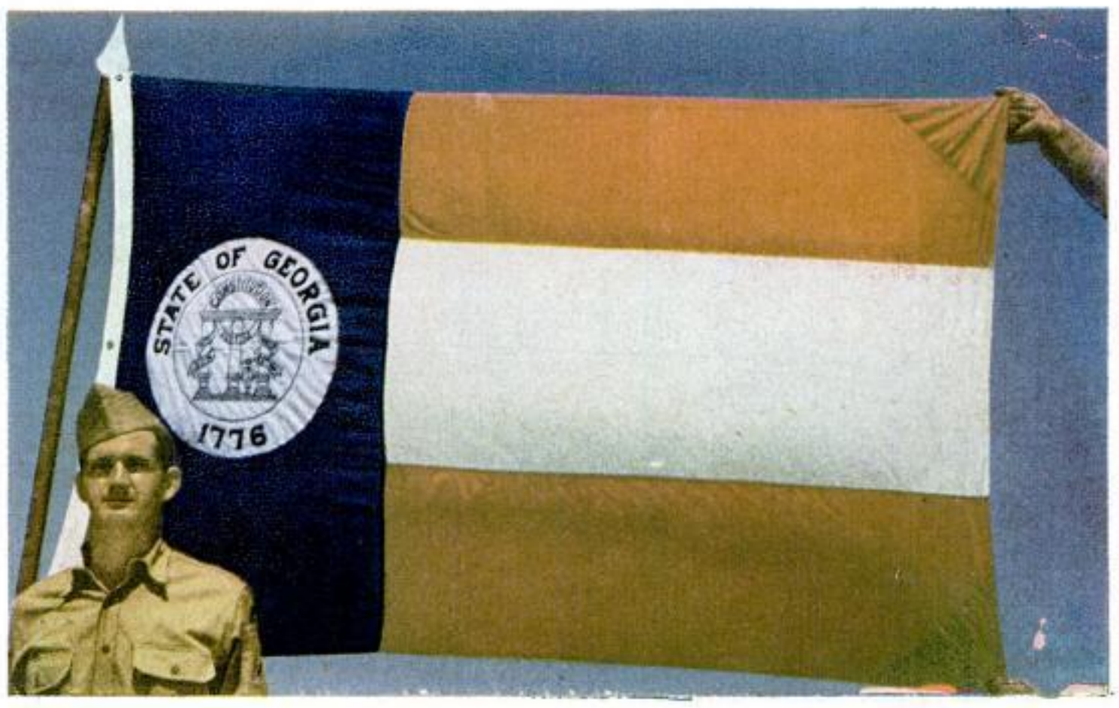
DELAWARE: DEC. 7, 1787



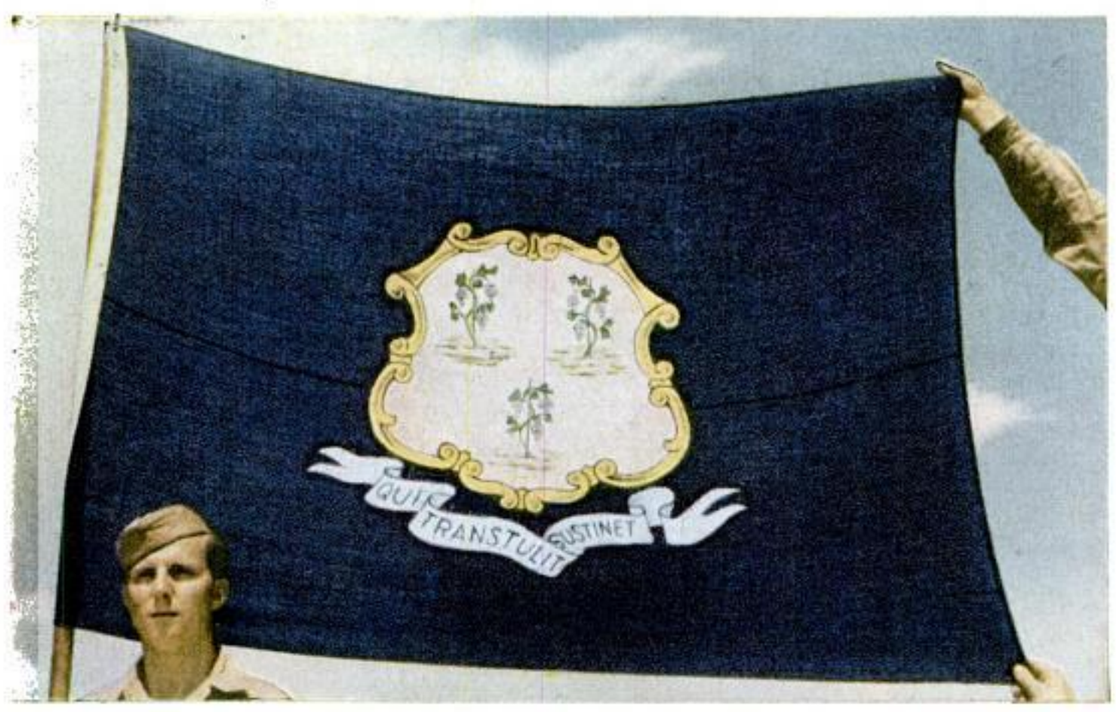
PENNSYLVANIA: DEC. 12, 1787



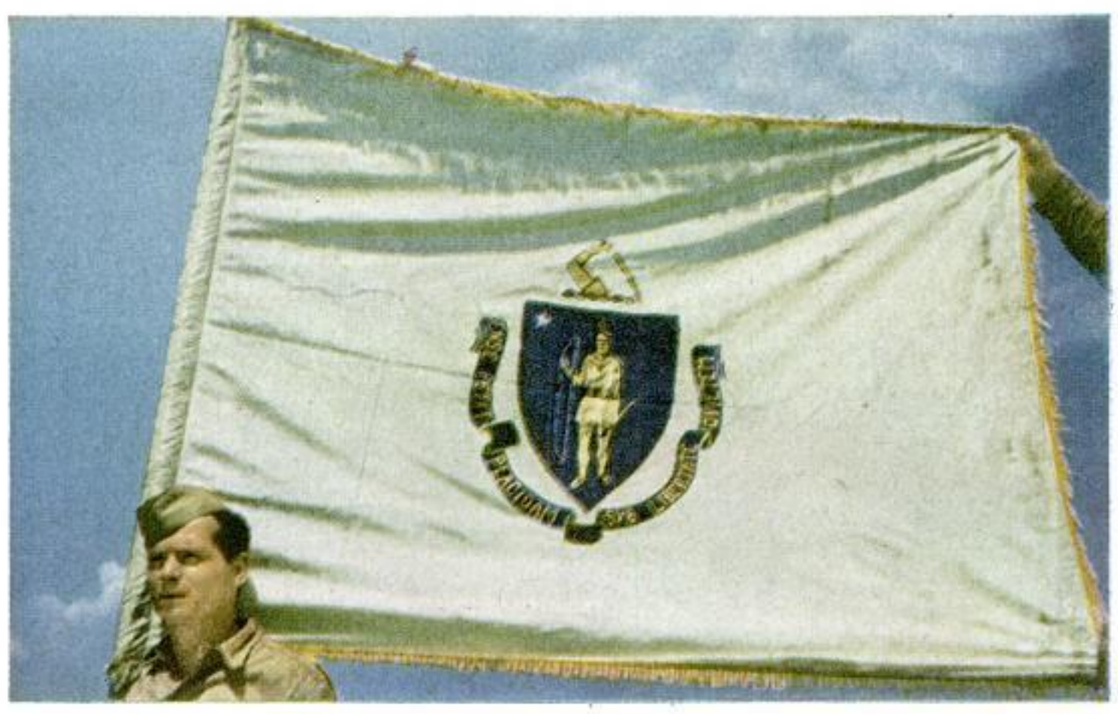
NEW JERSEY: DEC. 18, 1787



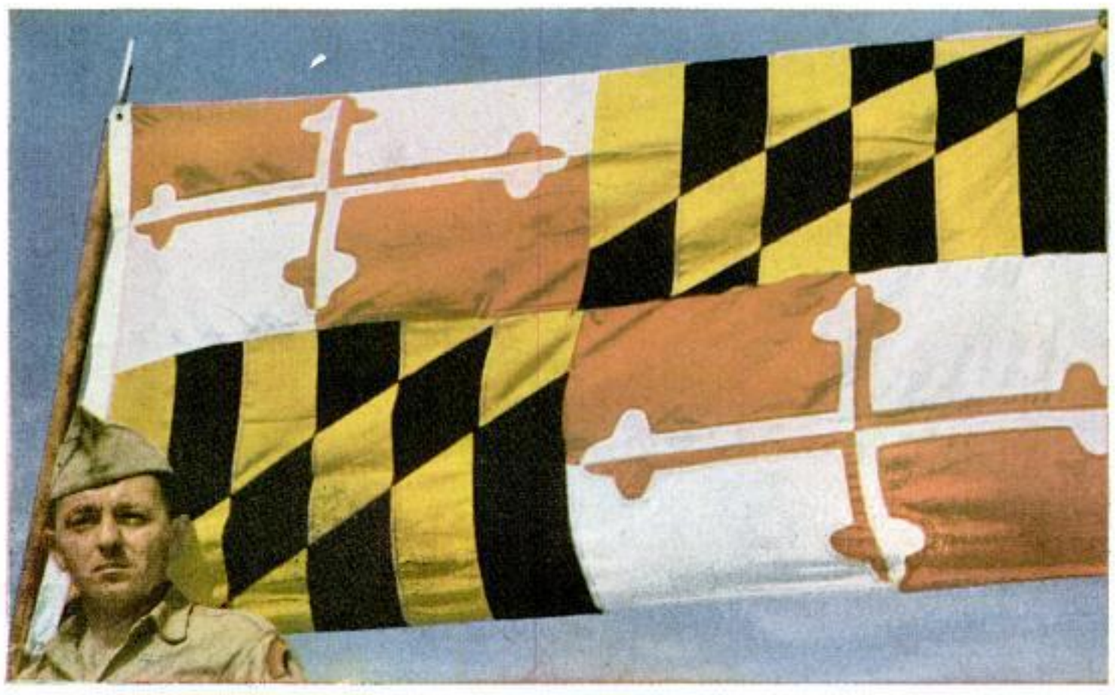
GEORGIA: JAN. 2, 1788



CONNECTICUT: JAN. 9, 1788



MASSACHUSETTS: FEB. 6, 1788



MARYLAND: APRIL 28, 1788



SOUTH CAROLINA: MAY 23, 1788

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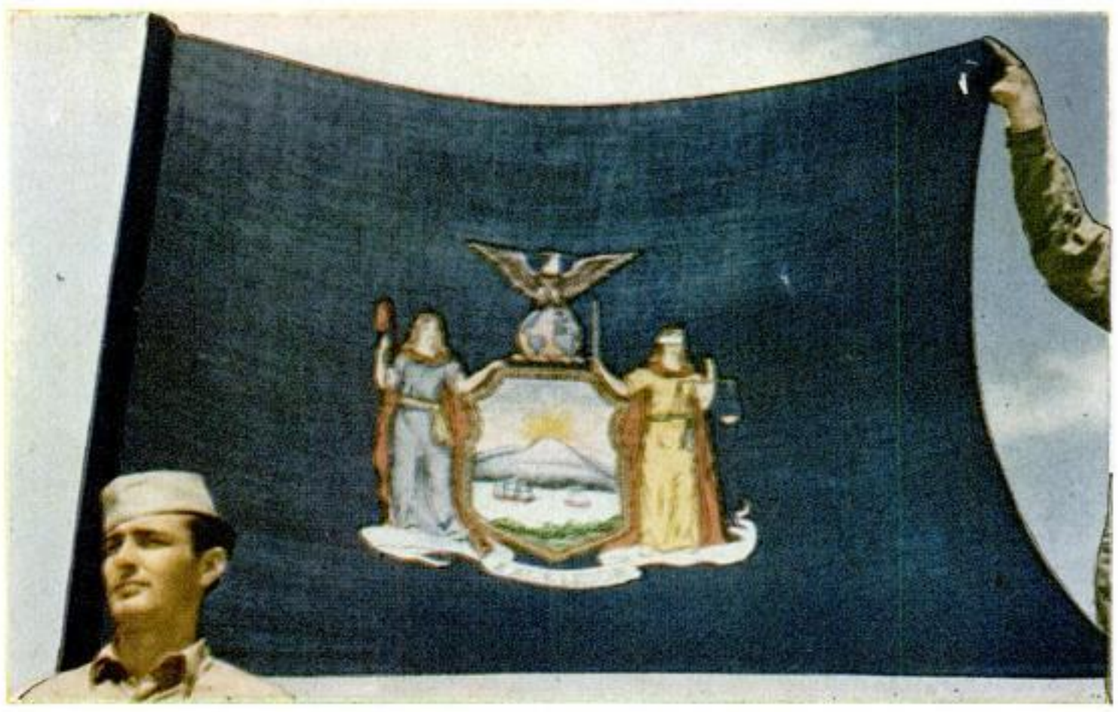
RAINBOW DIVISION CONTINUED



NEW HAMPSHIRE: JUNE 21, 1788



VIRGINIA: JUNE 25, 1788



NEW YORK: JULY 26, 1788



NORTH CAROLINA: NOV. 21, 1789



RHODE ISLAND: MAY 29, 1790



VERMONT: MARCH 4, 1791



KENTUCKY: JUNE 1, 1792



TENNESSEE: JUNE 1, 1796

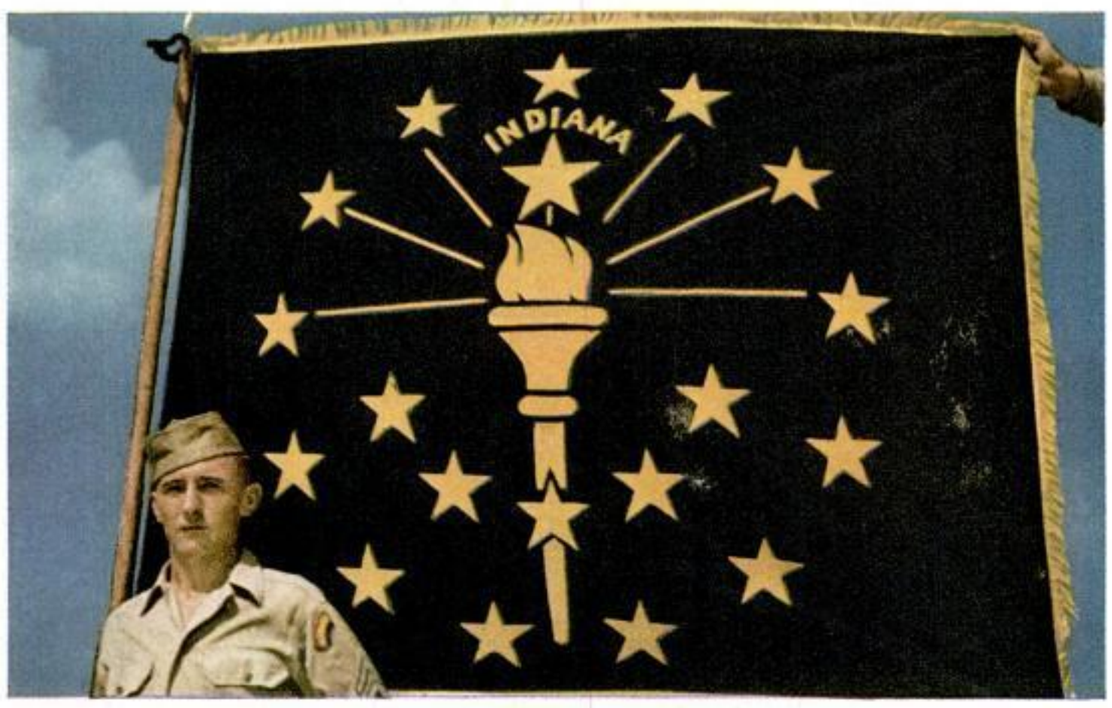
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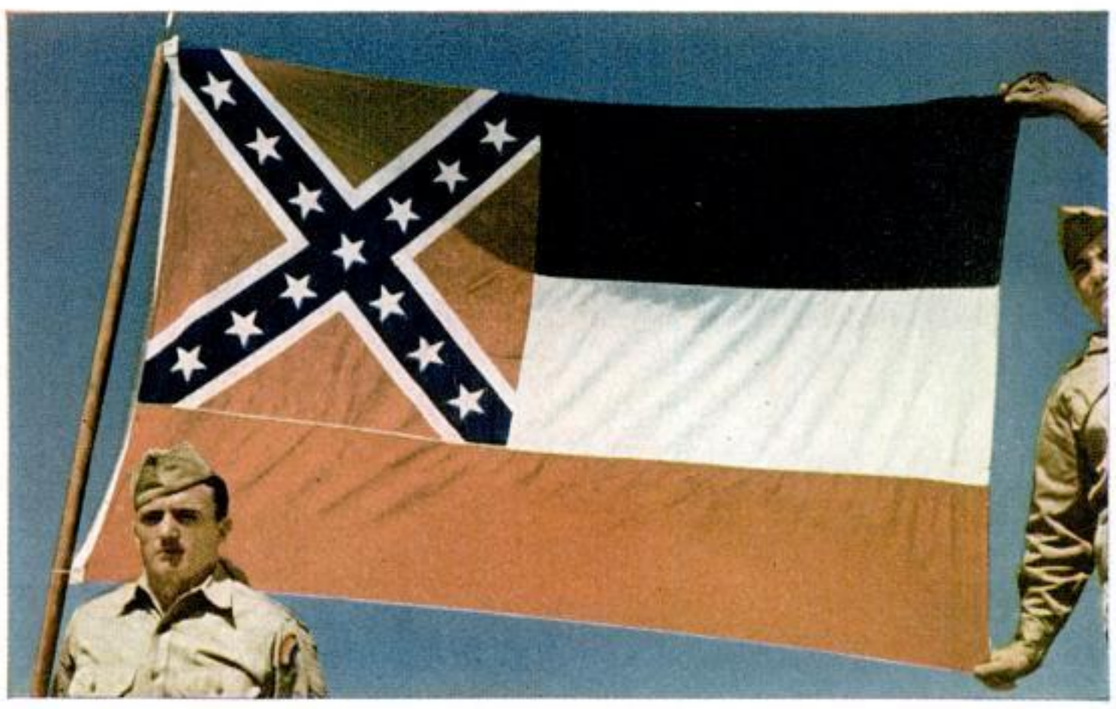
OHIO: MARCH 1, 1803



LOUISIANA: APRIL 8, 1812



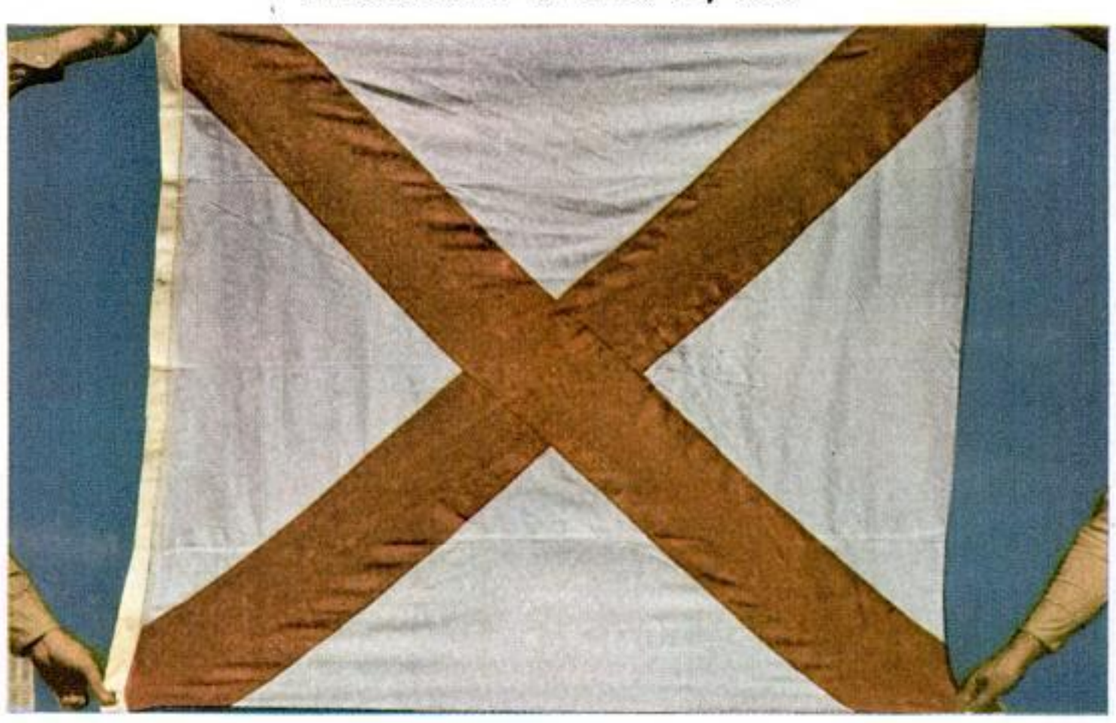
INDIANA: DEC. 11, 1816



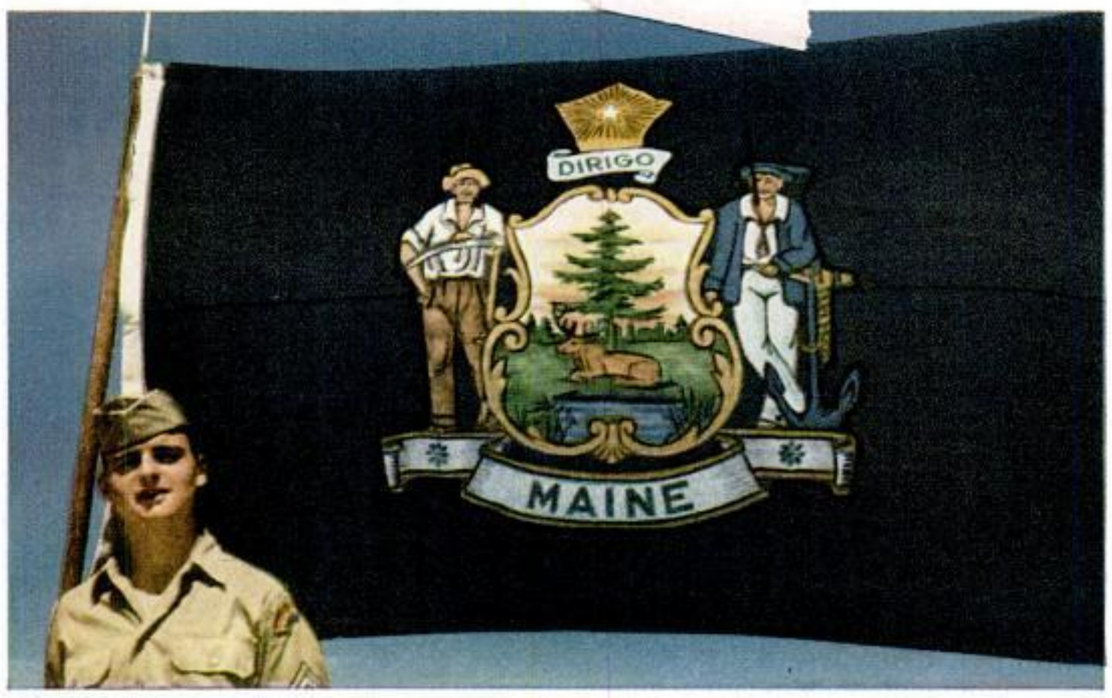
MISSISSIPPI: DEC. 10, 1817



ILLINOIS: DEC. 3, 1818



ALABAMA: DEC. 14, 1819



MAINE: MARCH 15, 1820



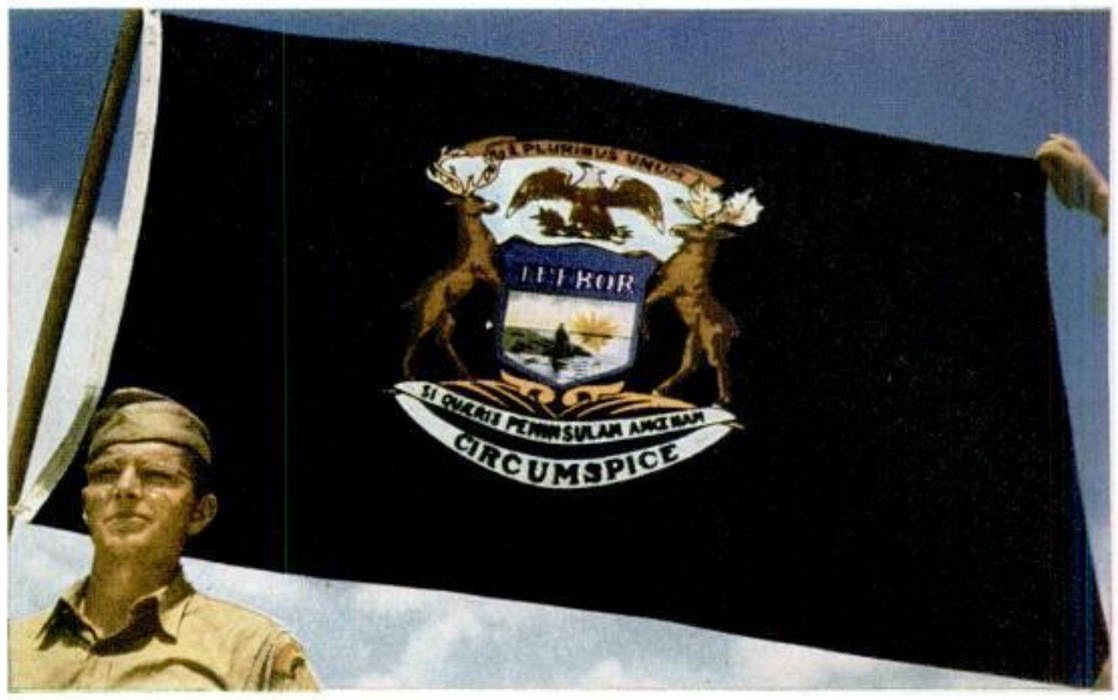
MISSOURI: AUG. 10, 1821

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ARKANSAS: JUNE 15, 1836



MICHIGAN: JAN. 26, 1837



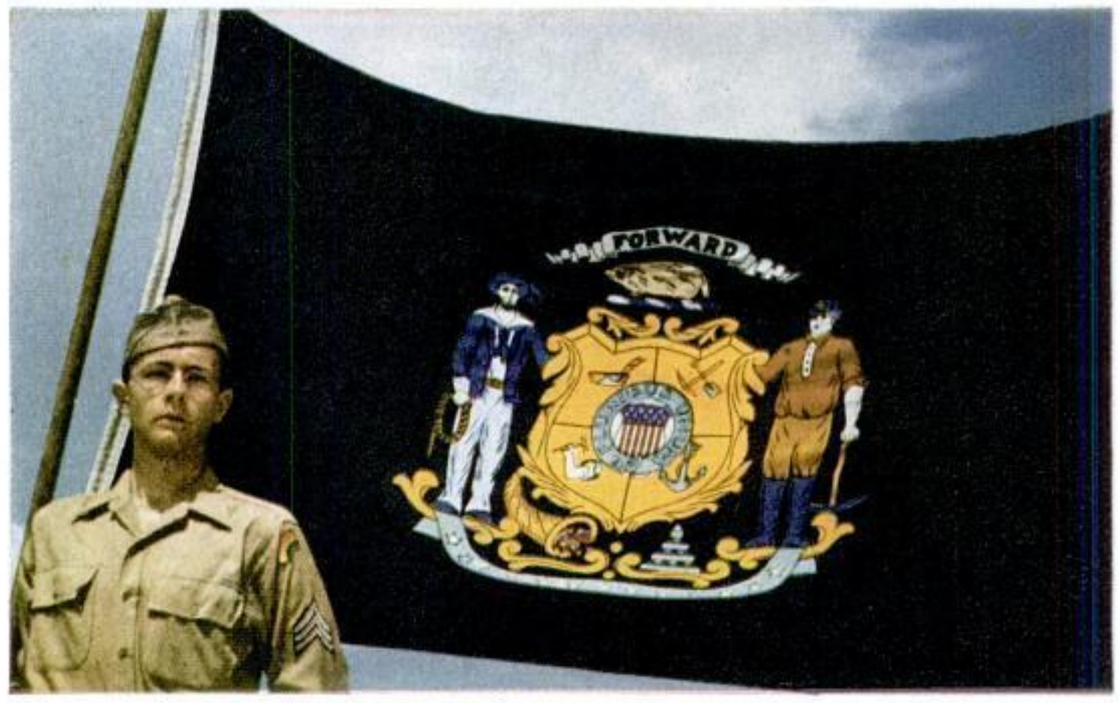
FLORIDA: MARCH 3, 1845



TEXAS: DEC. 29, 1845



IOWA: DEC. 28, 1846



WISCONSIN: MAY 29, 1848



CALIFORNIA: SEPT. 9, 1850



MINNESOTA: MAY 11, 1858

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OREGON: FEB. 14, 1859



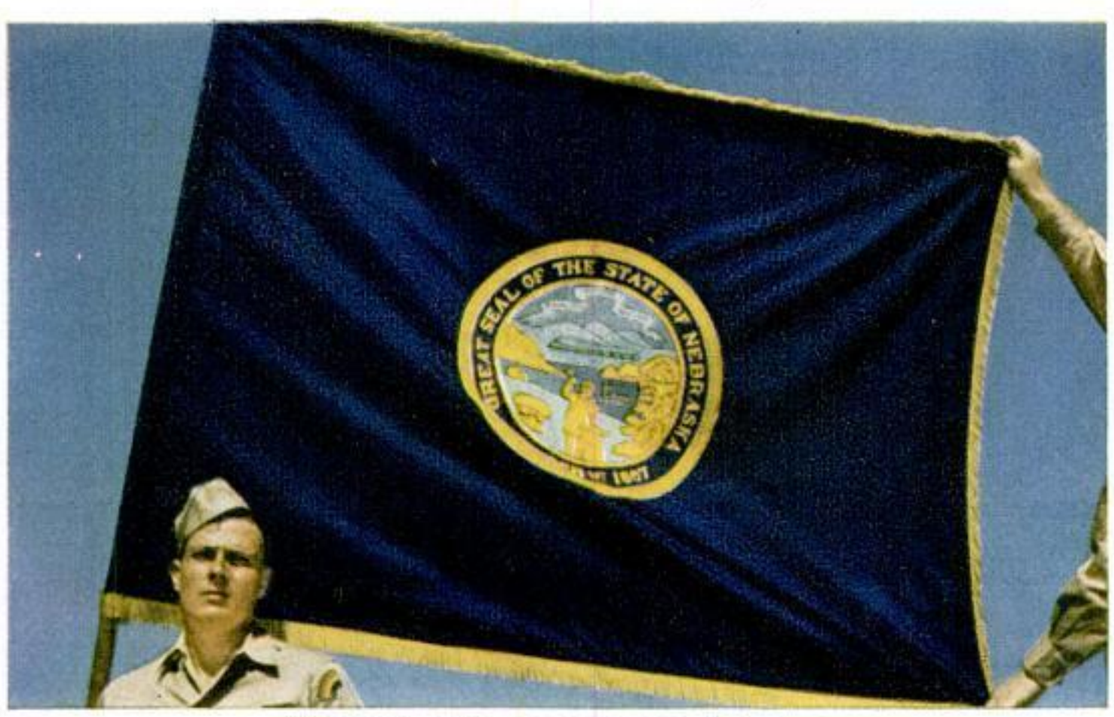
KANSAS: JAN. 29, 1861



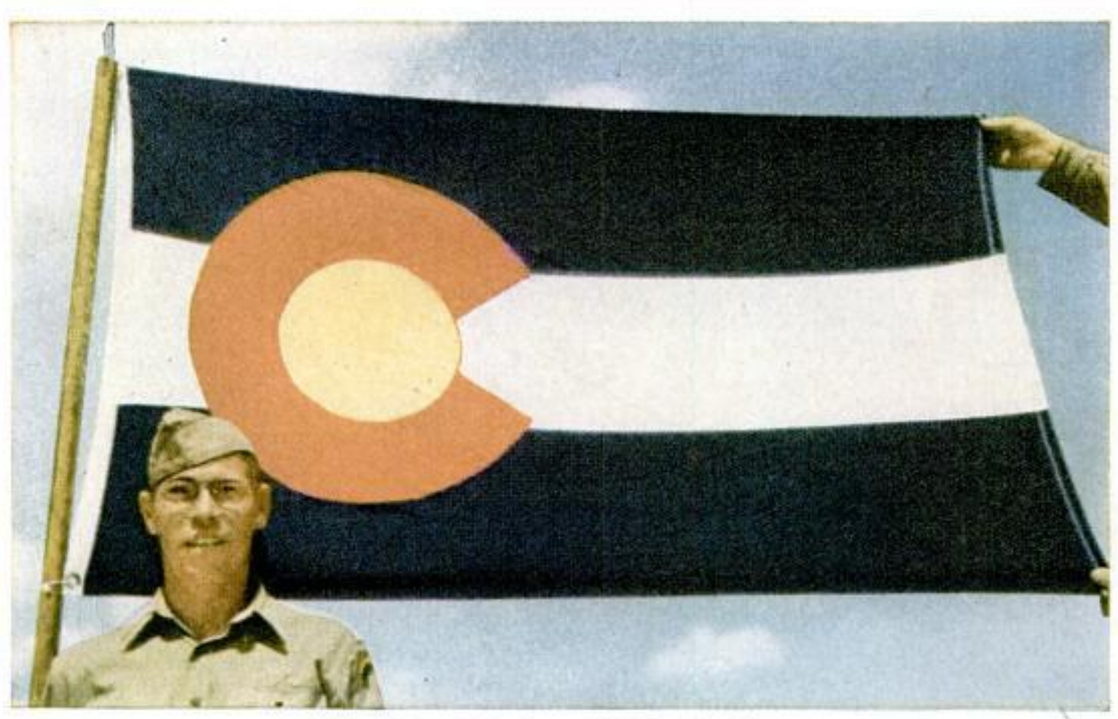
WEST VIRGINIA: JUNE 20, 1863



NEVADA: OCT. 31, 1864



NEBRASKA: MARCH 1, 1867



COLORADO: AUG. 1, 1876



NORTH DAKOTA: NOV. 2, 1889



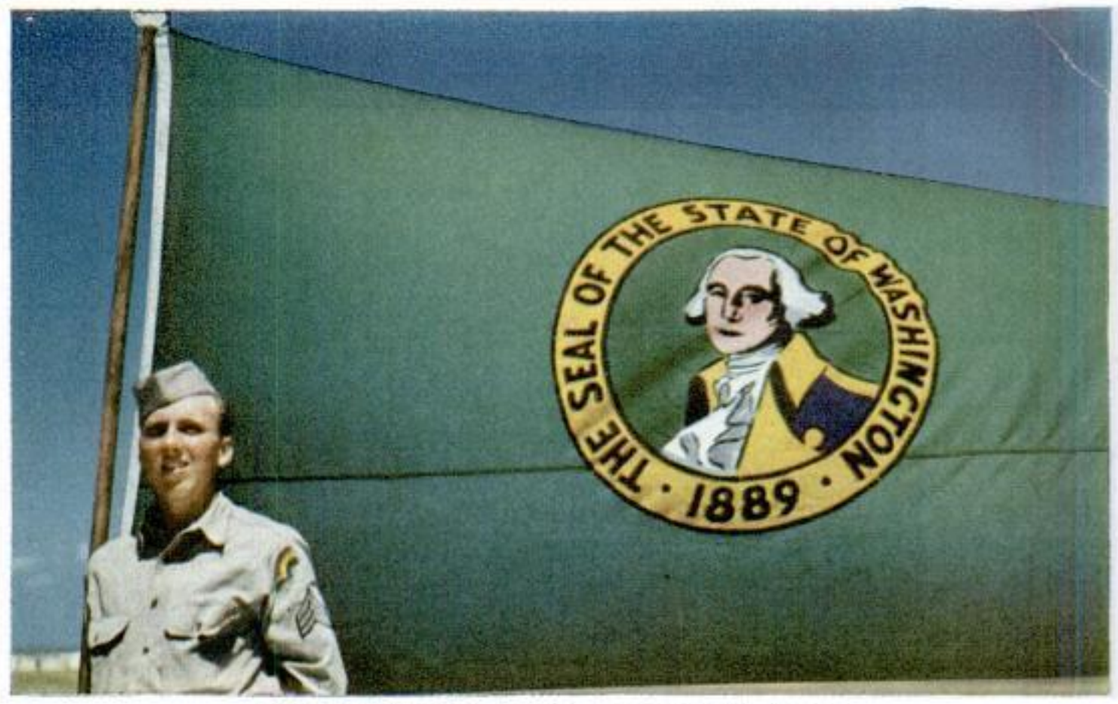
SOUTH DAKOTA: NOV. 2, 1889

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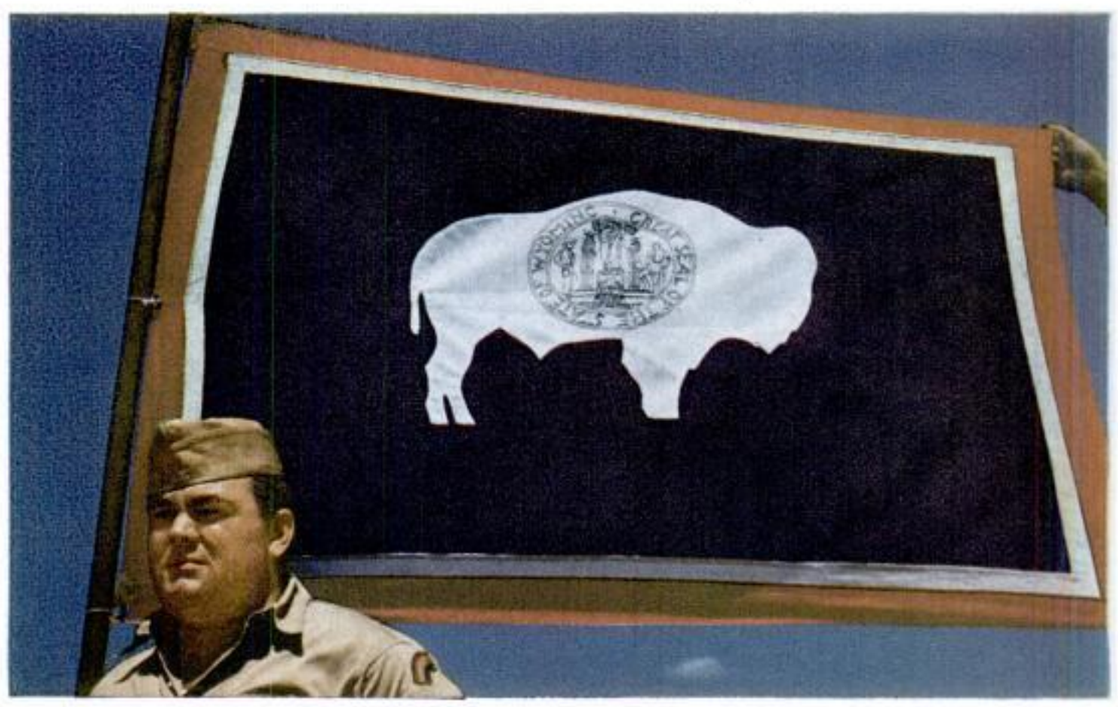
MONTANA: NOV. 8, 1889



WASHINGTON: NOV. 11, 1889



IDAHO: JULY 3, 1890



WYOMING: JULY 10, 1890



UTAH: JAN. 4, 1896



OKLAHOMA: NOV. 16, 1907



NEW MEXICO: JAN. 6, 1912



ARIZONA: FEB. 14, 1912

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"...and I dreamed that dinner came floating in without my moving a finger..."

ISN'T IT FUN to dream about a house where most of the dreary work is done by magic?

Well, keep on dreaming . . . for tomorrow **many** of your wishes are *coming true!*

You'll have a *Certified Performance* Gas range so wonderful it will be like having a chef in the kitchen . . . a Gas refrigerator that keeps foods fresh so long it will save hours of marketing and meal preparation . . . a heating unit that *cools* your home as well as heats it — without a thought from you . . . and oceans of hot water to make *everything* easier!

All this, and more too, will be possible through the miracle of the blue Gas flame — *the flame that cools as well as heats!*

In the laboratories of the Gas industry, engineers are now developing these wonders . . . making them possible for every type of home.

Today Gas speeds war production. Use it wisely. But tomorrow it will make your dream of more comfortable, *economical* living a reality. It's a dream worth saving for — with every War Bond you can buy.

THE FLAME THAT WILL BRIGHTEN YOUR FUTURE

GAS

An advertisement of the American Gas Association

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Arty Photographer Katherine Grant (Claudette Colbert), who likes to photograph eggs against black velvet, enters dangerous part of underriver tunnel to shoot sandhogs. Men resent her. When Jim Ryan (Fred MacMurray) falls as she is about to photograph him, she saves his life.

Muck rushes into tunnel, almost burying crew of sandhogs. This occurs when Ryan, who has invented a mud-freezing machine, tests his invention. Miss Grant has sneaked in to photograph operation. When she slips, crew abandons its job to rescue her. Ryan's test is judged a failure.

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Jim Ryan (Fred MacMurray) tests a chair which Miss Grant has told him has more character and grace than he. When it splinters, she is furious and romance blooms.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

No Time for Love

Life among the sandhogs is very, very rough

Sandhogs are a curious breed of men who build tunnels under bodies of water. To their minds, it is nice work if you can get it, although they never know when the wall of muck which they are pushing back may suddenly turn upon them and sweep away their happy-go-lucky lives. Subscribing to the pleasure-seeking credo of eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die, sandhogs are usually barrel-chested fatalists with hearts of gold who like nothing so much as a good knock-down, drag-out brawl. Without being either significant or precious about it, Paramount's *No Time for Love* succeeds in catching the picturesque flavor of that philosophy.

No Time for Love is about a high-priced female photographer (Claudette Colbert) who is assigned to get some pictures of sandhogs at their dangerous work. In the course of her distasteful job she encounters a brawny specimen named Jim Ryan (played by Fred MacMurray, one-time saxophonist). What ensues is proof of the fact that the course of a sandhog's true love never runs smooth. It is likewise proof of the fact that slapstick is still a reliable and indestructible Hollywood formula. Practically everyone involved spends some time on his or her backside to the quaking mirth of everyone else. *No Time for Love* proves, among other things, that Fred MacMurray plays a sandhog better than he did the saxophone and that Claudette Colbert is a better comedienne than she is a photographer.



When musical chairs are suggested by Miss Grant to keep the sandhogs from fighting, the game turns into a tremendous brawl. Here she tries vainly to restore peace.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



FUNNY-LOOKING gadget, that old-time radio set. Big, bulky horn . . . dials and more dials . . . squeaky and noisy as all get out. Not much like the radio now in your living-room or car. And yet the radio you buy not too long after the war may make your present-day set look and sound as antiquated as that early Electronic instrument looks now.

Today Electronics is fighting for America and its Allies brilliantly and successfully. In battle it warns of approaching danger so we can destroy the enemy; in the electric eye it searches for and exposes flaws in heavy castings; in resistance-welding it doubles and triples production. These and countless others are Electronic achievements of vast importance now and for the future. The first Electronic instrument to benefit will be your new radio.

Your First Post-War Electronic Purchase Should Be a MOTOROLA RADIO

Motorola Engineers are making full use of the newest Electronic knowledge in the production and development of Communications Equipment now being used on every battle front. Soon after Victory gives the green light to civilian production, the "know-how" of Motorola Engineers will be switched to the production of civilian radios for home and car with the same all-out efficiency and perfection. Expect the finest in Radio from Motorola.

For the development and production of Radio Communications Equipment for our armed forces, the Motorola organization was awarded the Army-Navy "E" with two added Stars for excellence of performance.

Motorola RADIO FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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TASTE
THE DIFFERENCE TONIGHT!



FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE TOMORROW!

"HERE'S HOW I DID," says CHOO-CHOO JOHNSON, famous model and leading lady of "Star and Garter."



Miss Johnson always insists on White Rock...claims it makes her drinks taste better...helps keep her feeling fit next day. White Rock is mineral water, ***SUPER-CHARGED,*** with a sparkle that stays to the end of your drink.



She takes a glass of plain, sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake...you see, White Rock is beneficial, more healthful...on the alkaline side.



The beneficial *natural* mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity, help keep you feeling fit next day.



White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Please...

We and your government will greatly appreciate the return of empty bottles and cartons to your dealer.

★ ★

Exquisitely Styled

...timed to the stars



ELGIN DeLuxe—17 jewels. *ELGIN DeLuxe—17 jewels.*

...AND THERE'LL COME A DAY WHEN THERE WILL BE ENOUGH OF THEM FOR ALL!

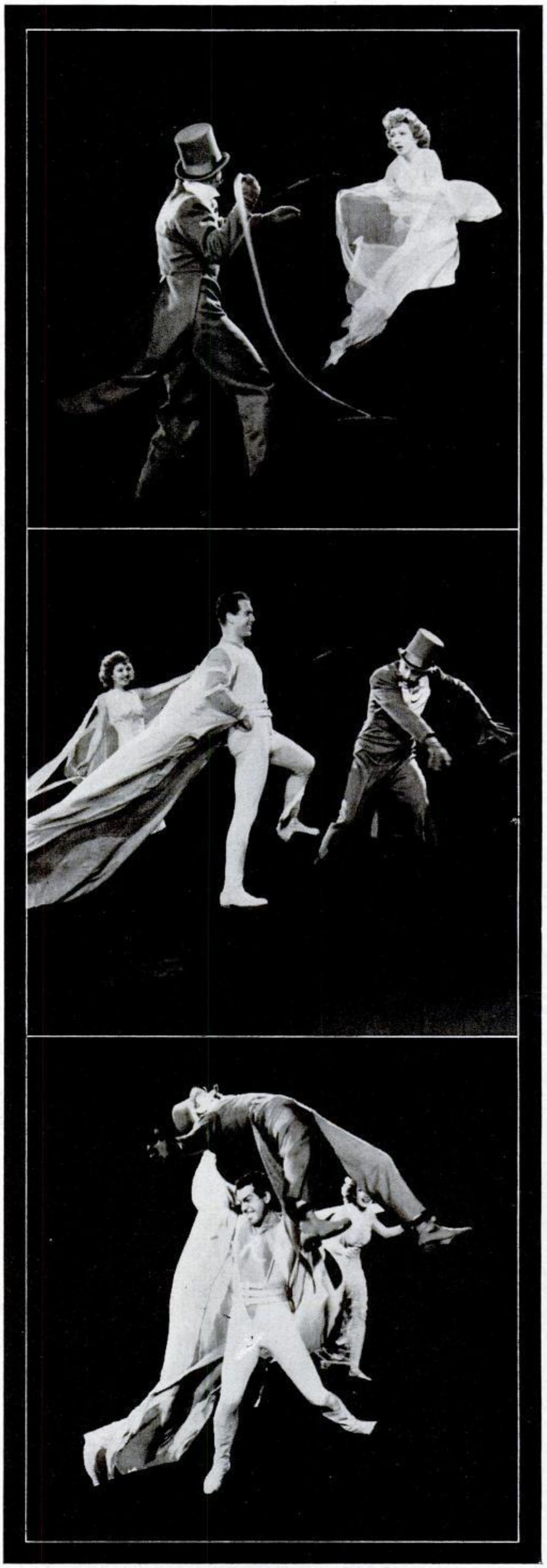
LEADERS in brilliance of style and star-timed accuracy are the handsome Elgin DeLuxe watches. Your jeweler's stock of these fine American-made watches may now be limited. That is because Elgin craftsmen are now turning out many types of vital precision instruments for war.

★ ELGIN ★

BACK OUR FIGHTING MEN—
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

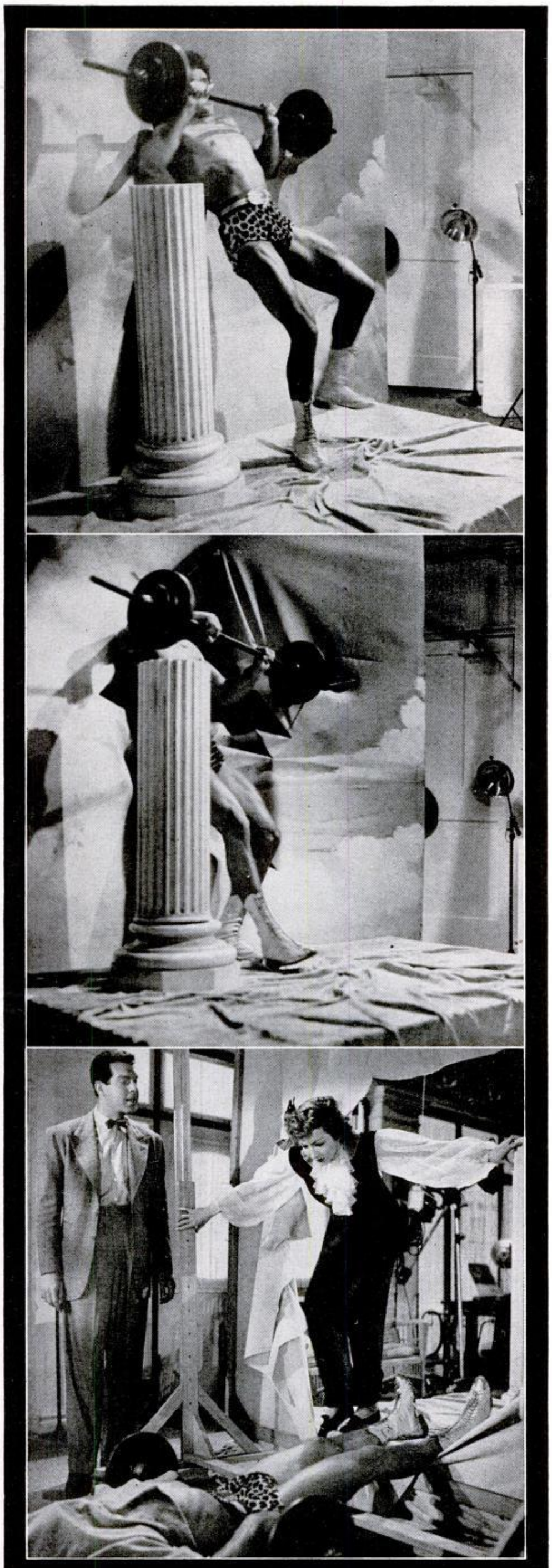
LISTEN IN—"THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN"—CBS, SATURDAYS, 7 P. M., E. W. T.

★ ★



In dream sequence Katherine Grant envisions herself as pursued by a villain in the likeness of her editor. Jim Ryan appears on the scene as Superman and routs him. This tricky sequence was shot in three steps, employing three different negatives

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Funniest sequence occurs when Ryan, who is working for Miss Grant after losing his job, has to help her set up pictures of a strong man. Ryan, who resents model's rippling muscles, throws a bar bell at him. Model crashes backward through screen.

Share your Car



Blackie: "This car is almost filled up, Whitey."

Whitey: "These days, Blackie, there's always room for one more passenger!"

More than 7 out of 10 workers depend upon private automobiles to get to work. But there aren't enough cars or tires to go around. *Share your car.* Help vital workers and your neighbors get to their jobs on time. Form a car-sharing club in your plant or in your neighborhood.



"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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TITO'S PARTISANS

FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE UNKNOWN YUGOSLAV ARMIES NOW WAGING A BITTER WAR OF BULLETS AND PROPAGANDA

The first time a good camera has been pointed at the mysterious fighters in Yugoslavia is shown in the pictures on these pages. British Navy Lieut. Lambton Burn landed on the Dalmatian coast in October and brought back this first visual proof of the existence of the Partisan Proletarian Brigades of the Croat Fighter, Tito (born Josip Brozovitch). These pictures contribute a note of factual sanity to the campaign of abuse and bloodshed between Tito's men and the Chetniks of Yugoslav War Minister Drajha Mihailovitch.

Lieut. Burn put in at a small coastal port with a British light naval force. He saw and photographed the Communist red stars sewn on the caps of the Partisans, took their raised-fist salutes, found portraits of Stalin everywhere, walked past heavily-armed Partisan guards and finally met the local commander. When the band played *God Save the King*, the crowd stood at attention with upraised fists.

The allegiance of the Croats to the United Nations cause is one of the most fortunate developments in the Balkans. Croats have always felt very bitter about the Serbs who used to run Yugoslavia. When the Germans invaded Yugoslavia, some Croats took this as their big opportunity and threw in with the Germans. The Croatian Communists stood pat since Soviet Russia was then (April 1941) a passive ally of Germany's. At that time the only Yugoslavs fighting Germans were the hill Chetniks of Serb General Mihailovitch.

Several months after Germany attacked Russia, Tito founded his Partisan organization. Communists supplied the first organizational structure but when Russia began to win victories and the U. S. came into the war, the ranks of the Partisans were swelled by other large antifascist groups. Today the Partisans range from Communist to conservative democrats and Roman Catholic priests.

The Partisans' effectives are variously reported to range from 20,000 to 300,000 (nobody really knows). Most surrendering Italians joined the Partisans. Partisans are currently doing more fighting than Mihailovitch, who cannot tolerate the Partisan gesture of using the Croat flag of red, white and blue, plus the red star.

A. P. Correspondent Daniel De Luce slipped into Dalmatia about the same time as Lambton Burn. He saw the daring little Partisan Navy of Chris-Crafts and met local Dalmatian leaders of "The War in the Woods."

After a wild ride inland on a flat tire, wrote De Luce, "We marched past the honor company of sub-machine-gunners who had waited in the rain for our arrival. They were strapping, bemuscled youths in their early 20's dressed in Italian oddments. I got somewhat of a start when a bespectacled young priest, who had hitch-hiked in the Fiat with us, saluted his older religious brother by raising his clenched right hand to the side of his close-cropped head. The Commander was most adamant in saying that Partisan Yugoslavia was a 'Democratic Federation.' "

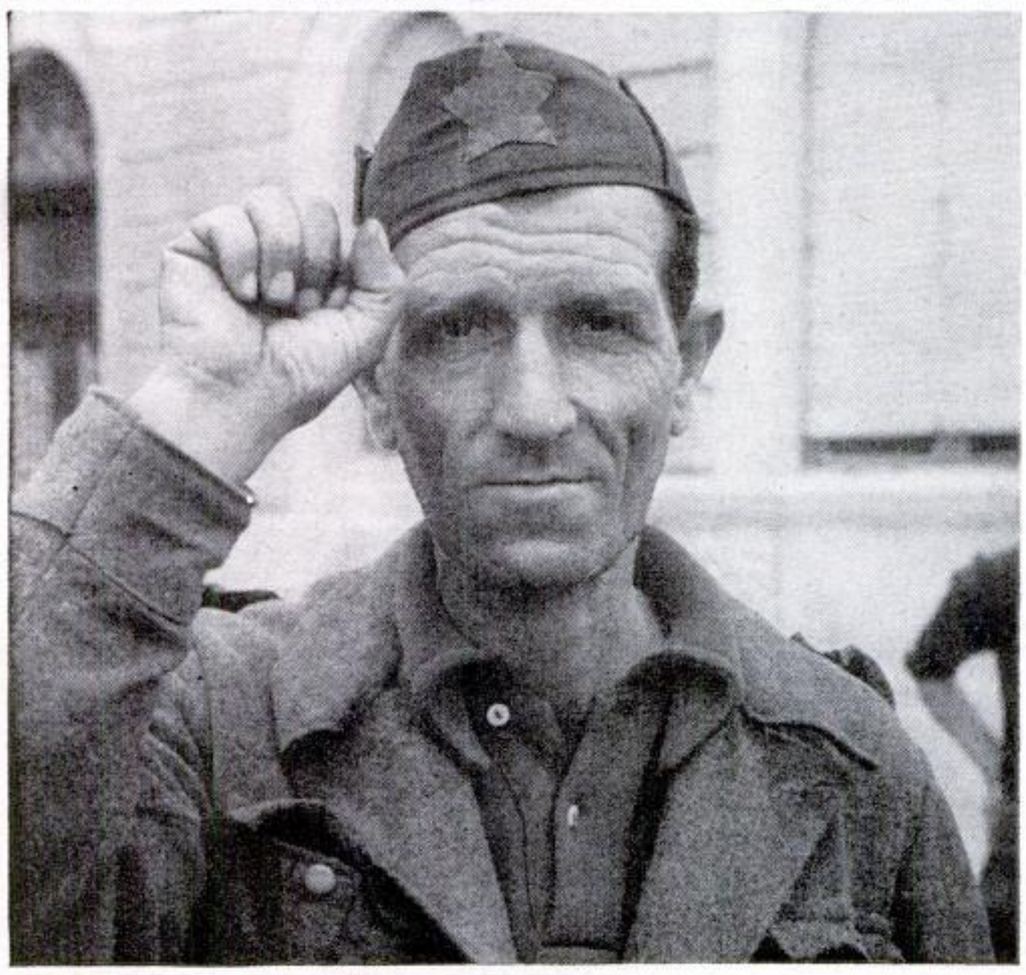
De Luce saw Partisan recruits drilling. The Croats painstakingly referred to themselves as Yugoslavs, a word they have heretofore disliked. He noted, however, the one fact that is now of any interest to the outside world: the Partisans were fighting Germans.



Partisan schoolchildren, who were photographed by British Navy Lieut. Lambton Burn, wear red star on white caps and give clenched-fist salute. Notice the brightness of these Croat Dalmatian faces. The Croats, though they have always been political underdogs in Yugoslavia, are more citified than the war-like people of the mountains. The Communist movement among them is nationalistic and even religious, and the Communists are only one of the antifascist groups which work together. This represents a kind of New Deal for Yugoslavia.

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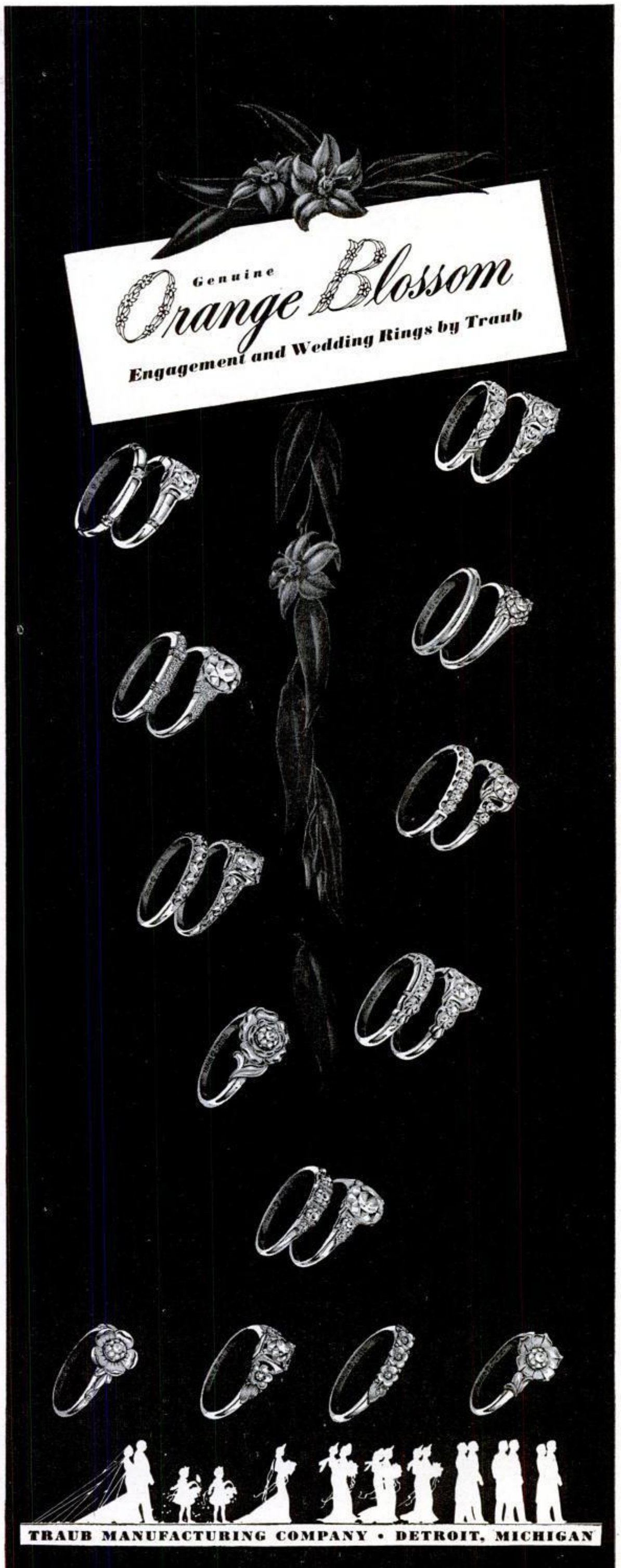






Three Partisans include from top: Zina, 32, famous for sabotage against the enemy; a tough Partisan; and Zaga, a Serb Communist who has won a reputation as a sniper. About a quarter of the Partisans are women whereas the Chetniks are all male.

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FAMOUS PARKER GAMES



CAM·E·LOT

CAMELOT is "one of the few really great games"—a splendid jumping and capturing game—skillful and easily learned. It has a fascination all its own. No. 25 gray-boxed set, **$1.25**; No. 80 Handsome pictorial edition—with larger board, **$2**; No. 3 Castle Edition with Ivoroid playing pieces, **$3.50**; Tournament Set, **$5.**



ROOK

The "Game of Games." A world-wide favorite! Unique in its quick climaxes and exciting play. Finest quality cards, **75 cents.**



MONOPOLY

Most popular of the world's great standard games. Favorite recreation in all branches of the armed services at home and overseas. Sets at **$2**; better set No. 8 always bound in **pebbled green**; (2 to 8 players), **$2.50**; Famous White box set with Grand Hotels, removable Bank tray, etc., **$3.50.**



PIT

For a group of players—for laughter, excitement and a general good time, play **PIT. 75 cents.**

COMMANDOS Largest selling War game. The raid, the warning and the escape! Folding board boxed complete, **$1.50**; **FLINCH**—The demand for this famous card game is immense, **75 cents.**

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS. ★ NEW YORK ★ CHICAGO



Partisan Commander, charged with police duties in village Lambton Burn visited, is seated in center. His interpreter is on his right. Armed men filled corridors outside.



British officer with Lambton Burn borrows a horse. British and American officers of ranks of captain and major are with Partisans and Chetniks. Some have been killed.

MEDICATED FOR SANDPAPER THROAT



Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"



NEW! LUDEN'S HONEY-LICORICE COUGH DROPS!

Here's a new flavor in cough relief by the makers of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops. Both are medicated. Both 5¢.

WORKERS! WHO SUFFER 'FACTORY' ITCH SKIN RASHES

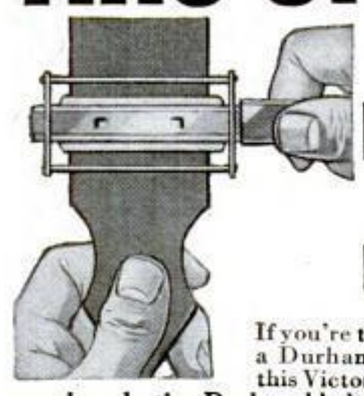
Famous Liquid Promptly Relieves Torture!



First applications of wonderful soothing, highly medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula — promptly relieve intense itch and burning of simple skin rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis, blemishes and similar skin and scalp irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Amazingly successful for over 35 years!

Clean, stainless—invisible Zemo won't show on skin. First trial convinces! Keep a bottle at your work, too. 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases. ZEMO

THIS STROP gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES



If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. L, MYSTIC, CONN.

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L'Aimant $9.50

"Paris" $18.50

L'Origan $5.00

Emeraude $4.25

Muguet des Bois $5.00

Sabots $5.00

Give her a thousand fragrant hours

Coty

These classic Coty fragrances—L'Aimant, L'Origan, Emeraude, and "Paris"—have inspired a series of smart gift sets, ranging from $55 to $2.25. All designed to make Christmas merry.

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FIELD OF BATTLE...handkerchief size

NO TANKS ROLL ACROSS IT . . . No planes roar above it . . . No men fight to hold it . . . But it's a field of battle just the same—that little patch of skin, perhaps no larger than a handkerchief, where the surgeon makes his incision.

Germs must be fought there—fought and killed to the last deadly one.

° ° °

Today surgeons are using *isopropyl alcohol*—more powerful, in the same concentration, than ethyl alcohol—in "preparation of the field" for operation. And for sterilizing instruments, or to keep them sterile.

Scientists at the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, get isopropyl alcohol from a petroleum gas at one time wasted.

More and more advantages, for medical use, are being found in it. With ethyl alcohol "short" and today's need for germicides multiplied, it is a wartime development of special significance.

° ° °

Other timely and important developments are:

CYCLOPROPANE—an anesthetic with important advantages over ether—is made from a petroleum derivative discovered by Shell Research.

ALKYL PHENOLS—disinfectant base "of maximum germicidal action, and minimum skin irritation," which Shell Research first obtained in commercial quantities from petroleum, is now being used in the treatment of wounds, and in disinfecting Army and Navy hospitals and dressing stations.

ALLYL ALCOHOL—an active ingredient in one of the most effective and least harmful types of sedatives, which Shell Research also found in petroleum.

Of special value in time of war, these contributions of petroleum research to medicine will continue to benefit mankind with the return of peace.



First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"
—Shell's Wood River Refinery

SHELL RESEARCH—

Sword of Today—Plowshare of Tomorrow

SHELL

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FROM HIS QUARTERS IN ENGLAND, CAPTAIN DICK DAVISSON, NAVIGATOR FOR A GROUP OF FLYING FORTRESSES, WRITES A LETTER TO HIS GIRL BACK HOME IN GRAFTON, W. VA.

Dear Martha

AMERICAN SOLDIER IN ENGLAND WRITES TO HIS GIRL AT HOME

A young American in England recently sat down to write a letter to his best girl at home. For him the last few weeks had been rough going. Navigator for a group of Flying Fortresses, he had led missions over Kiel, Rheims, Oschersleben and Paris. Against a blue sky he had seen the black smudges of ack-ack and the bright streaks of orange flashing from the wings of Focke-Wulfs. He had known the violence and terror of war.

But as he wrote, all this faded from his mind. In imagination he was back home in Grafton, W.Va., reliving the years of his boyhood. Once more he saw his home by the railroad tracks, the university with its great, tall oaks and the Monongahela valley, beautiful in the fall with the red sumac bright on the ground.

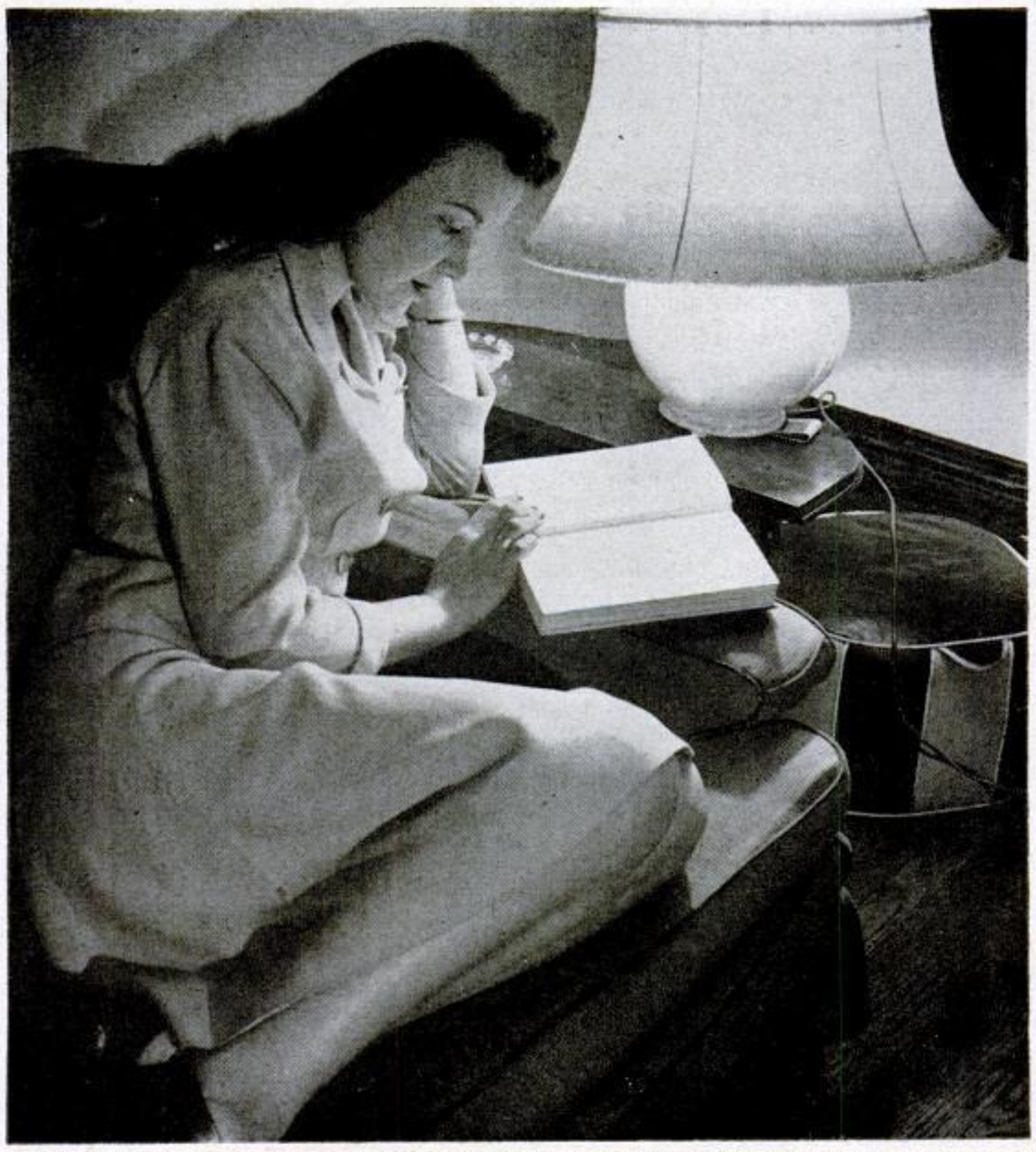
The soldier's name was Captain Dick Davisson, and the girl he wrote was Martha Jean Kuhn. On the following pages LIFE prints the letter and illustrates it with LIFE pictures. Although written by one boy abroad to one girl in the U. S., it describes the things at home which all soldiers everywhere miss the most.

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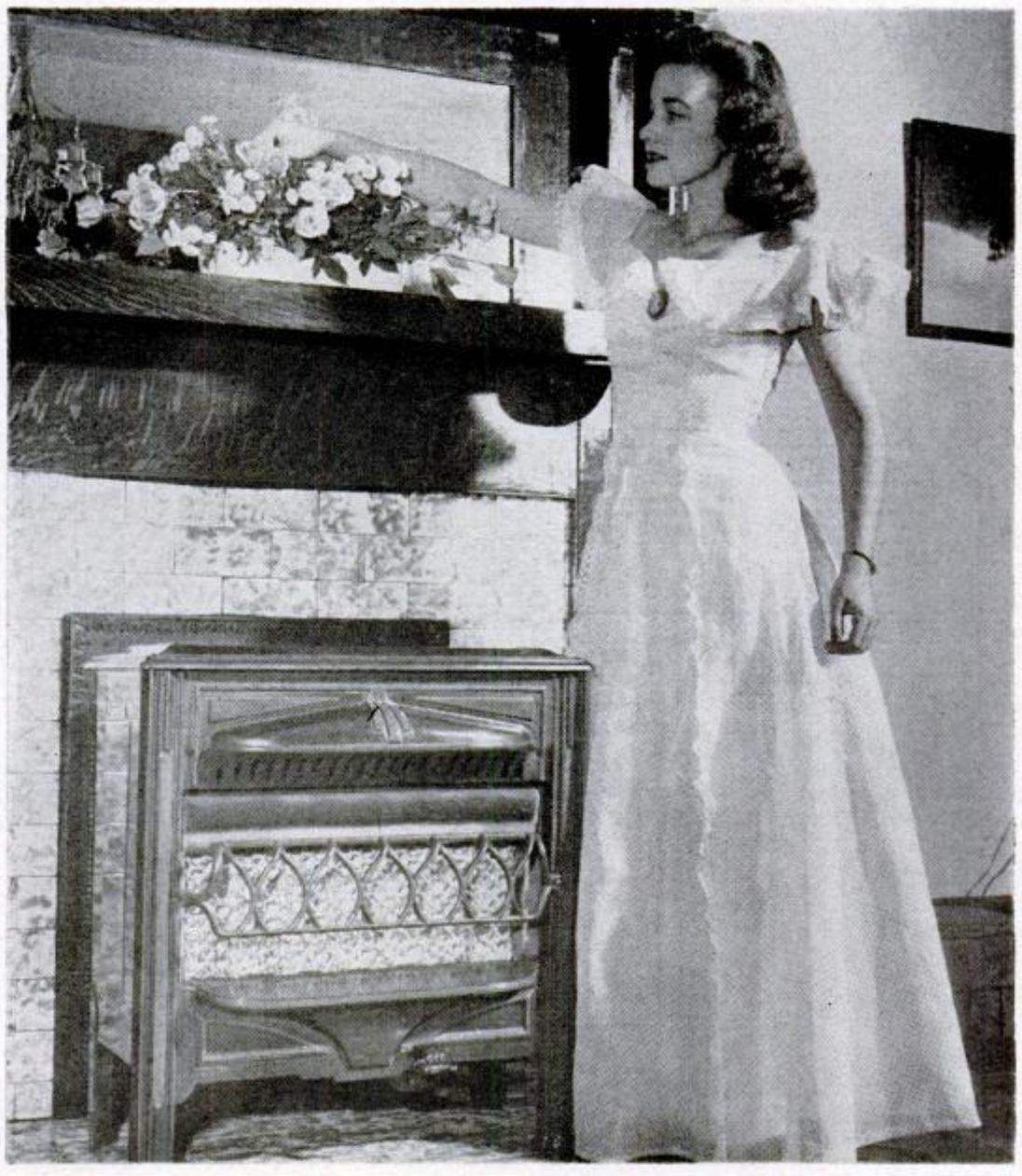
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IN HER BED AT NIGHT MARTHA JEAN KUHN REREADS THE LETTER SHE RECEIVED FROM CAPTAIN DICK DAVISSON IN ENGLAND. SHE IS 19 AND LIVES OVER A DRUGSTORE AND GROCERY



MARTHA LIVES ALONE WITH HER MOTHER; HER FATHER AND BROTHER ARE IN ARMY TOO



TO BUCK UP HER SPIRITS SHE WEARS PARTY DRESS WHICH DICK PARTICULARLY LIKES

Dear Martha

Here I go again with absolutely nothing in the way of news, but I wanted to tell you how much I miss you.

It won't be long now. Since my last letter I have gotten within five missions of finishing my combat duty over here—what we call our operational tour. Remember how Sud and Doggie and I back in Grafton were itching to get into combat as soon as we could? Well, that's what I wanted and I sure got it. But now that I can see the end in sight—only five more trips over enemy country—I can't help thinking about the future.

That, of course, is where you come into the picture. I kick myself mentally for not having married you before this, and am tremendously grateful for the day I met you. I think of you all the time and wonder what you are doing. When

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AGAIN SHE REREADS THE LETTER. SHE IS STUDYING BANKING AT NIGHT SCHOOL, BUT WOULD LIKE TO BE A NURSE. DICK PLANS TO REMAIN IN THE ARMY AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

you're down in the dumps, do you still put on that white organdy dress with the black dots? Does it still remind you of me?

When I get home the first thing I want to do is see you and my folks. I have an awful lot to tell you about what's happened to me and there's a whole lot more I want to hear from you, including what's happened to Sud and Doggie and all the rest of our old gang.

I may be able to wangle a 30-day pass and maybe we could go over to the university at Morgantown. God, didn't we have fun there! You've no idea how often, sitting around in England in the rain and the cold, I've thought of that drive over there. Then, if we got home in time, I'd like to take a walk with you, like we used to during vacations, out across the new bridge over the Tygarts Valley River and back into town along Riverside Drive. Then at night we might drive out to Wonder Bar with its juke box and the garden in back, where they keep the lights nice and dim. It is on top of a hill, remember, and so peaceful you can sometimes see a rabbit sneaking through the shrubs.

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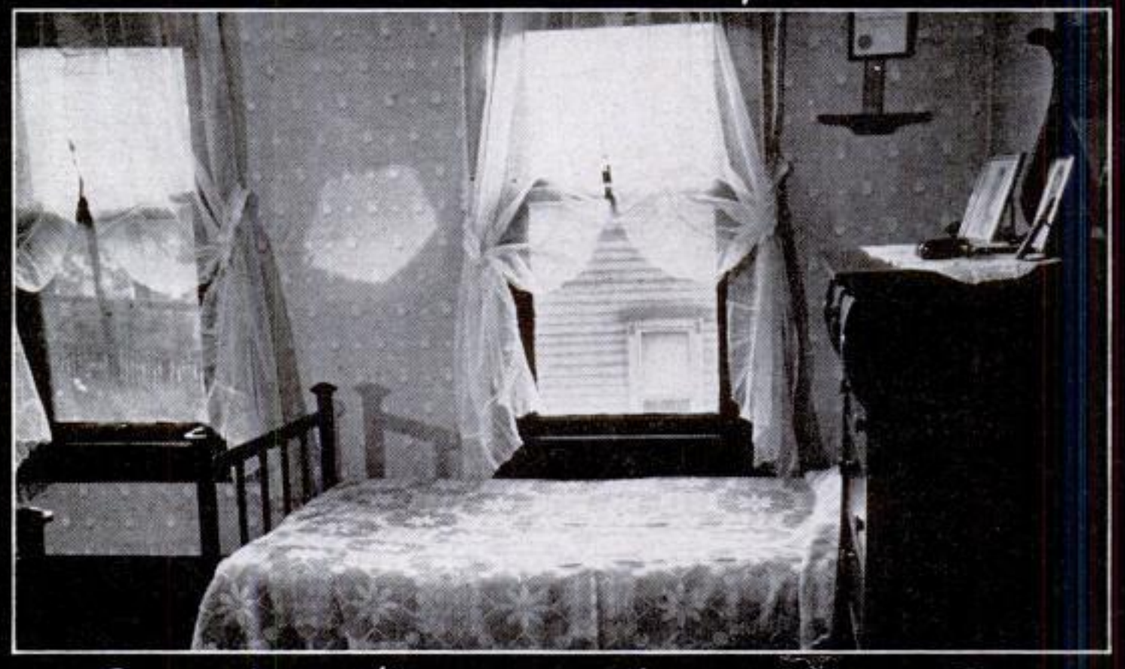
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Dicko parents slice a ham, his favorite dish

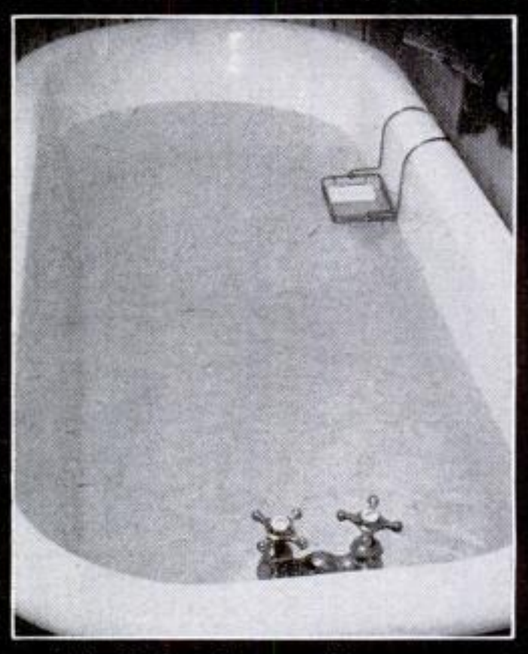


Davisson home is two-storied yellow brick



Dick shares his room with older brother Bob

Martha chats through window with Dicko Mother



Hot bath with soap



Dicko friend Ray Shaw



Two engines chug past front door of Dicko house

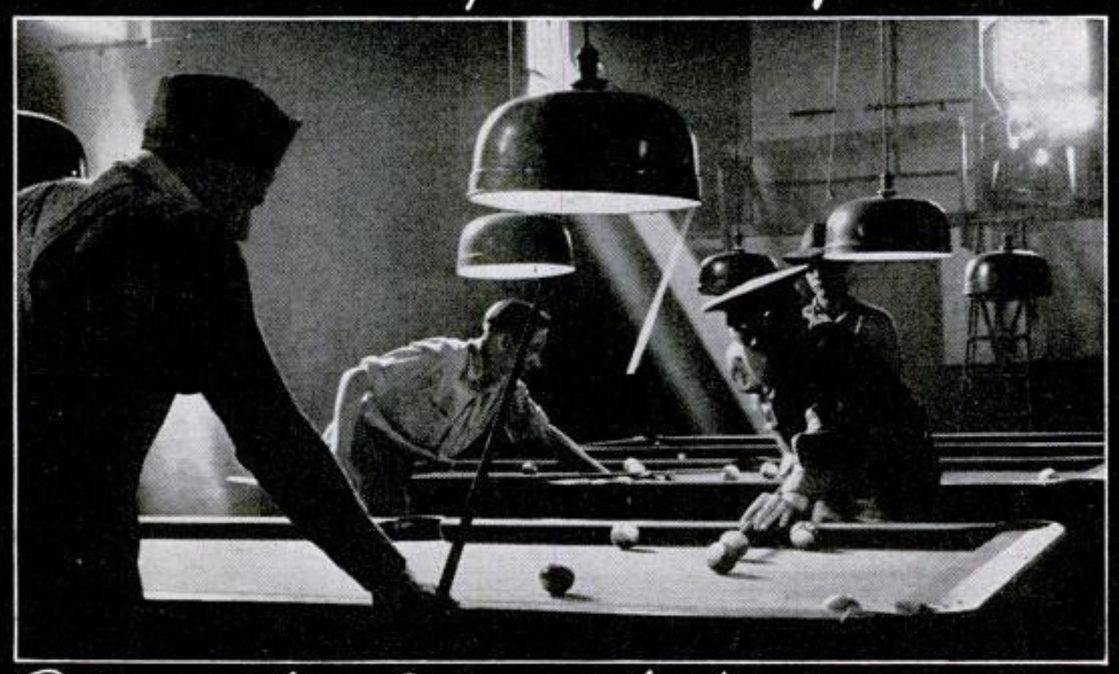
What I miss most at home are a lot of little things—like hamburgers and hot baths and ice cream. From over here these little things add up to some bigger things. You probably know what I am trying to say and how much it means to me to see our house and the trains passing by, and to sit beside Mother in church.

There's nothing I would rather have this very moment than one of Ernie's big hamburgers and a good hot cup of real American coffee. Can you still get sirloin steaks? Better save me one if you can. And a short shot of bourbon wouldn't go badly with it. Or a beer that's really cold instead of this tepid English stuff which is enough to make you sign the pledge. And you can count me in on a double chocolate malted at Malone's Drug Store, where I used to work as a

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Martha shows a friend her letter from Dick



Poolroom where Dick went for hamburgers, beer



Martha walks where she used to walk with Dick



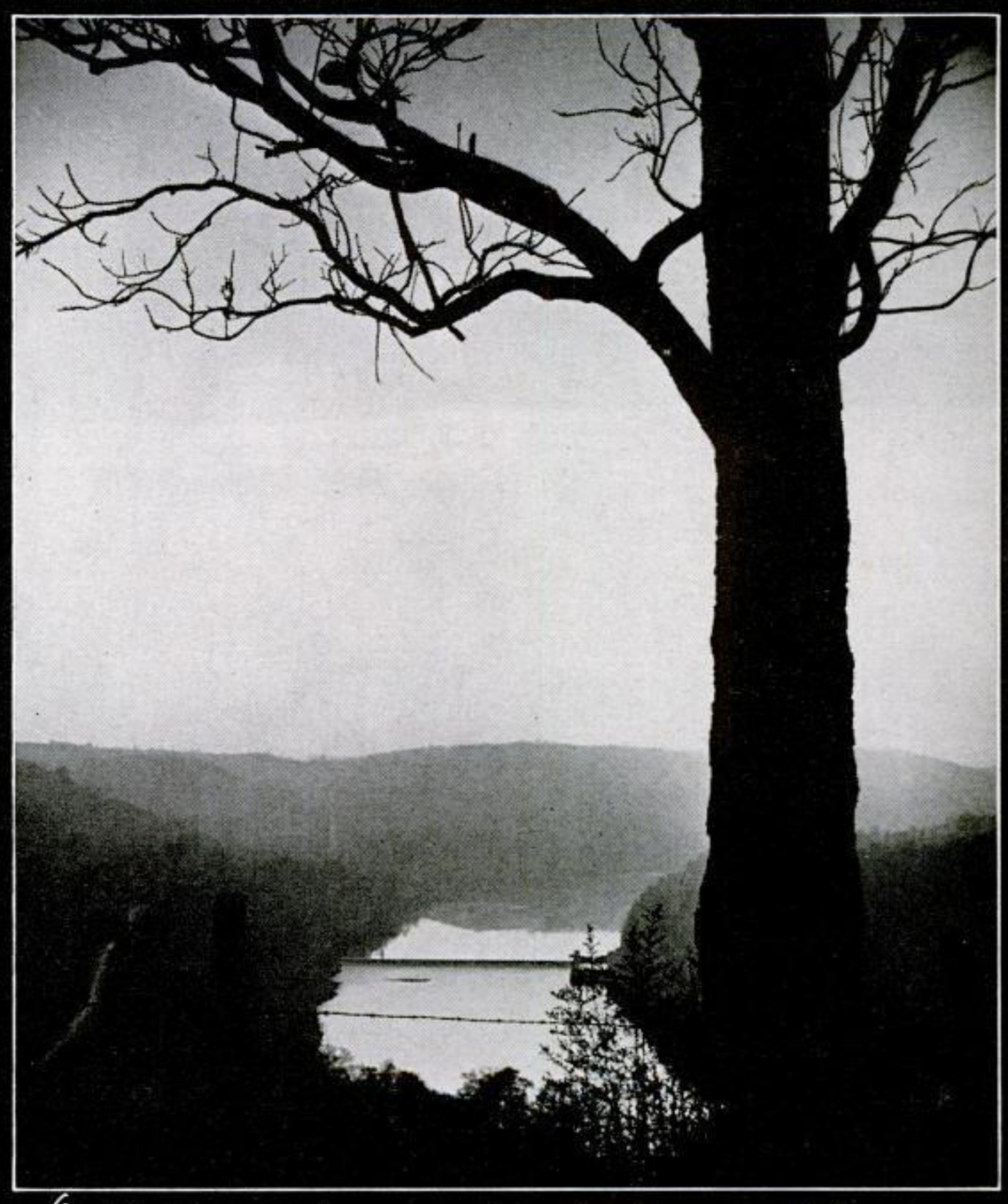
Double malted milk



Hamburger at Ernie's



Grafton First National Bank, where Martha works



On the Morgantown road is the Monongahela river

soda jerk. I wonder if Ray Shaw is still working there?

But most in the world, I would like to wake up in my own room, in my own bed and, without dressing or walking to a cold latrine, I would take a hot bath in the midst of good workable American plumbing, with a bacon-and-fresh-eggs breakfast afterward (no powdered eggs, thank you). For dinner I would have Mother's old specialty—baked ham, baked beans and the best potato salad in the world. That was the dinner we used to have when our relatives came to visit on Memorial Day. Remember how all the Grafton school kids marched in the parade up to the national cemetery to hear the speeches and decorate graves? We skated on the sidewalk in front of the cemetery. Later, of course, we began spending our spare time in the poolroom.

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GREAT CLOUDS OF WHITE AND BLACK SMOKE HANG PERPETUALLY OVER THE RAILROAD YARDS AT GRAFTON, W. VA., COVERING ALL THE BUILDINGS WITH A HEAVY SOOT

When we were kids Bob and I used to play in the vacant lot beside our house. That's where the West Side football team played Maple Avenue every Saturday afternoon, and that's where Dad gave Bob and me our only whipping after we broke the windows out of 12 steam engines lined up near-by on the tracks. I imagine the engines and the roundhouse and the turntable are all pretty busy now, making Grafton dirtier than ever.

What a contrast clean Morgantown is to dirty Grafton! I remember the ride over there, how the road winds all the time till you get up on the top of Nigger Mountain. In the fall there are neatly stacked shocks of corn and buckwheat straw and the woods are bright with reds and yellows. Then you suddenly come on the Monongahela River in the valley to your left and you are in Morgantown.

Do the Betas still sit around the fire with the girls from the Delta Gamma house, and is Mrs. Severn still having a tough time being housemother and keeping the lights on in the woo room? I wonder about these things. They may seem silly but they are important.

Well, Iverson has just challenged me to a game of checkers and I must give him his nightly thrashing. Keep well and write soon and someday all these things will come true again.

All my love, Dick

THE ROAD FROM GRAFTON TO MORGANTOWN PASSES THROUGH HILLY COUNTRYSIDE OF NORTHERN WEST VIRGINIA, DOTTED IN THE FALL WITH GRAZING CATTLE AND HAYSTACKS

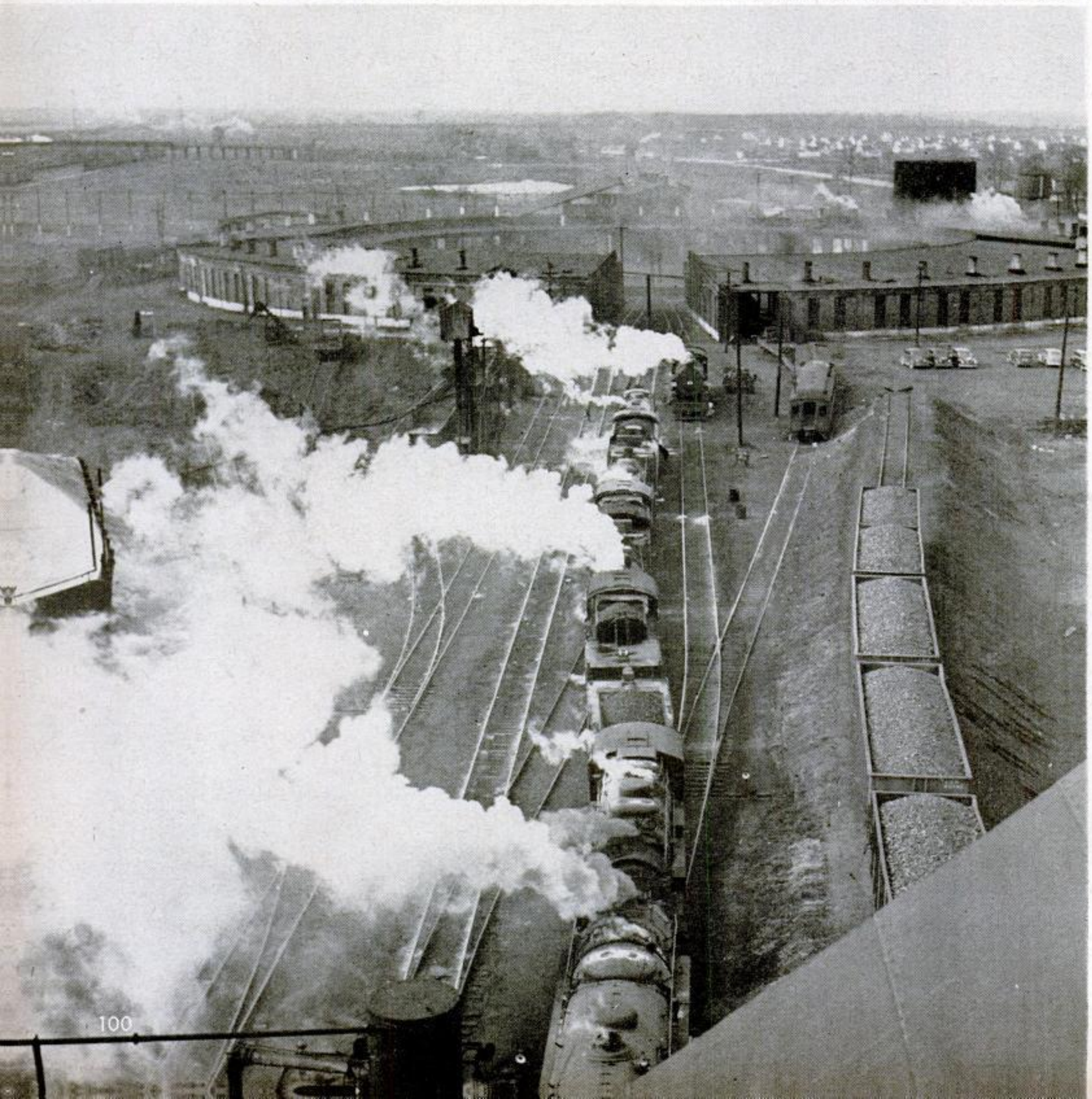


THE WEST VIRGINIA BETAS
SIT WITH THEIR GIRLS IN
FRONT OF A BIG LOG FIRE

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LOADED CARS IN PROVISO YARD SLIDE DOWN HUMP PAST CONTROL TOWER WHICH SWITCHES CARS TOWARD TWO OTHER TOWERS WHICH SWITCH THEM TO CLASSIFICATION TRACKS

SOME OF PROVISO'S 46 SWITCH ENGINES PUFF INTO HUGE ROUNDHOUSE TO BE CLEANED AND SERVICED BETWEEN SHIFTS



PROVISO YARD

World's largest classification yard speeds war-swollen freight

Thirteen miles west of Chicago, on the main line of the Chicago & North Western Railway, sprawls the biggest, busiest freight classification yard in the world. On its 230 miles of track, the Proviso Yard handles some 8,000 freight cars a day, 25% more than it did in prewar times. The yard can take a 100-car train loaded with perishables, break it up, sort out the cars and get them on their way to their many different destinations in as little as two hours. Livestock, most perishable freight, takes only 15 minutes between arrival and departure.

Busiest spot in the busy yard is the "hump" (*see above*). Proviso's hump is a mile-long, 18-foot elevation ending in a gentle downgrade which leads to the 59 tracks of the classification yard. An engine gets behind the freight train and pushes it slowly along the hump. As the cars reach the top of the grade, they are uncoupled by a man who walks back and forth beside the moving train. Then the cars coast down to the tracks where they belong, guided by men in three control towers who throw switches that direct the cars and operate retarders that control their speed. This final process takes about four minutes per car, is much more efficient for nonperishable goods than the flat switching method used in other parts of the yard. When classifying process has been completed, the belt railroads that encircle Chicago deliver assembled trains to other railroads that take them all over the country.

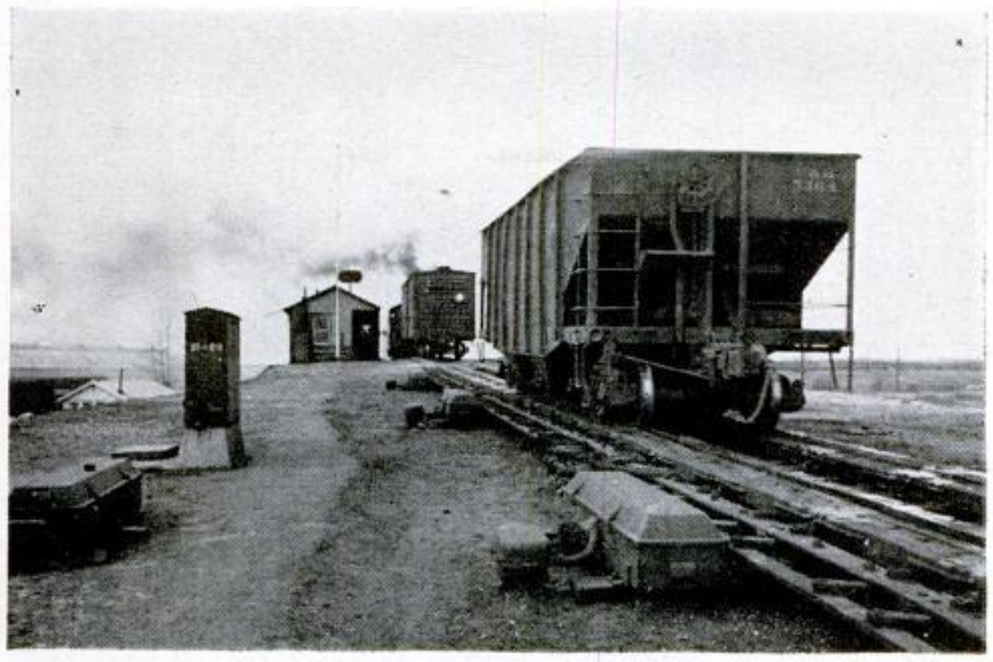
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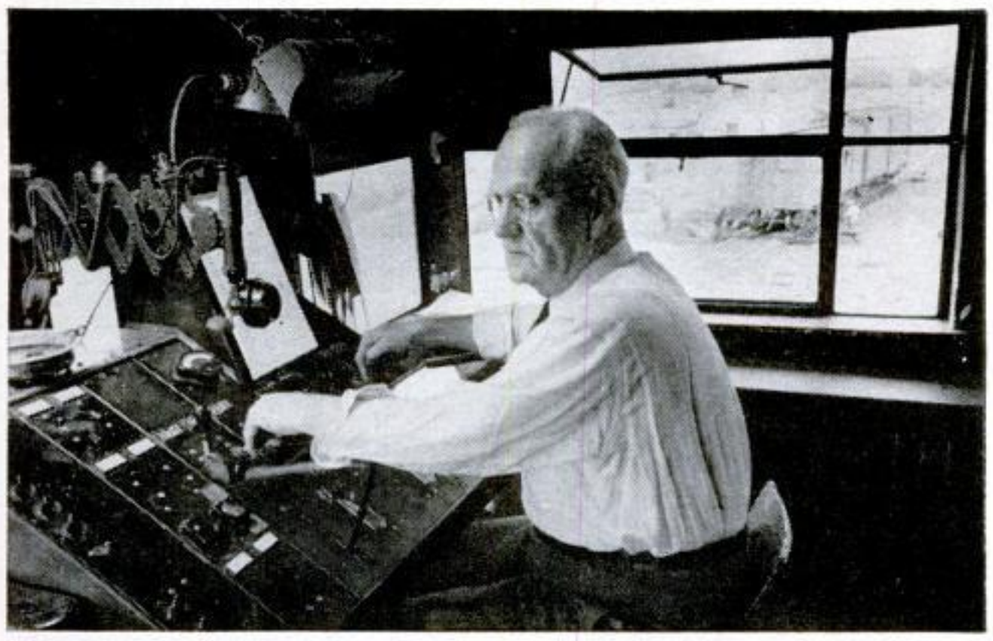
An incoming train is pushed along top of hump by a special engine with extra drive-wheels that can move 150 cars at a time. The average "humping" speed is 4 m.p.h.



Humpmaster's cabin stands at top of grade. Here passing cars are checked against a list teletyped from main office and "pin puller" uncouples cars singly or in groups.



Over the hump goes a gondola, closely followed by a boxcar. Electric retarders placed at intervals along tracks slow up cars by squeezing flanges of wheels against rails.



Control-tower operator works retarders (*top levers*) and switches (*bottom levers*). Cars are classified according to their contents or destination or the consignee railroad.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



How good is your memory?



can you remember to file your income tax return by Dec. 15th?



can you remember not to travel over week ends?



can you remember which rum to use for Planter's Punch?

ARE you missing out on the enjoyment of rum drinks because remembering the right rum to use seems too complicated? All you really need remember is the simple name "Government House." The label on the front of the bottle tells you at a glance for which drinks that type of Government House Rum is especially recommended.

You don't have to worry about remembering recipes, either. They're on the bottle, too. You'll find Government House is the complete and easy clue to rum drinks that are perfect in flavor, color and body.

Ask your dealer to show you all three types of Government House Rum . . . then pick the type for the rum drinks you like best. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City. Sole Importers for U. S. A.

for any rum drink—all you need remember is "Government House"



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GIVE GRAY HAIR A "HAPPY ENDING!"

**Clairol swiftly, secretly, beautifully ends the heartaches of gray or graying hair!*

Gray hair is a business handicap . . . but it can be the ruination of romance. Just as long as you tolerate it, the story of your life may be filled with lost opportunities. Why put up with it—why let it make you look older than you really are? Give gray hair a "happy ending"—the Clairol way!

Hundreds of thousands of women just like you have solved the gray hair problem . . . *"naturally, with Clairol,"* the modern method of hair beautification through color. Clairol, and Clairol alone, gives hair tones so true and transparent they rival Nature's own! Know the joy and self-confidence that come with the sudden discovery you look younger! Get *your* Clairol treatment . . . today!

CLAIROL IS QUICK—It cleanses, conditions, and permanently colors every trace of gray hair, in one simple application. Takes little longer than ordinary shampoos.

CLAIROL IS DEPENDABLE—Each of Clairol's 23 natural-looking shades is laboratory-controlled, produced under the supervision of skilled specialists. Clairol shades are uniform, always assuring a perfect match. The right color for you is among them.

CLAIROL KEEPS YOUR SECRET—because it completely avoids that "tattletale," brassy, ugly look of old-fashioned dyes. NO OTHER PRODUCT gives such natural-looking results.

Refuse substitutes that can't give you Clairol's beautiful results. Better beauty shops feature genuine Clairol. A Clairol treatment costs you no more!

FREE . . . *"11 Secrets for Beautiful Hair."* This booklet tells you how to give your hair radiant beauty . . . scientifically. Just write:

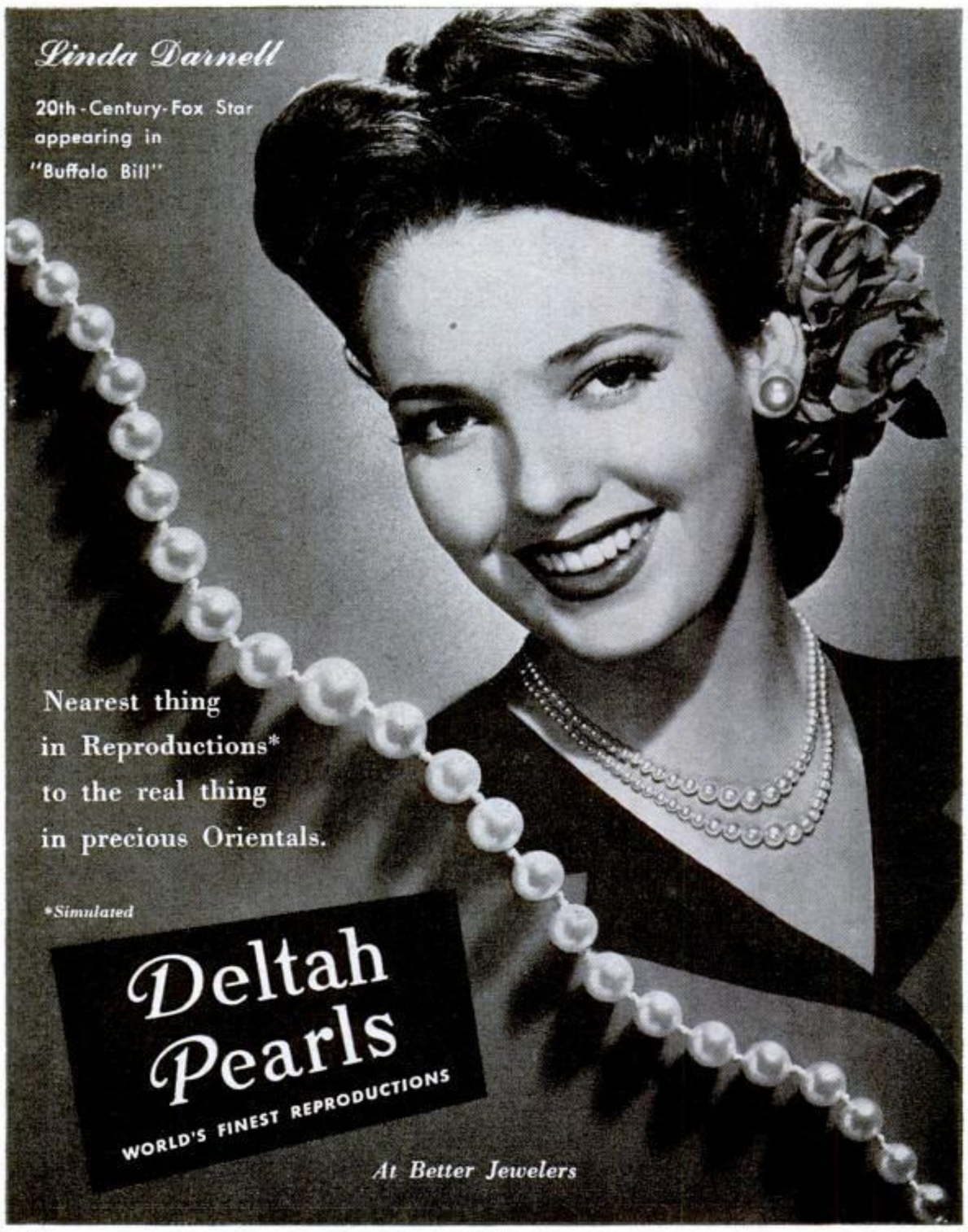
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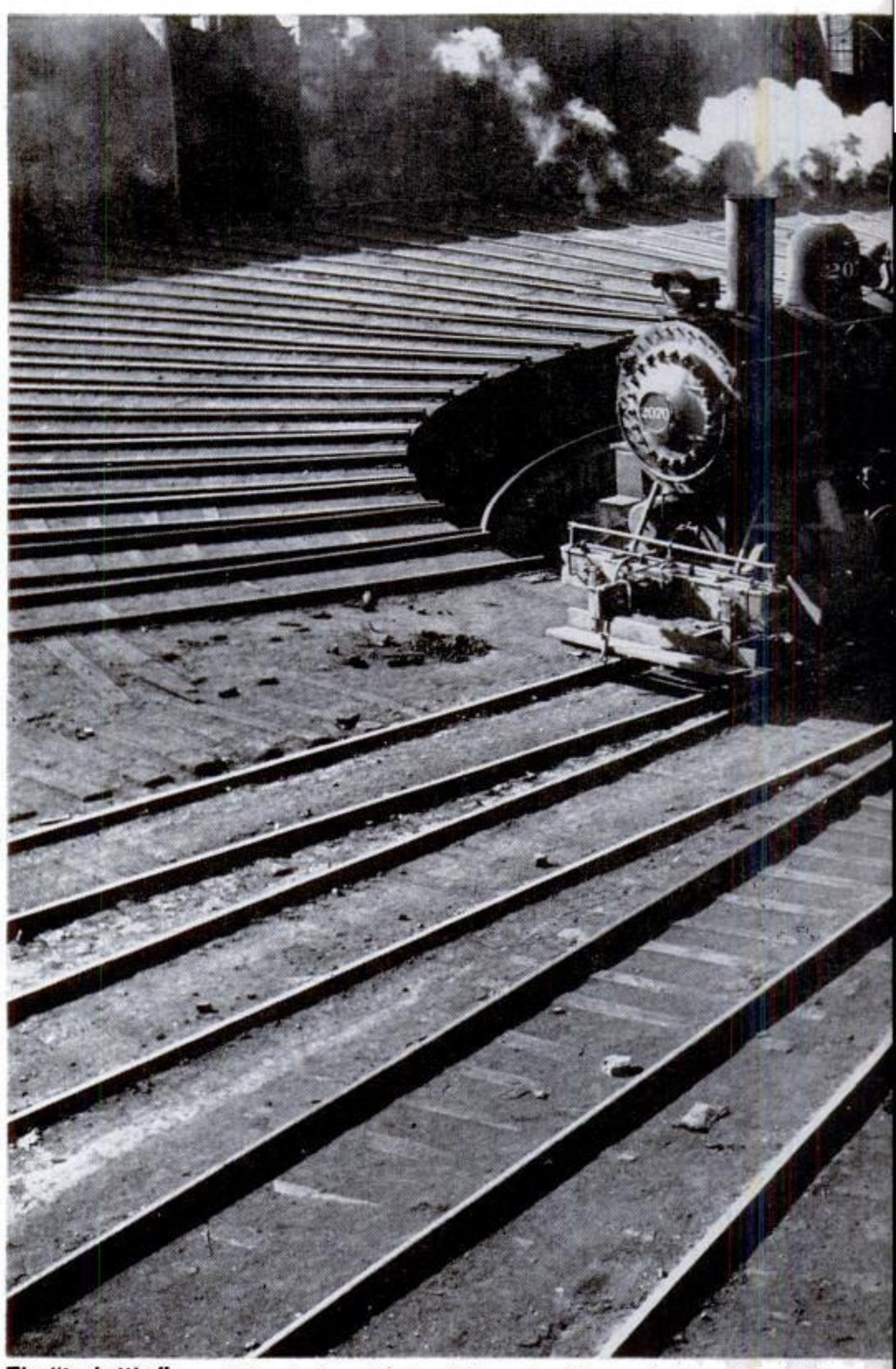
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Proviso Yard (continued)

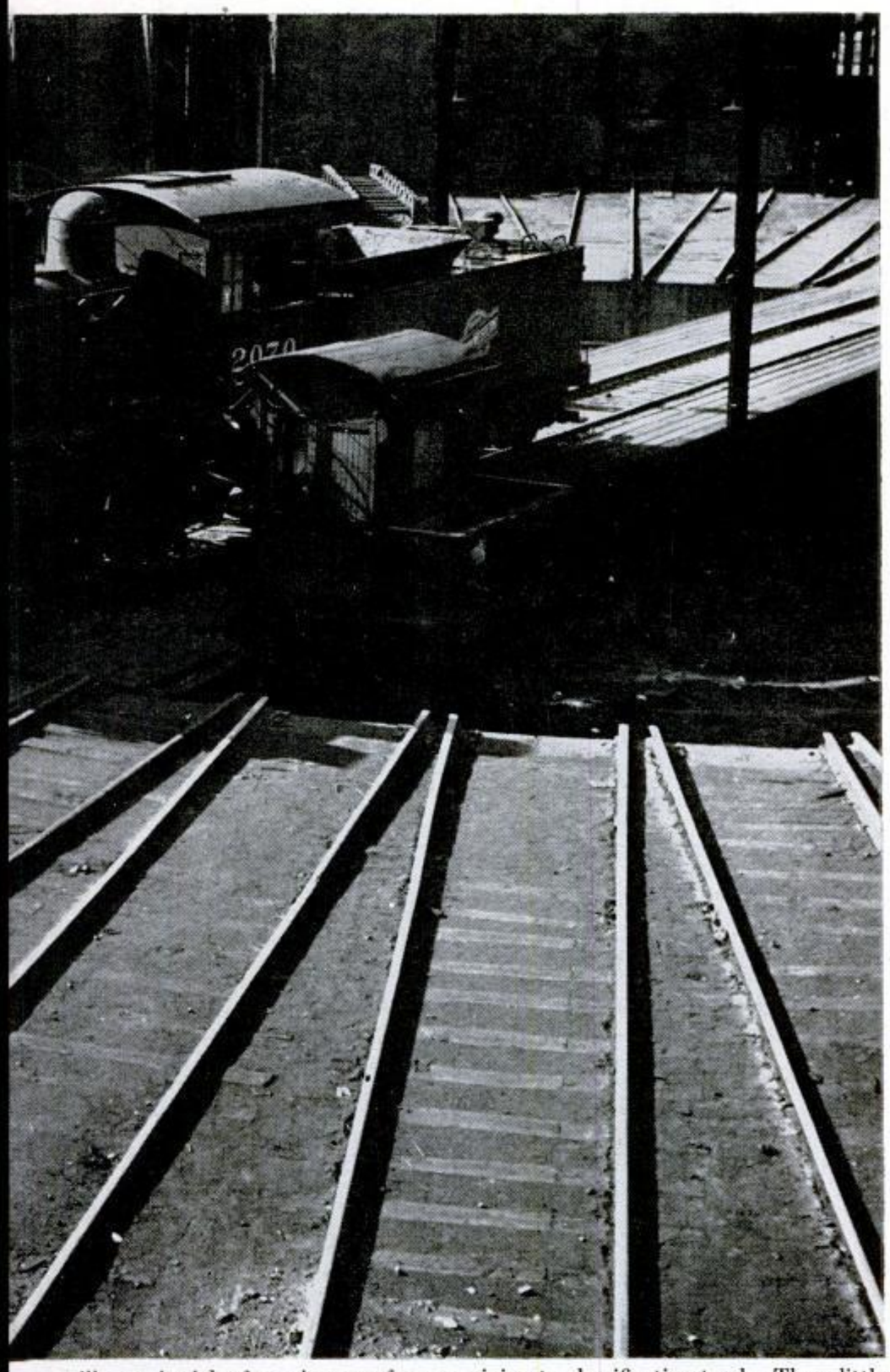


The "teakettle," one of Proviso's smallest switch engines, leaves the turntable inside the roundhouse to start off on its day's work. After picking up the five-man crew, it



Switchman Louis Pearson rides footboards on tender behind switch engine. It is his job to throw switches and to direct the engineer (*see opposite page*) by hand signals.

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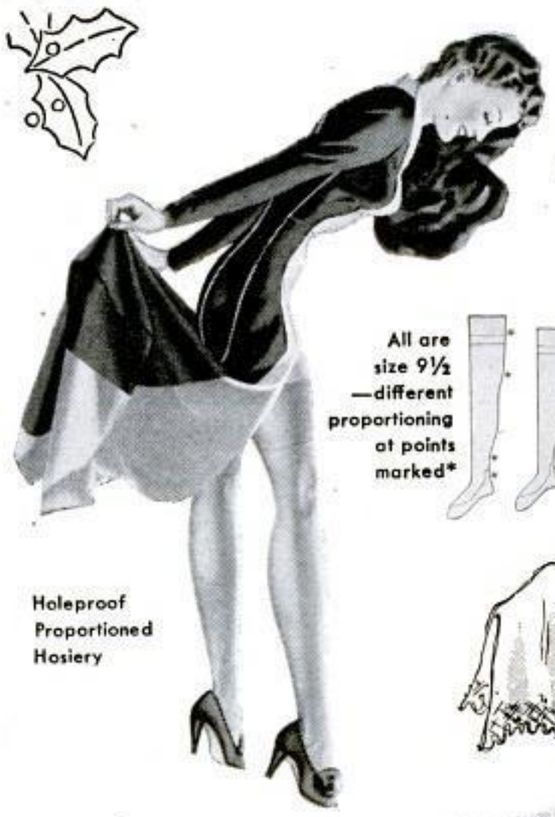


will start its job of moving cars from receiving to classification tracks. These little engines are used only for flat switching and can pull only about 15 cars at a time.



Engineer leans out of his cab to watch the switchman's signals. Yard engineers and switchmen consider themselves artists because they do such intricate maneuvering.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Holeproof Proportioned Hosiery

Add QUALITY INSURANCE TO YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

All are size 9½ —different proportioning at points marked*



Eye-Appealing slips and gowns by Luxite

3 *Groups of Gifts*

STYLED BY HOLEPROOF

Quality Merchandise made by Holeproof Hosiery Co. Milwaukee 1, Wis. (In Canada, London, Ont.)



Fluffy bedjacket of brushed rayon by Luxite



He *can't* have too many socks!

HOLEPROOF

KNITTING 71 YEARS

FINE STOCKINGS • MEN'S SOCKS • AND LUXITE UNDERWEAR

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How my *Kid Brother* *Helped Me Land Jim!*



Tootsie Rolls Co. also makes these other fine food products

TOOTSIE FUDGE
TOOTSIE POPS
TOOTSIE TEMPTEES
TOOTSIE CARAMELS
TOOTSIE V-M*

* Vitamin-Mineral fortifier that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls.

ANY YOUNGSTER CAN TELL YOU THE WAY TO A MAN'S HEART—SERVE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

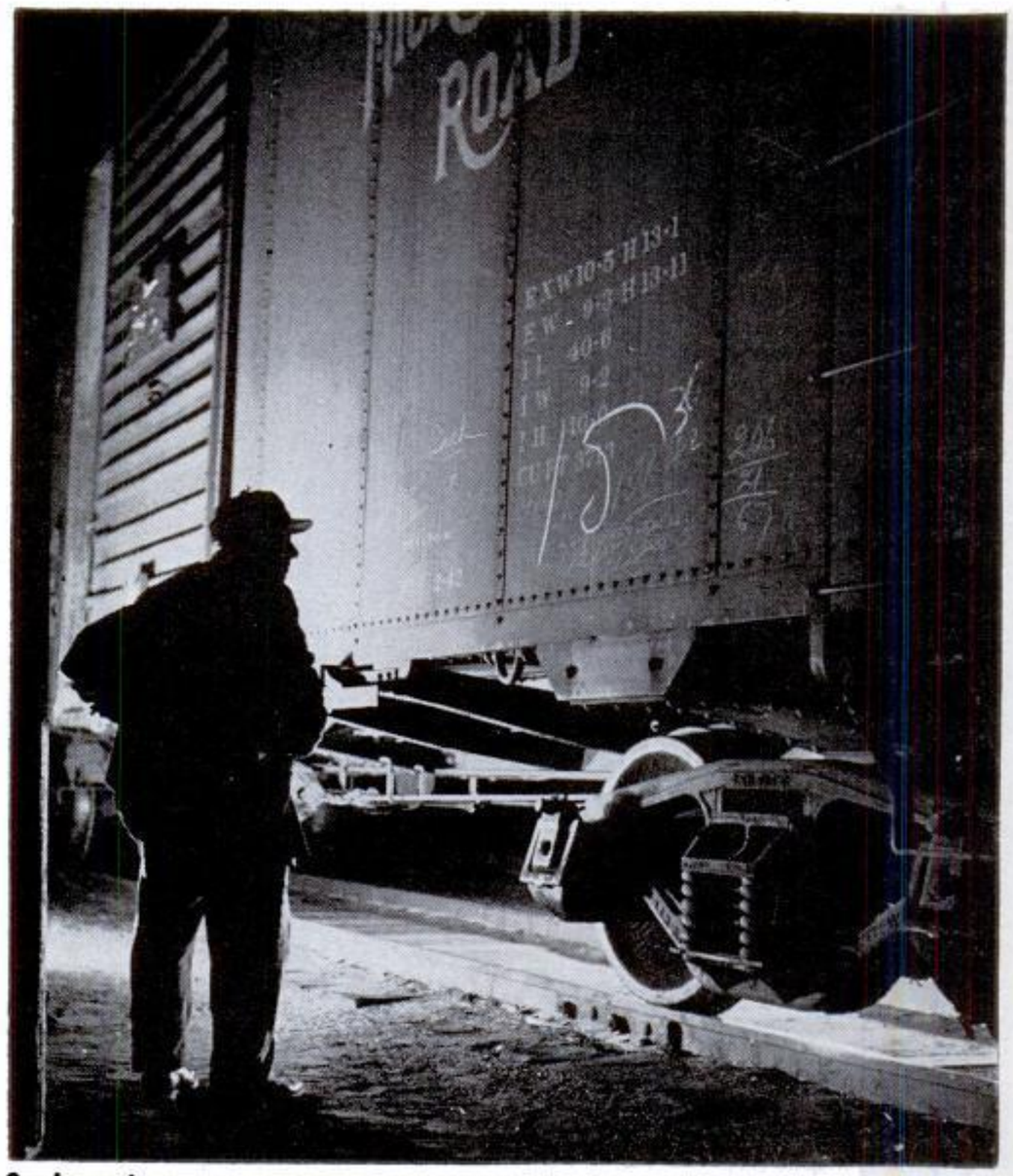
● Kids know their candy! And more smart grown-ups every day are rediscovering this childhood favorite—chewy chocolaty—*downright delicious TOOTSIE ROLLS!*

Men love Tootsie Rolls! Women love Tootsie Rolls. U. S. soldiers eat them by the millions. Try a Tootsie Roll today. See how completely satisfying they taste . . . like Mother's cakes, Grandma's cookies you ate in childhood days!

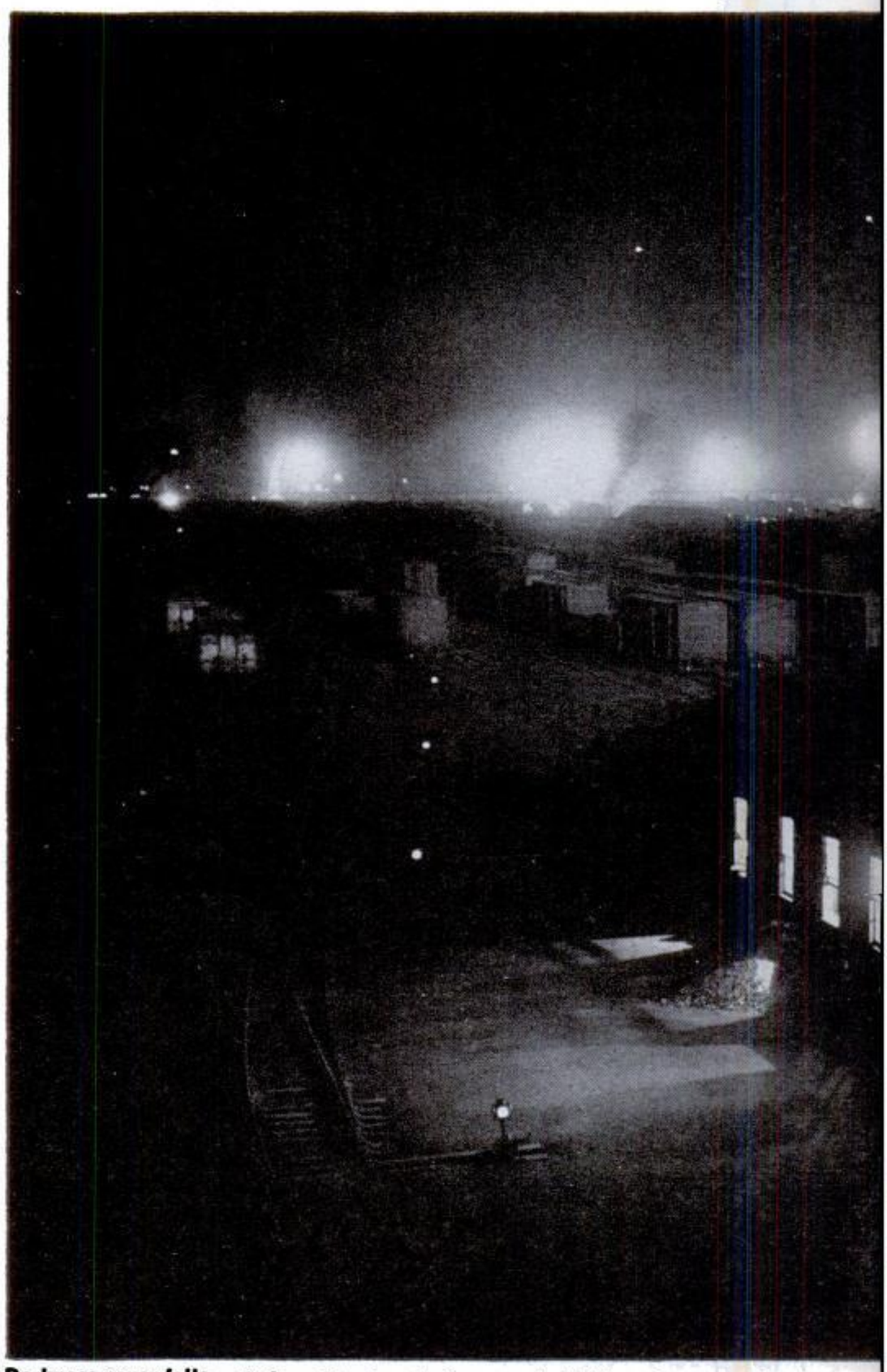


BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

★ *Still only 1¢ and 5¢*

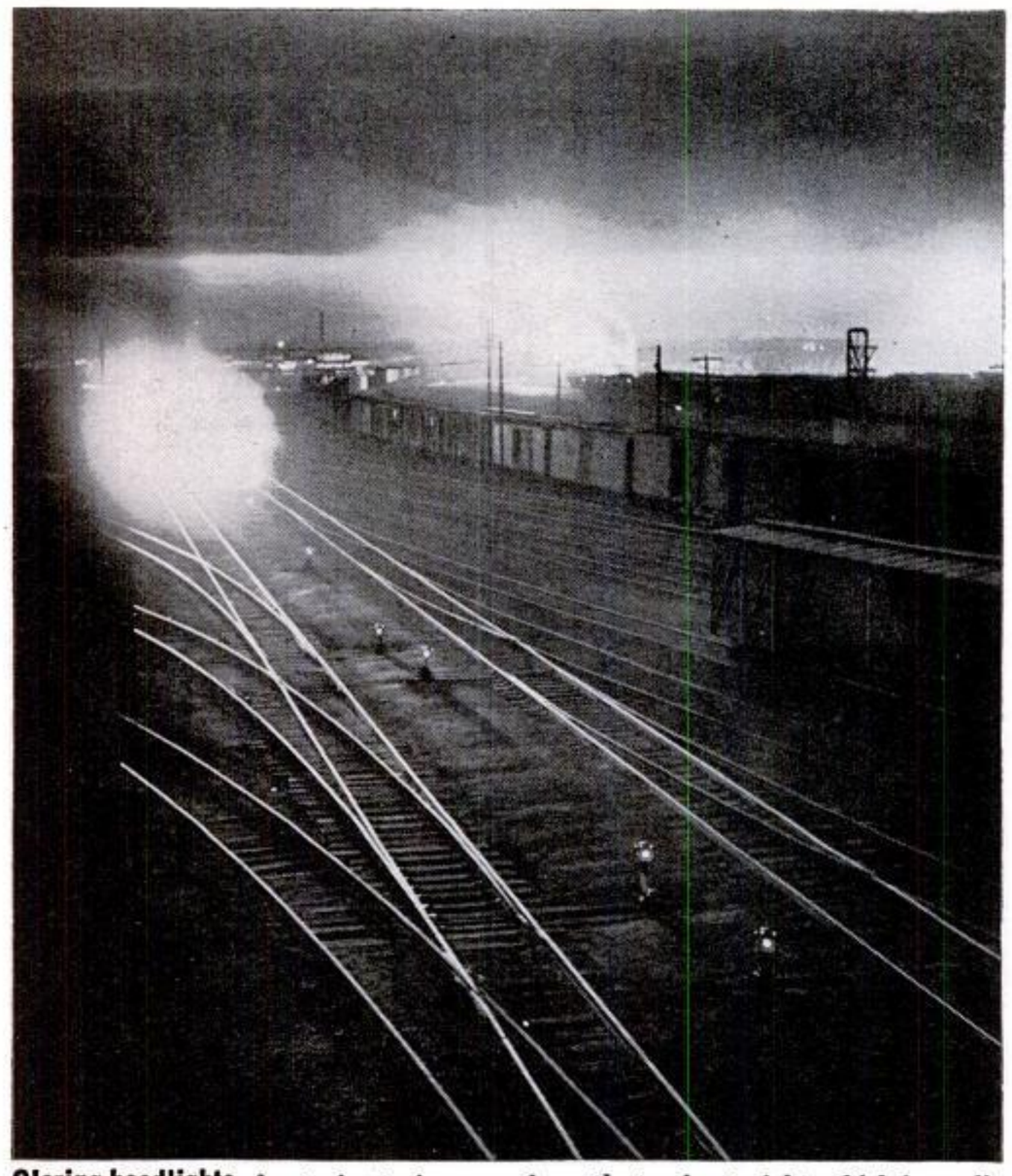


Car inspector beside track on hump has floodlights trained on passing cars to check their wheels, brakes, journal boxes. "Bad order" cars are switched to repair tracks.



Darkness never falls entirely on Proviso. As the sun sets, lights spring up in the windows of small shacklike offices scattered among the tracks, on moving engines and

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Glaring headlights of outgoing train sweep down the tracks at night, which is yard's busiest time. Seventy-five per cent of the freight is scheduled to move out after dusk.



on tall poles with powerful bulbs that throw a glow over yards. Here and there, pinpricks of light move up and down, back and forth, as switchmen swing their lanterns.

Hires
R-J
ROOT BEER
WITH REAL ROOT JUICES

An old-time favorite

for enjoyable tang

•

An all-time favorite

for delicious flavor

THE best-known and most popular products are always in greatest demand. Because of the popular demand for HIRES, and the war restrictions on production, there isn't always enough to go around. We are doing our best to see that your dealer gets a fair share, so you won't miss HIRES too often.



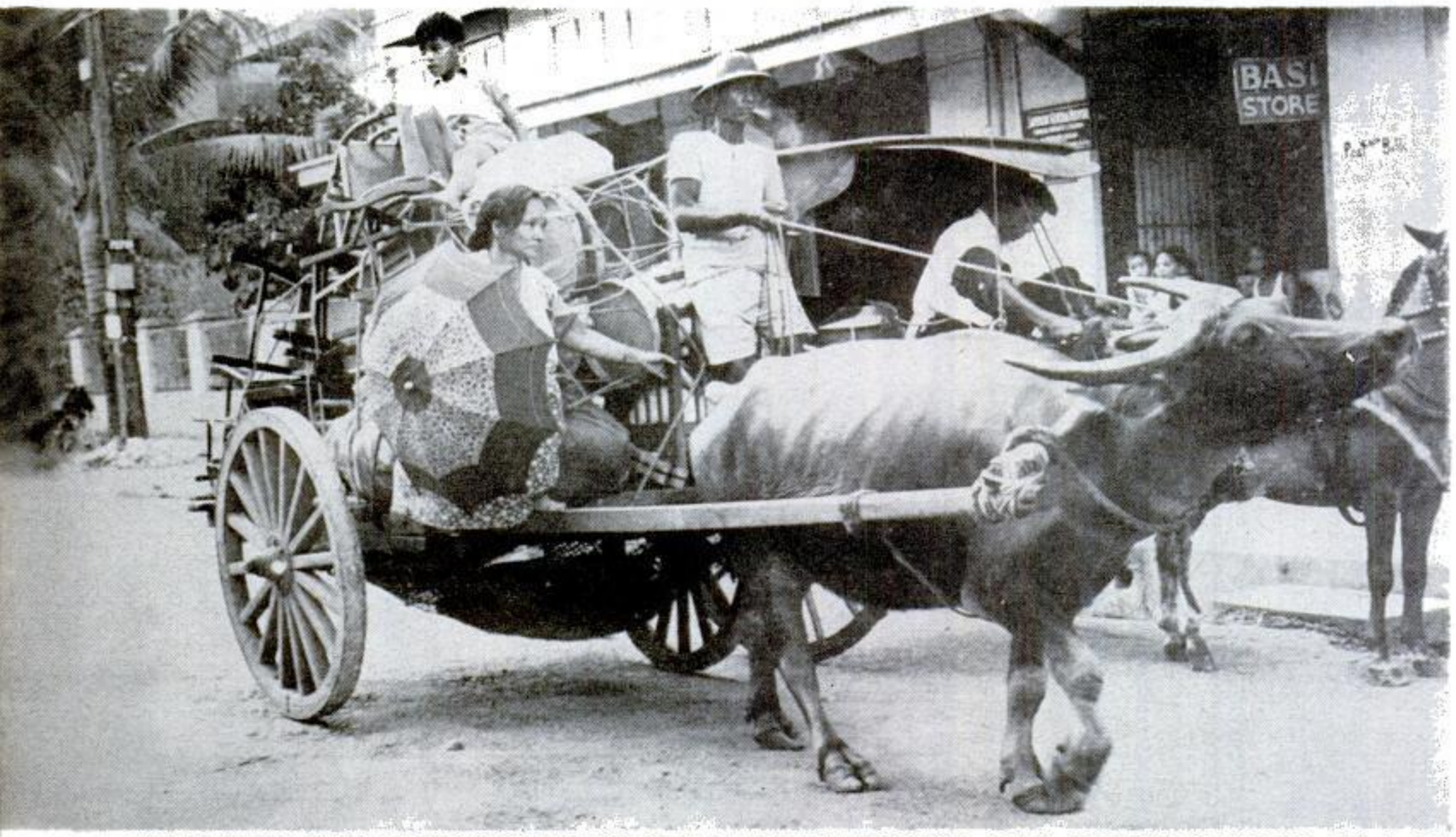
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MEMBERS OF PHILIPPINE CONSTABULARY ROUND UP MANILA'S MANY JAPANESE NATIONALS ON FIRST DAY OF THE WAR



A NEWSPAPER BUILDING WITHIN MANILA'S WALLED CITY



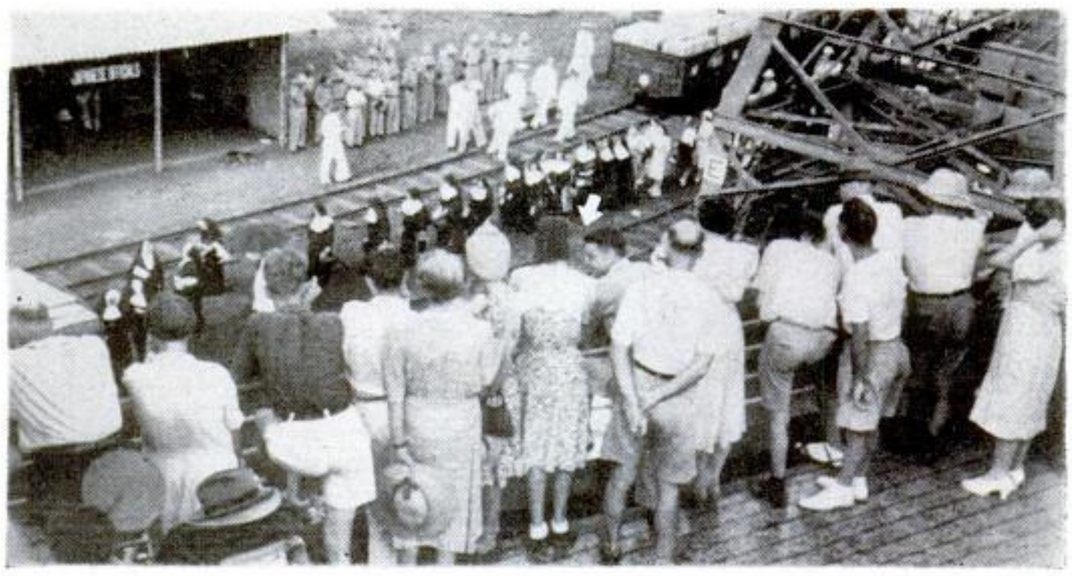
THE FAMILIAR SCENE OF REFUGEES FLEEING WITH ALL THEIR HOUSEHOLD GOODS RECURRED AT MANILA DEC. 8, 1941



THE MYERS BUILDING, ONE OF MANILA'S MOST MODERN,

"TOMORROW WE WILL BE FREE"

After 21 months as prisoners of the Japanese, LIFE's photo-reporter team comes home to America



Exchange point for Americans and Japanese was Portuguese port of Mormugao off India's west coast. The picture above was taken from the *Gripsholm*, shows the Mydanses (*arrow*) watching as repatriate nuns file aboard.

by CARL and SHELLEY MYDANS

For 21 months we have been prisoners of the Japanese. Here in the neutral harbor of Mormugao, as we line the rail of the *Teia Maru* and stare across at the repatriation ship *Gripsholm*, we are still prisoners. But tomorrow we are going home.

We have been aboard the *Teia Maru* for three weeks. We have been well-treated, because the Japanese want their own nationals who came from America on the *Gripsholm* to be treated well; and we know that barring acts of God we will be free in a few hours. Yet we still instinctively fear to approach a Japanese. We still glance over our shoulders when we talk, and this cable is being written on toilet paper in a hidden corner of the ship.

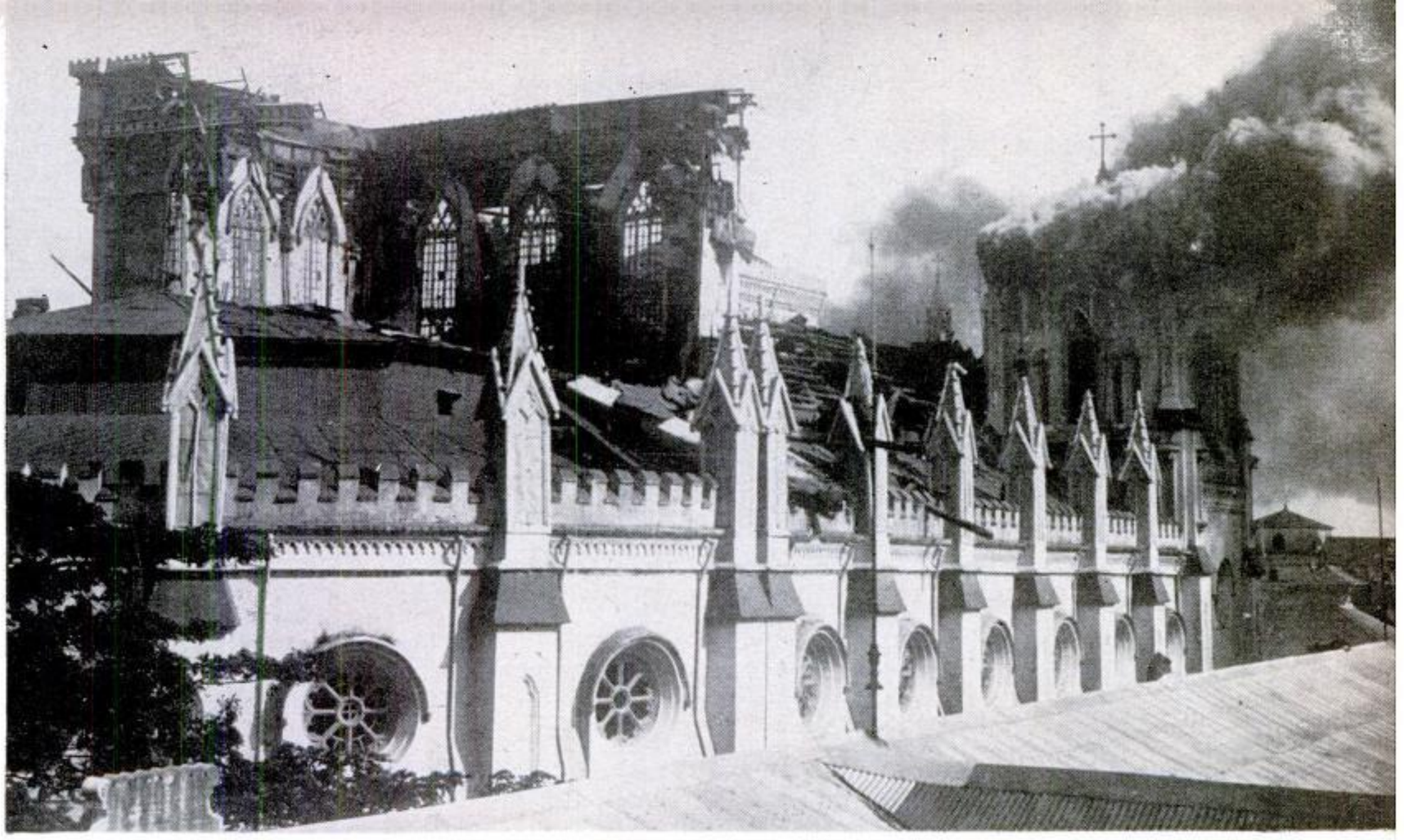
Yet we have not been military prisoners—simply civilian internees, with many more liberties and comforts than captured soldiers have. We fear the Japanese because for a long time we have lived inside their network of conquests, seeing their methods, learning to understand at firsthand their subtle and brutal minds.

We saw our first Japs the day after New Year's, 1942. Manila, evacuated by all U. S. armed forces, lay ringed by fire waiting for the conquerors. From the

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SENDS UP BILLOWING SMOKE AFTER JAP BOMBS STRUCK



THE JAPS BOMBED INDISCRIMINATELY, DESTROYED MANY PUBLIC BUILDINGS INCLUDING THIS FINE OLD CATHEDRAL



WAS WRECKED BY BOMBS AND FIRE ON CHRISTMAS EVE



UNIVERSITY OF SANTO TOMÁS WAS TURNED INTO AN INTERNMENT CAMP. HERE THE MYDANSES LIVED FIVE MONTHS

top of the Bay View Hotel we saw the work of our demolition squads, who were racing for Bataan. Black smoke from oil fires rose around us. The river was ablaze and the Bay, dotted with the husks of sunken ships, was scummed with thick oil. As the smoke condensed in the thunder clouds above us, it rained black rain. Except for the sound of the demolition charges and the roar of the flames, the city was oppressively silent. The worst had been rumored about the occupying forces, and the worst was expected. Now, with nerves frayed, the citizens waited.

At dusk on Jan. 2, the Japanese advance forces entered the city. Their vanguard moved warily up Dewey Boulevard, a column of tiny, single-cylinder motor bikes that coughed and sputtered. The little men on them with their tropical uniforms and Rising Sun flags looked like dolls. We were amused and then ashamed.

Slowly, these miniature soldiers embraced the city and permeated it. With a minimum of direct contact and in good order, they separated us from the Filipinos interned with us, confiscated our property and businesses, then moved on toward Bataan, leaving Manila a breadless, inert city.

In the three days following, nearly 3,500 Americans were hauled to the campus of the University of Santo Tomás and housed in two large buildings. No provision was made for our feeding, water supply, sewerage and garbage disposal, or medical care. The only food we had for a week was that thrown over the fence by Filipino friends. As the Jap commandant observed in high humor, we were being fed like "a pack of monkeys in the zoo."

It was not until six months later that the Japanese began to provide and pay for our food. Meantime, under the suspicious but tolerant eye of the commandant, we organized our camp routines, bought our own food with our own funds, and had it cooked by our own members. In time we created a small, efficient city. The Japs looked on with interest; and typically, they copied our methods and applied them to camps formed later in Shanghai, North China and elsewhere.

We saw some of these camps during the course of our captivity and heard of others, and the pattern that emerges is fairly uniform. There is not much outright brutality. A new guard in our Shanghai camp who slapped the face of a young American because he failed to bow was so publicly humiliated by his captain for the act that he later attempted hara-kiri. The real torture we suffered from the Japs was mental, and it was the result of poor planning rather than intentional cruelty. We had promises of better food, better hospital facilities, more living space and possible repatriation, and as the delays mounted and our frustrations grew we finally realized that Jap administration suffers from simple incompetence. The civil organization is as slipshod as the military organization is efficient; which is one reason why the Japanese will never be able to make a going concern of their vast and complex conquered territories.

No affection allowed

It was this mental unease that made us lose weight—the average loss was 15 pounds—because the food itself was adequate. Indeed, everything was adequate in the sense that it was enough to keep us alive and even theoretically in good health. We had beds to sleep on; but there were 30-odd men or women in each room, typically the size of a high-school classroom. There were sanitary facilities; but one always had to stand in line to use them. In one camp there were three showers and four toilets for 450 women, and in another there were only seven showers for 1,100 men. Husbands and wives were permitted to see each other. But "displays of affection," such as hand-holding, were not allowed on grounds that they "might corrupt the young Japanese guards." In Santo Tomás pregnancy is punished by 90 days in the camp jail for the father.

The Japs' solicitude for the moral feelings of their guards is unwarranted in more ways than one since, as a matter of fact, they see very little of the

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prisoners. Whatever business we had to take up with our jailers was handled through an internee committee which dealt directly with the commandant. Occasionally, of course, we were inspected, counted and ordered about, and we came to know our captors well enough to refer to them (among ourselves) by such informal names as Hooknose, Gold Tooth and The Man From the Trees. We will never forget the time at Santo Tomás when a guard wandered into the dormitory one night to find a group of men on hands and knees examining a smuggled map. For a moment there was a dreadful silence. Then the guard suddenly squatted, put a stubby finger on San Francisco. "Boom!" he cried, "Chicago, Boom! New York, Boom!" An internee reached over to Tokyo and murmured, "Boom Boom." The guard jumped up furiously, scraping his heavy boots and pointing to the corner. "You," he barked, "go bed!"

That is a famous story among the Santo Tomás prisoners; it is one of the few funny ones we can tell about our jailers. Generally we looked upon them with a nervous foreboding that made the few small glimmers of humor seem hilarious simply because they relieved the tension. We knew that at any hour of the day or night any of us might be taken, without warning, for questioning to Manila's Fort Santiago, Shanghai's Bridgehouse, Hong Kong's Stanley prison—places of such reputation that we spoke of them even among ourselves reluctantly, in whispers.

In this atmosphere of constant, oozing fear and unrelieved physical discomfort, minds as well as bodies deteriorate. We found ourselves losing the power to think logically, to keep perspective and to remember who we really were and the lives we used to lead. With no purpose and no future, we were sometimes overcome with a feeling of futility. Internees stood in line for hours without grumbling. One often heard the old laconical prison remark, "I'm not going anyplace."

Santo Tomás to Shanghai

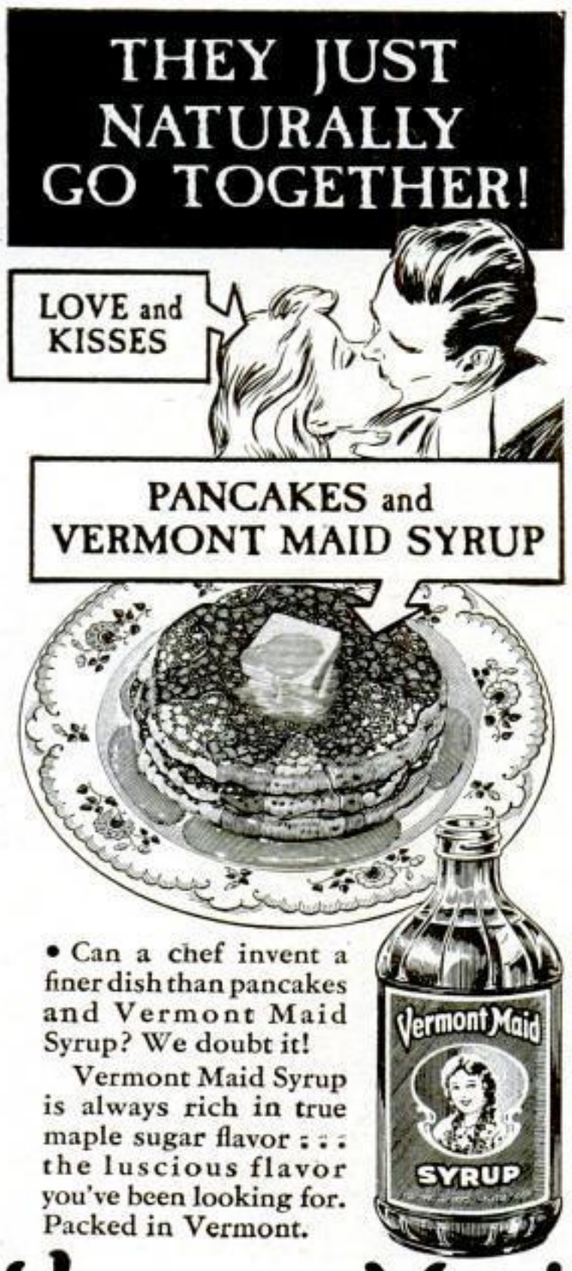
As it happened, a few of us were to go someplace. Suddenly, in September 1942, the commandant announced that a boat was leaving Manila for Shanghai and that 125 of the Santo Tomás internees would be allowed to shift to the greater freedom of the Shanghai foreign settlement. It would be a risky trip, for American submarines had been active in the waters en route and, moreover, eight months of internment had weakened many of us so much that a rough voyage on an open deck might be fatal. Consequently, despite the greater chance for repatriation we would have from Shanghai, there was trouble in filling the quota. We finally left Santo Tomás on Sept. 12 and embarked on a 2,500-ton freighter, *Maya Maru*, which had been converted into a rough facsimile of a troop transport. It was one of four small ships which formed a convoy guarded by a single destroyer.

It was a fantastic and also an illuminating trip. The deck was a mass of gear, cargo, humans and animals. We competed for space with 60 Hindus, many of them women with babies on their laps; with 20 Formosan prostitutes who had completed their work with the army of occupation and were returning home for a rest; with 200 captured U. S. Army horses and mules; four U. S. Army staff cars; odds and ends of other campaign loot; three American officers; and about a thousand Japanese officers and men. Besides our contingent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



In Italy in 1940 Mydans photographed empty bravura of a third-rate nation pumped up by Fascist wind to look first-rate. The scene was at Victor Emmanuel II monument.



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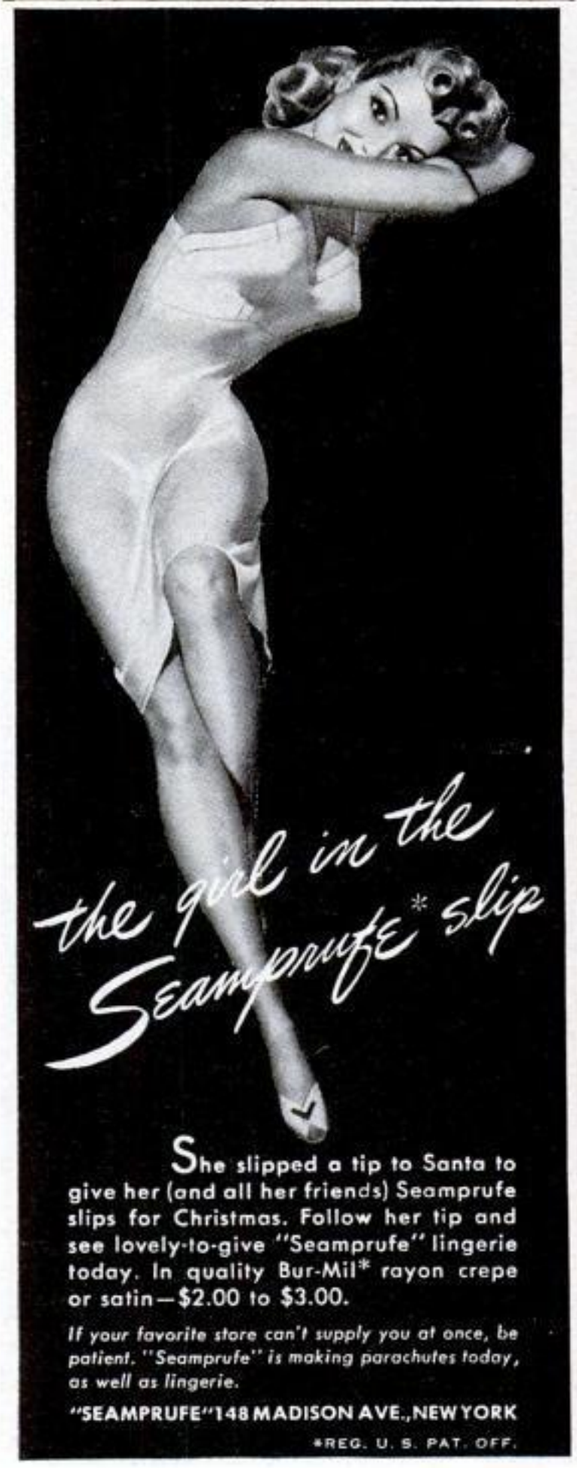
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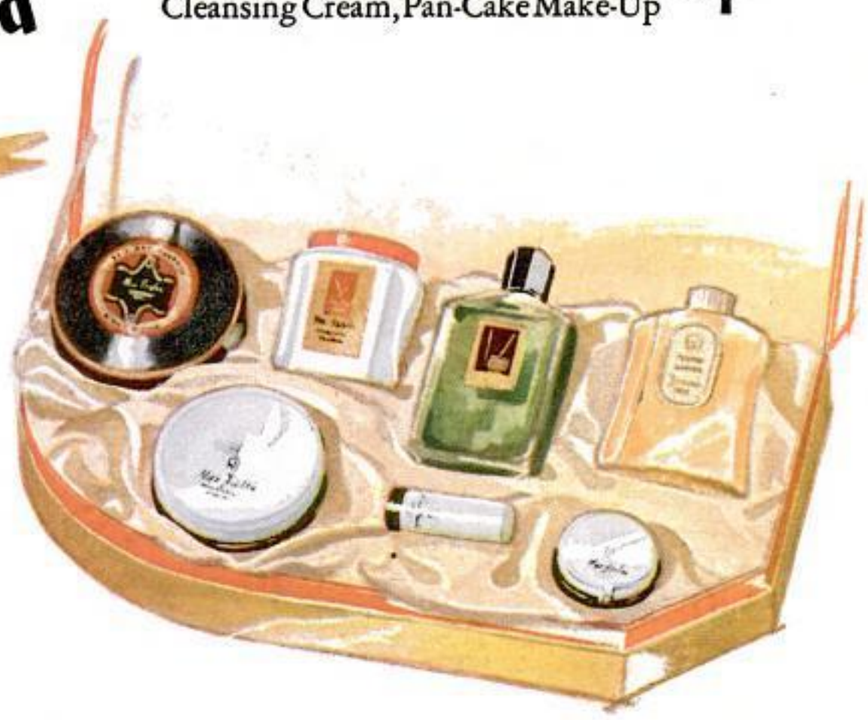
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from Santo Tomás, about half English and half American, there were 20 neutrals of various nationalities who squeezed themselves in and shared alike with us.

As this absurd and top-heavy ark moved to sea, I wondered how, granting that we could all squeeze out a few feet to sleep in, the Japs expected to get us fed. It was simple. Food for the whole 1,200 was prepared in three big steam kettles in the waist of the ship. The meals were three times daily, simple and substantial. Groups of 15 shared a bucket of rice and a tray of fish, salt, plums, pickles, spiced seaweed and other Japanese foods, which preserve well and take up little space. All the work was done by two cooks and a boy—and the whole ship was served in three quarters of an hour.

It was a perfect example of how the Japanese can move large bodies of men on small ships with a minimum of effort. This was the way the invasion forces came to the Philippines, and it is the way the Japs are moving troops and supplies throughout the Pacific. It indicates what our submarines must do in order to cripple Japan's overwater communications, for the Japs can do much with less than seems possible.

Despite the crowding, we were fairly comfortable on the bulging *Maya Maru*. We shared the Jap soldiers' food and facilities: we got our allotment of Army cigarets, and when the troops were given beer, we were too. We were herded below decks only during lifeboat drill and again when we approached the highly fortified Formosan port of Takao. The second time, when we were allowed to come back up, we were inside a snug harbor surrounded by hills and rimmed with modern docks and warehouses. The harbor was crowded with troop transports forming into a big convoy; and across from us, lying high and distinctive and now loading Japanese troops, was the captured S.S. *President Harrison*.

At Formosa we left the convoy. Protected only by a dummy wooden gun on the top deck and wearing our life belts constantly, we zigzagged our way to the China mainland. Then, for nine days, we hugged the coast until we arrived at Shanghai.

Internment again

It was a strange place. For their own purposes, the Japs had allowed the International Settlement to keep an appearance of extraterritoriality. It was filled with every nationality and race, mixed like vegetables in a stew, and even the nationals of countries at war with Japan were given liberty of movement within the confines of the pot. Immediately after our arrival, however, the first of a growing series of restrictions was applied. Enemy nationals were ordered to wear red armbands and public places were closed to them. Their homes were raided by the enemy alien property bureau and stickers were pasted on the furniture to earmark it for later confiscation. Soon after, without warning, the Japanese police broke into the homes of the Americans, British, Dutch and Greeks, routed them out of bed and carried 360 of them off to the Marine barracks where they were interned as political prisoners. From them on it was a series of raids and seizures, until by last March all the 8,000-odd enemy nationals in the Shanghai area had been interned.

Again, however, as we had noticed before and were to again, the Japs showed no special animosity toward their enemies. One white face seemed to look very like another to them. French nationals were advised to move to Indo-China, and the 20,000 mixed refugees who had found shelter from Nazism in Shanghai were dumped into the Ghetto and the Hongkew area. It was not a case of national but of race hatred—of "Asia for the Asiatics."

In Manila, Shanghai and elsewhere along the route of our long journey home, we had a chance to see how the Asiatics themselves have reacted to this slogan. On the whole it seems to have no magic for them. In the hot, primitive territories, where the people are docile, they have docilely adapted themselves to the change in masters. The rubber strippers of Malaya, the day laborers of Java and Sumatra, the ignorant peasants of Burma plod along with few convictions pro or anti Jap or Briton. The one notable exception is the Filipino. From high officials to sleepy villagers, they are in concert in a policy of noncooperation and an attitude of sullen hatred. As the Japs themselves put it: "Filipino very little use to us. He has been spoiled by Americans."

In the northerly, more advanced areas of Asia, "coprosperity" has had a mixed but generally cool reception. Sycophants of the Nanking puppet government cater to the Japanese, happy to make money in whatever way they can, ready to turn back to the Chungking government whenever the wind blows the other way. Respectable Chinese businessmen make a show of supporting the new regime, marking time and hoping to survive until the time of liberation. But the great masses—the laborers, white-collar workers and peasants—are

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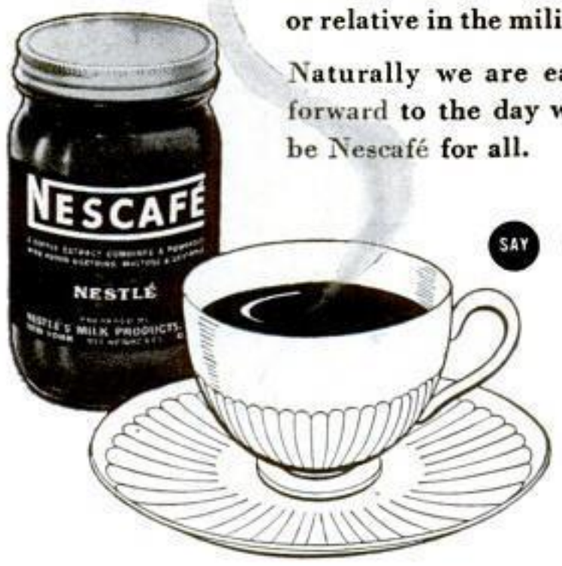
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In Finland in 1940 Mydans photographed a scene then new and shocking, but now familiar all over the world—mother and children huddled in fright as bombers pass.

CARL AND SHELLEY MYDANS (continued)

beginning to show an active, deep-seated hate. Japan's own food situation is critical, but that of the invaded territories is nearly desperate. Under coprosperity the average Chinese, who used to spend 40% of his income for his family's rice, now needs four times his income to maintain his previous low standard of living. The result is almost universal hunger.

There has been no mass uprising—nor is there likely to be—because the Japanese fortify their sweet talk with an efficient system of discipline. It is the typically Oriental method of group responsibility and communal punishment. In China the old Pao-chia system of family neighborhood societies has been perverted into a network of civilian police; in the Philippines a similar organization called the Neighborhood Association has been started. In Shanghai any section of several blocks may suddenly be roped off for days at a time, isolating the residents even from outside food sources while the police search for "terrorists." In Manila the custom is to cut off a section of the city, herd all men from 16 to 60 into any available church or public building and hold them without food or water until they betray any guerrillas who may be among them.

Group punishment is an official policy evolved in Tokyo. But the Japanese mind, having no conception of individual dignity, is peculiarly cruel in dealing out individual discipline. If a Chinese in a local court fails to pay the proper "squeeze" to a Japanese supervisor, he may be placed on a small table for several hours with his hands to his ankles. If a Filipino neglects to bow to a Japanese sentry, he may be bound and stretched out on a sidewalk in the tropical sun until he loses consciousness. If a ricksha boy breaks a traffic rule, he can expect to be slapped or kicked on the shin.

One of the best illustrations of coprosperity was an incident we saw from the deck of the *Teia Maru*. We had anchored down the river from Saigon, Indo-China, and in their normal fashion natives



In China in 1941 he learned meaning of guts from a people who had already been at war with Japan four years. This scene shows a relatively unhurt part of Chungking.

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In France in 1940 he took this memorable picture of panicky civilians clogging the roads just after the fall of Paris. Mydans himself was nearly shot as a fifth columnist.

in tiny sampans had pulled alongside to peddle bananas and pineapples. Suddenly a Japanese naval launch whirled in among the boats. Marines jumped aboard, kicked and beat the natives and dumped the fruit into the river. It was a cruel and senseless display; and although we repatriates were still in enemy hands, we could not resist booing.

Obviously sadism and indignity such as this will have its effect among the conquered people. Yet it is doubtful that the Japanese see any inconsistency in preaching Asiatic brotherhood while behaving like members of a Master Race. The Jap soldier and civilian take obedience and strong personal discipline as a matter of natural course. During our trip to Shanghai aboard the transport a young Formosan recruit threw garbage over the windward side. The officer on duty called him to attention and slapped him across the face. The recruit lost his balance but collected himself, stood at attention again and received another blow on the other jaw. He bowed and was dismissed. Then he wandered off to join his comrades and seemed to take his punishment no more seriously than an American would take a sharp call-down.

A new propaganda

The recent Japanese gift of "independence" to the Burmese and Filipinos, the canceling of the foreign concessions in China and the promise of some sort of political representation to the Malayans have left the people of Greater East Asia unimpressed. Hunger and physical mistreatment are extremely personal and tangible facts, not to be outweighed by slogans and gestures of goodwill. The Japanese political campaign in the conquered areas is failing.

Perhaps the failure is becoming apparent to the Japanese, as the eventual failure of the military policy must be apparent. At any rate, the propaganda line has undergone a radical change. It is wildly inconsistent and evidently uncoordinated. It still produces absurd claims

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In Singapore in 1941 he photographed the "impregnable" defenses such as this coastal gun. Unfortunately, like nearly all the others it was pointed in the wrong direction.

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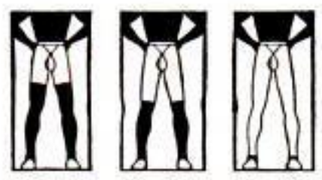
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of American losses and nonexistent Japanese victories. But also, more and more often, it heaves up spasms of candor and gloomy realism. It seems to be preparing the Japanese people for reverses on a wide front.

Six months ago, in the picture drawn by the official propagandists, the American soldier was weak and cowardly. American air raids on Japan were impossible. America's production potential was a joke—"They are ideal fools who think they can win with production." Japan would soon have both India and Australia. And Japan would write the peace "on the White House lawn."

America is tough

Today the Japanese citizen is told that ". . . the degenerate American professional soldiers" in the South and West Pacific have been replaced by "American students who are young and tough. Japanese students are now being sent to meet them." Air raids are coming for certain, and "this time it will not be a dress rehearsal." America is piling up mountains of weapons, and Japan will face a terrible trial "when America couples its great industrialization with moral regeneration." It is the Burmese-Indian volunteer armies now forming in Burma and not the Japanese themselves who will invade India; and Australia is unimportant. According to Aki Yama, a well-known Army spokesman, "It is not necessary to occupy Washington and London now. Our successes will come through the Pacific."

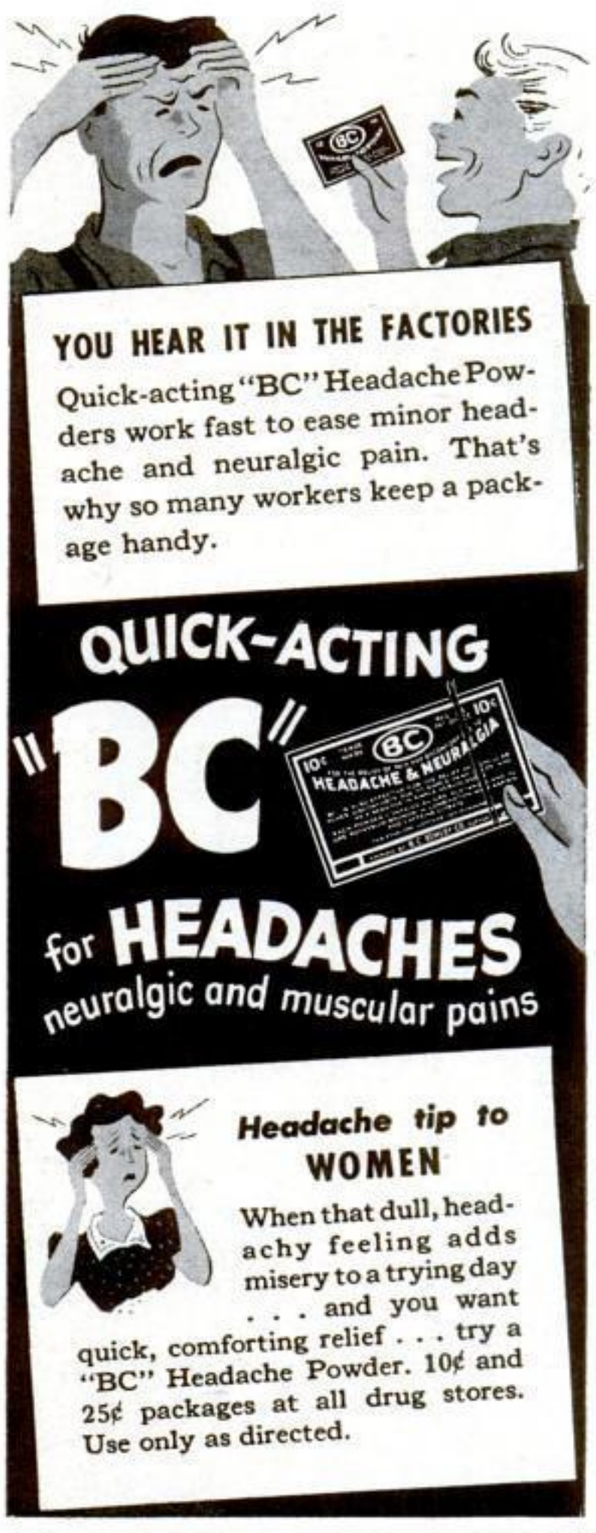
Significantly, also, glorious death is no longer held up as the supreme goal of every Japanese. The last-man stand on Attu was a perfect opportunity to ring changes on this theme and the propagandists used it; but the public was largely apathetic. They were numbed from all the previous eulogies of such glorious dead as Admiral Yamamoto. Today a distinction is beginning to be made between "brave self-sacrifice" and stupid self-sacrifice. The propagandists are groping to create a positive spirit of initiative and action in place of the negative and ingrained Oriental spirit of supreme sacrifice and passive acceptance.

Despite the propagandists' new respect for America's power, they temper their warnings about it with encouraging news of America's internal problems. We who have been away for two years can tell you all about the zoot-suit riots, the coal strikes, the train wrecks and industrial sabotage, the race riots, the black markets, the successes of isolationist Congressmen, the shabby politics, the grumbling under rationing. We suppose that many of these things are true. And we are disturbed. Because whatever signs there may be that Japan is weakening, she is still strong. And however proud we may be when we hear from the Japs' own spokesmen that Japan has "shifted a base" from Guadalcanal and actually "withdrawn" from Kiska, we know that Japan's main fleet and armies have barely been touched, and that the real fight hasn't even begun. We know that whenever an American soldier meets a Japanese, he faces a human animal with the discipline of a feudal serf, a tough, untiring body and an unbeatable spirit—an animal that must be killed to be managed.

We internees know what regimentation and privation mean. We are pretty sure that when people in America complain about them in their own wartime lives, they don't know what they're talking about. They have been at home these past two years. We can't tell you how often and desperately we have dreamed of that—to be home, free, in America. We can't tell you how much it is worth fighting for.



In the Philippines, after Dec. 7, 1941, he saw a proud and effective native army die fighting the Japanese. These troops are stringing barbed wire along Lingayen Beach.

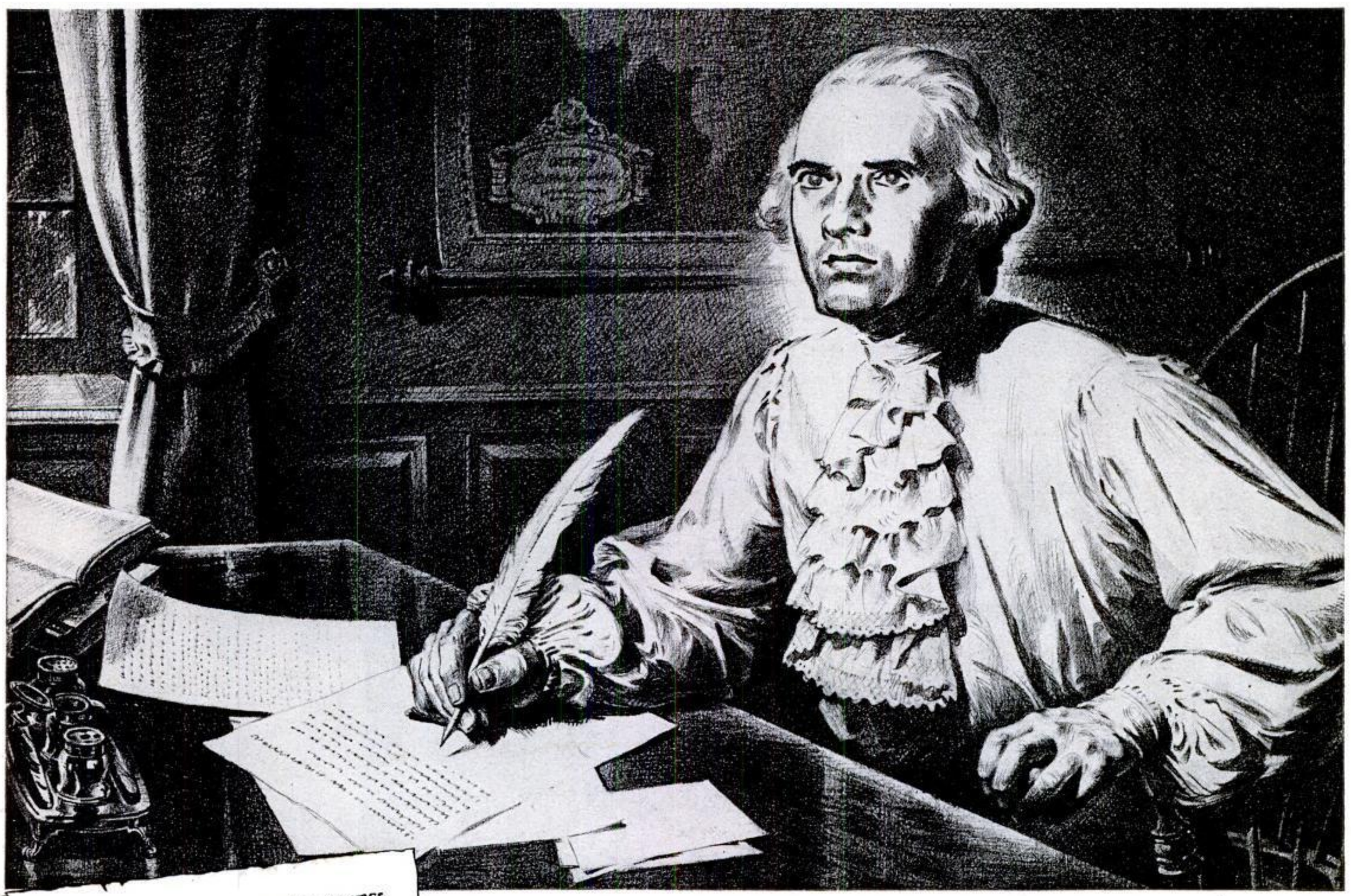








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A Declaration by the Representatives of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, in General Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature & of nature's god entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal & independent, that from that equal creation they derive rights inherent & inalienable, among which are the preservation of life, & liberty, & the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government shall become destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles & organising it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light & transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. but when a long train of abuses & usurpations, [begun at a distinguished period and] pursuing invariably the same object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. the history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries and usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform tenor of the rest, but all have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. to prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world. [for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.]

First draft of the Declaration of Independence

THE PASSION of great purpose...

It was a warm spring night long ago. The young city of Philadelphia slept soundly. But a solitary man in a silent room was wakeful . . . with the white heat in his mind and the passion of a great purpose. His hand trembled often with the urgency of his expression, blunting the quill pens that had come from his own geese at Monticello.

His script held all the high hopes of man since time began, was destined to change history . . . Thomas Jefferson had no doubt of its import as he drafted the first Declaration of Independence.

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NIGHT CLUB



Buck and Bubbles constitute what is probably the most established colored act. Buck plays piano in the style of Earl "Father" Hines. Bubbles does not dance at the Zanzibar as much as his admirers wish he would, but his occasional stepping is a marvel of grace and rhythm. Buck and Bubbles began collaborating when they were both ushering in Louisville theater in 1918.

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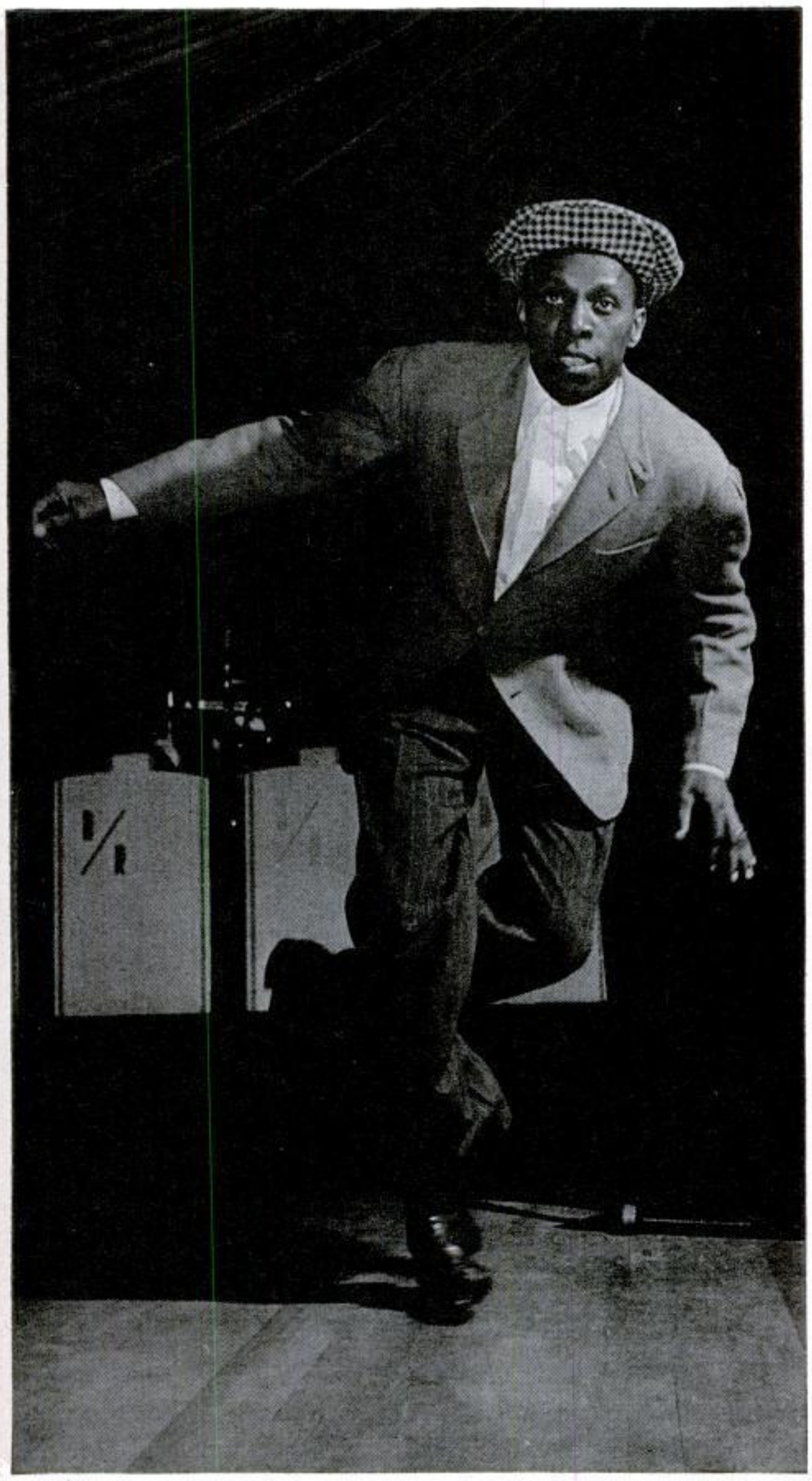
NO. 1 TAP DANCER

Bubbles is the star of Zanzibar's floor show

Currently at the Zanzibar, a big Broadway hot spot featuring a swift black-and-tan revue, is the wonderful vaudeville team of Buck and Bubbles. Buck is a short, squatty man who plays the piano like an angel. Bubbles, his partner, is a tall, lithe man of 40 who is regarded by many of his colleagues as the most exciting tap dancer in the world.

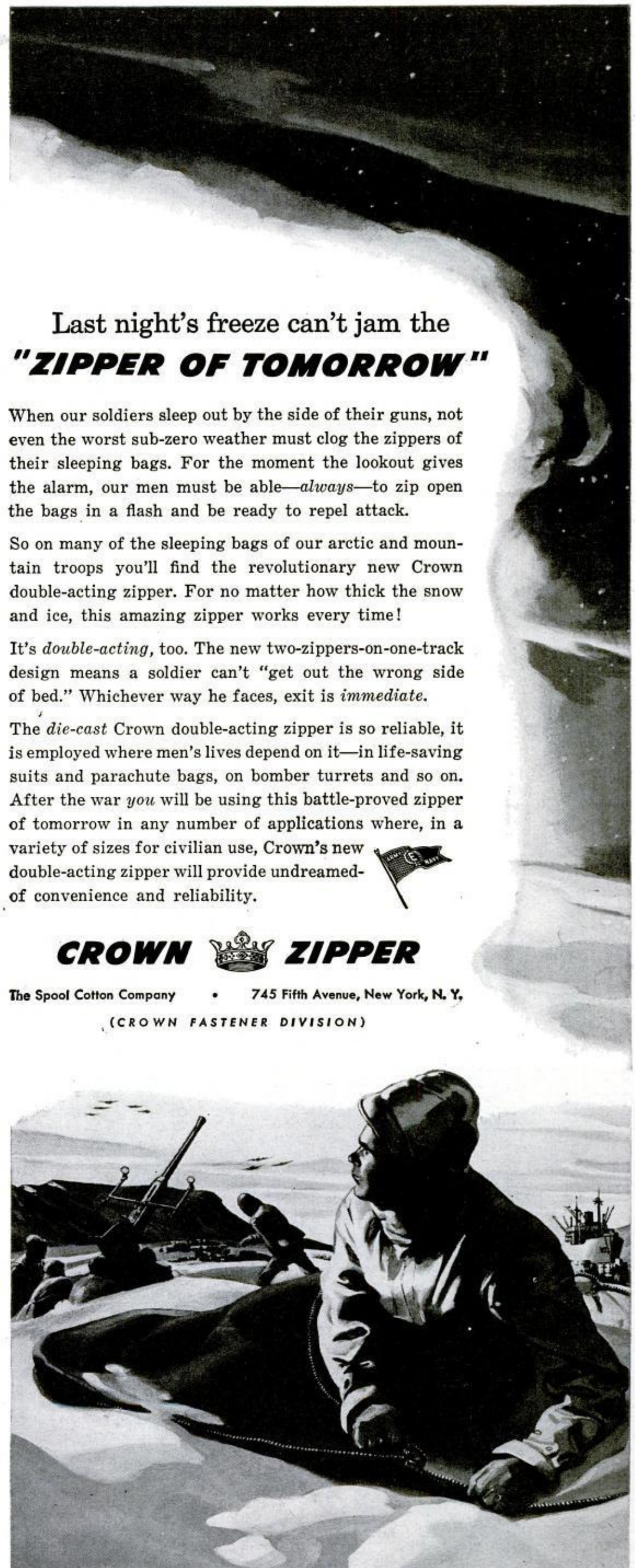
As Sportin' Life in the original *Porgy and Bess*, Bubbles, who was born John W. Sublett, proved that all his brains were not in his nimble feet. His performance in that difficult role was an outstanding bit of acting. At the Zanzibar, however, his primary job is to sing, clown and dance a little. Those who appreciate the beautiful grace and the fantastic rhythm in his feet wish that he would sing and clown a little less, dance a lot more.

On the bill with Buck and Bubbles at the Zanzibar are two other top-rank Negro performers. One is Bill Bailey, who tap-dances better than almost anyone except John W. Sublett. The other is a pianist named Maurice Rocco (*see pp. 118–119*). No great shakes as an ivory thumper and certainly not in a class with Buck, Rocco nevertheless remains a terrific showman. His quaint forte lies in an ability to pound out boogie woogie while standing at the piano. The Zanzibar customers marvel at this peripatetic talent so intensely that they rarely bother to analyze his pianistic deficiencies.



Bubbles is the most rhythmic tap dancer in the world. Much of his act with Buck consists of old-time minstrel-show comedy. They have used the same jokes for years.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Last night's freeze can't jam the

"ZIPPER OF TOMORROW"

When our soldiers sleep out by the side of their guns, not even the worst sub-zero weather must clog the zippers of their sleeping bags. For the moment the lookout gives the alarm, our men must be able—*always*—to zip open the bags in a flash and be ready to repel attack.

So on many of the sleeping bags of our arctic and mountain troops you'll find the revolutionary new Crown double-acting zipper. For no matter how thick the snow and ice, this amazing zipper works every time!

It's *double-acting*, too. The new two-zippers-on-one-track design means a soldier can't "get out the wrong side of bed." Whichever way he faces, exit is *immediate*.

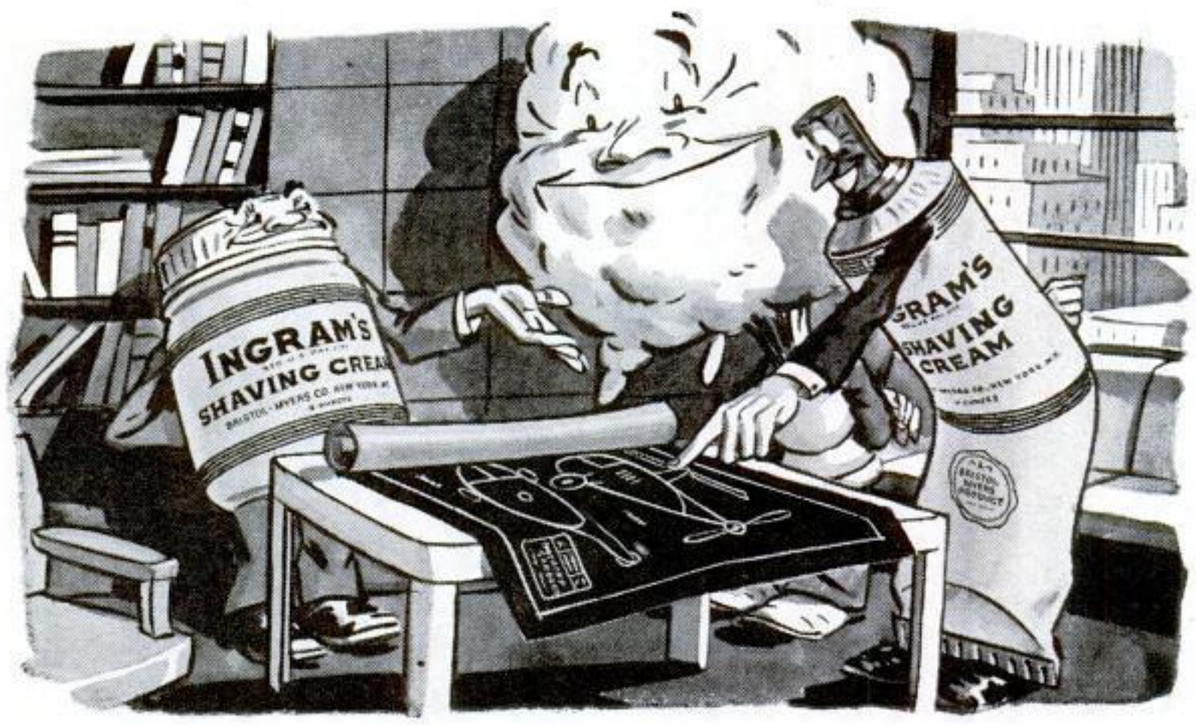
The *die-cast* Crown double-acting zipper is so reliable, it is employed where men's lives depend on it—in life-saving suits and parachute bags, on bomber turrets and so on. After the war *you* will be using this battle-proved zipper of tomorrow in any number of applications where, in a variety of sizes for civilian use, Crown's new double-acting zipper will provide undreamed-of convenience and reliability.

CROWN ZIPPER

The Spool Cotton Company • 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

(CROWN FASTENER DIVISION)

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cool shaves

BLUEPRINT FOR SATISFACTION

DRAW your own plan for cool, smooth, comfortable shaves—with Ingram's! For Ingram's velvety lather helps wilt the toughest whiskers—condition your face for shaving—keep your cheek and chin cool, cool, cool. You get a smooth, close shave. And after your Ingram's shave, your face not only *looks* clean and fit—but *feels* fit, too!

Product of Bristol-Myers



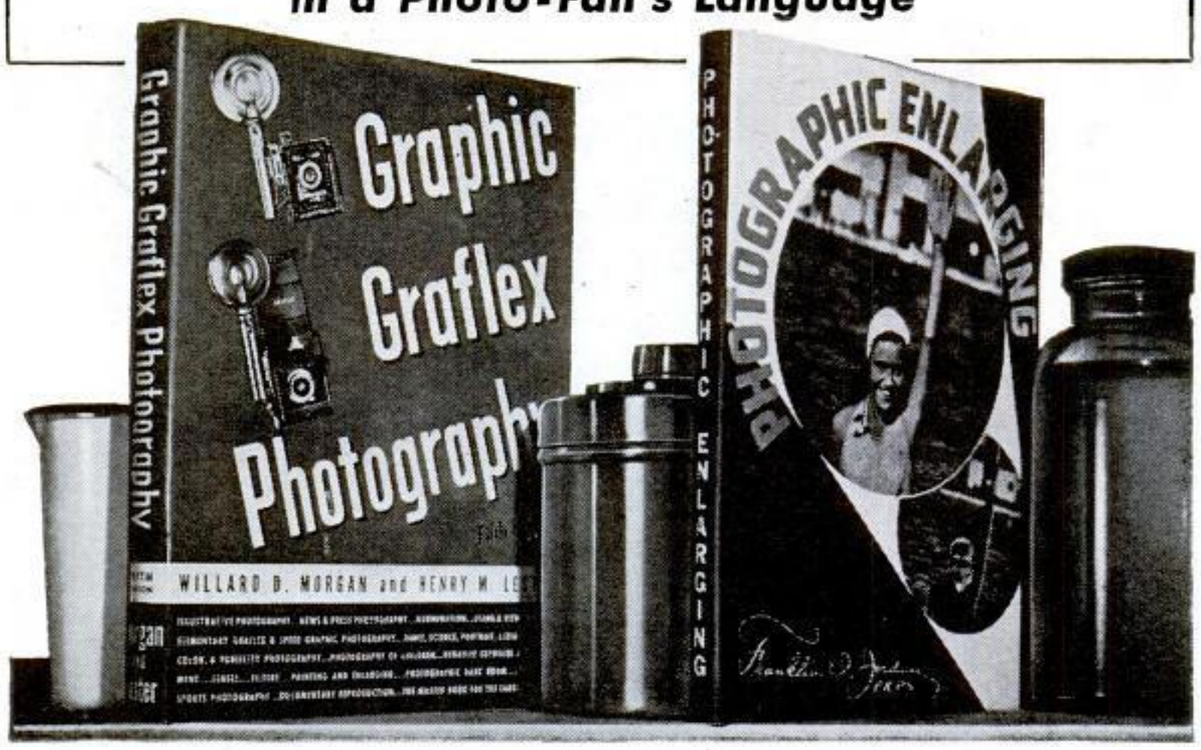
IN JAR OR TUBE

Ingram's

SHAVING CREAM

Gifts That Speak Volumes

In a Photo-Fan's Language



"THE MASTER BOOK OF THE LARGER CAMERA"

The most complete book of its kind ever published. Filled with picture-making ideas, short cuts, technical information. Every important phase of photography covered and illustrated. Every chapter written by an expert in his field. A library in itself!

30 Distinguished Authors . . 440 Pages
650 Illustrations 28 Chapters
Fifth Edition $4.00

"AN ACCEPTED AUTHORITY ON PHOTOGRAPHIC ENLARGING"

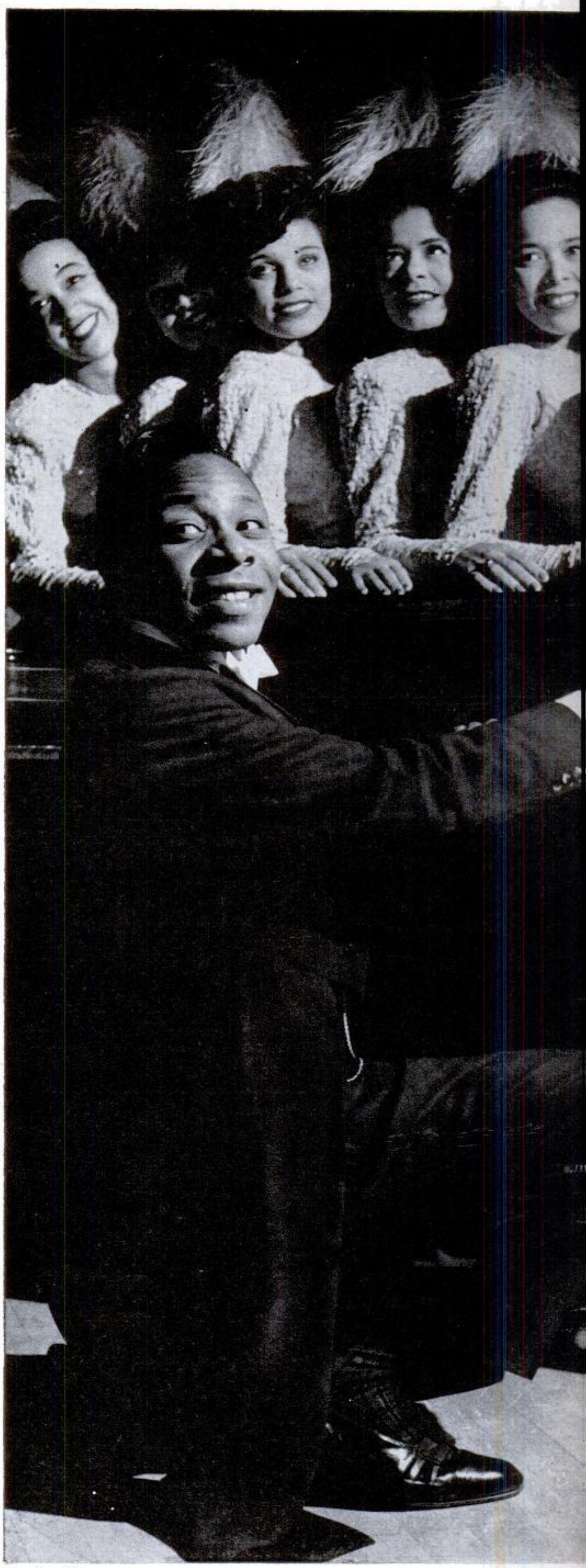
One of the most interesting, authentic and instructive books on enlarging ever written. It tells you how, shows you how—simply, clearly. Illustrated with many fine salon winners.

224 Pages 75 Illustrations
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GRAFLEX *GETS GREAT PICTURES!*

THE FOLMER GRAFLEX CORPORATION, ROCHESTER 8, N. Y., U. S. A.



Maurice Rocco, a boogie woogie pianist, is the most sensational new act to play in any New York night club this season. His enormous appeal lies in a flashing smile and the ability to play the piano from virtually any position except a sitting one. Here he plays while crouched almost on the floor. With him are members of the Zanzibar's line. As an interpreter of boogie woogie, Rocco is surpassed by such artists

Copyrighted material



as Albert Ammons, Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson. None of them, however, possesses his high degree of showmanship. Not since the Cotton Club of the mid-1930's has Manhattan had a hot spot with as good an all-colored revue as the Zanzibar's. With an eye to the postwar-air world, the management is now laying plans to convert the roof of the club into a landing space for the guests who arrive by helicopter.

For a Christmas he won't Forget...



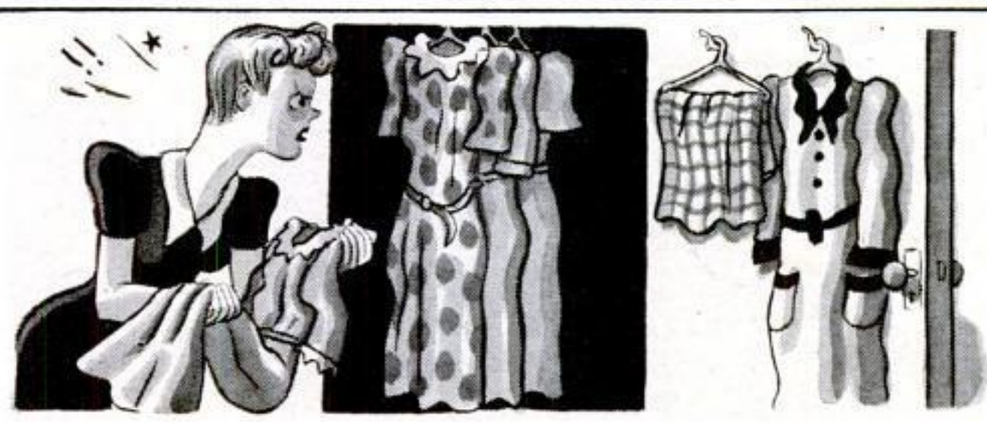
Give him Regal Ties

FOR TWO GENERATIONS
THE FINEST NAME IN NECKWEAR

FOR THE BOYS IN THE SERVICE
YOUR BEST BUY IS A REGAL SERVICE TIE...

At Better Stores

FRANK AND MEYER NECKWEAR CO., Saint Louis • New York



Cleaners late with your dress ?

All your others a mess ?

Mad 'cause now you must press ?



WELL, LAUGH IT OFF WITH

LIPTON'S !



Flavory, fragrant Lipton Tea is more than a swell-tasting drink.

It'll help smooth you down when you're jumpy and jittery—or give you a lift when you're feeling weary!

Lipton Tea tastes so much better! People buy more of it than any other brand!

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Never mind "who done it"—pitch in and help *get* it down!

THIS IS YOUR UNCLE SAM talking—but I'm going to talk to you like a DUTCH uncle, to keep all of us from going broke.

Ever since the Axis hauled off and hit us when we weren't looking, prices have been nudging upwards. Not rising awfully fast, but RISING.

Most folks, having an average share of common sense, know rising prices are BAD for them and BAD for the country. So there's been a lot of finger pointing and hollering for the OTHER FELLOW to do something—QUICK.

The government's been yelled at, too. "DOGGONNIT," folks have said, "WHY doesn't the government keep prices down?"

Well, the government's done a lot. That's what price ceilings and wage controls are for—to keep prices down. Rationing helps, too.

But let me tell you this—we're *never* going to keep prices down just by leaning on the government and yelling for the OTHER FELLOW to mend his ways.

We've ALL got to help—EVERY LAST ONE OF US.

Sit down for a minute and think things over. Why are most people making more money today? It's because of the SAME cussed war that's killing and maiming some of the finest young folks this country ever produced.

So if anyone uses his extra money to buy things he's in no particular need of . . . if he bids against his neighbor for stuff that's hard to get and pushes prices up . . . well, sir, he's a WAR PROFITEER. That's an ugly name—but there's just no other name for it.

Now, if I know Americans, we're not going to do that kind of thing, once we've got our FACTS straight.

All right, then. Here are the seven rules we've got to follow as GOSPEL from now until this war is over. Not some of them—ALL of them. Not some of us—ALL OF US, farmers, businessmen, laborers, white-collar workers!

Buy only what you need. A patch on your pants is a badge of honor these days.

Keep your OWN prices DOWN. Don't ask higher prices—for your own labor, your own services, or goods you sell. Resist all pressure to force YOUR prices up!

Never pay a penny more than the ceiling price for ANYTHING. Don't buy rationed goods without giving up the right amount of coupons.

Pay your taxes willingly, no matter how stiff they get. This war's got to be paid for and *taxes are the cheapest way to do it.*

Pay off your old debts. Don't make any new ones.

Start a savings account and make regular deposits. Buy and keep up life insurance.

Buy War Bonds and hold on to them. Buy them with dimes and dollars it HURTS like blazes to do without.

Start making these sacrifices now—keep them up for the duration—and this country of ours will be sitting pretty after the war . . . *and so will you.*

KEEP PRICES DOWN!

Use it up • Wear it out
Make it do • Or do without

Uncle Sam

This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

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EAR MUFFS CAN NOW BE WORN TO THE OPERA IF MADE OF FUR, LIKE ERMINE EAR MUFFS ABOVE WHICH HAVE A COAT TO MATCH. FUR EAR MUFFS, CUSTOM-MADE, COST $25

EAR MUFFS

Made of fur and other fancy stuff they are now an item of fashion

Five years ago (November 1938) LIFE reported that the utilitarian ear muff was stepping up in the world. From a 10¢ item worn by postmen, policemen and farmers, it jumped to a $1 novelty for skiers, college girls, models. This year the ear muff has reached the top rung of the fashion ladder. Made of ermine (*see cover and above*), ostrich feathers, beaded and embroidered fabrics, the ear muff is now a startling but accepted fashion for dress-up occasions. Made of wool, felt or fur, it takes the place of hats for street wear.

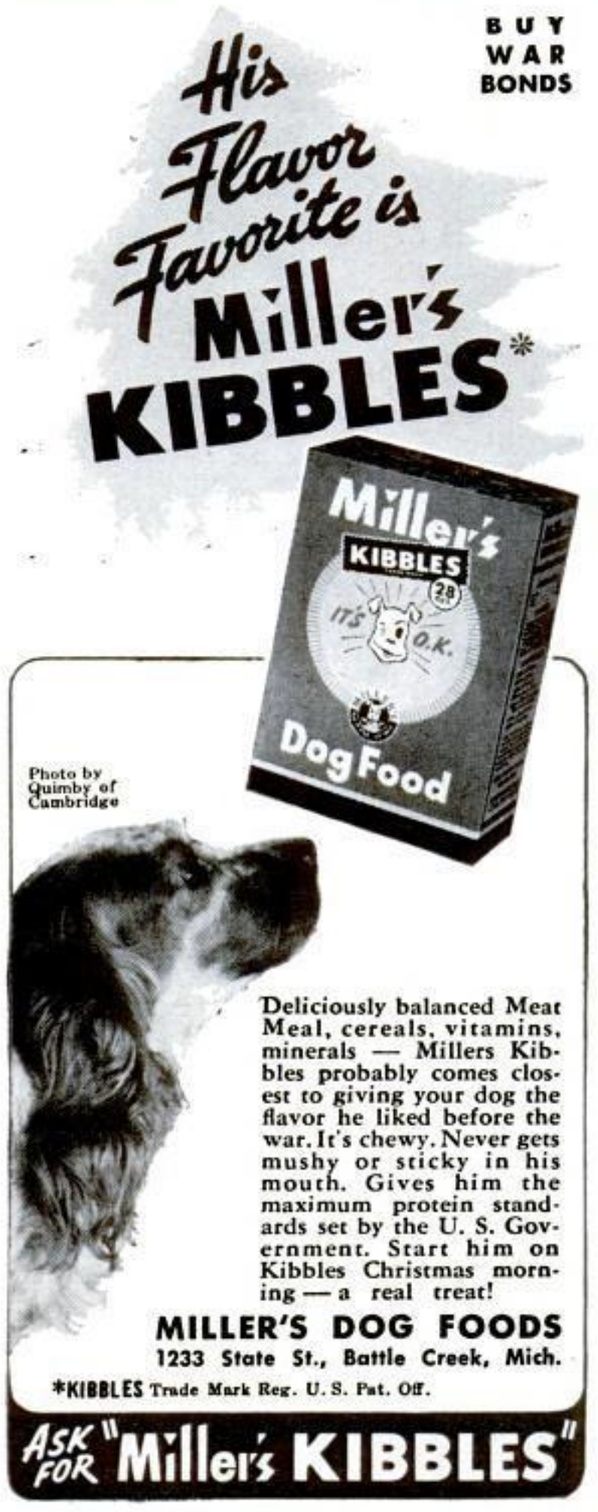
Glorified ear muffs, in a way, are a logical development of the hatless vogue. On balmy days a woman who chooses not to wear a hat runs only the risk of appearing not completely dressed. In zero weather she may have her ears frostbitten.

Although men's ears are as susceptible as women's to frostbite, no attempt has as yet been made to promote any kind of ear muffs as a city fashion for men.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Velvet ribbon bunched in loops is John Frederic version of ear muff. They will make them up on request for their customers but consider them nonsense with no future.



Ostrich feathers (*above*) and fur are Sally Victor variations. Mrs. Victor would rather see women wear hats but admits that ear muffs are better than no headgear at all.



Wool rosettes, crocheted by hand, are made into ear muffs by Greta Plattry, specialist in knitwear. Miss Plattry predicts that ear muffs, as a fashion, are here to stay.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125





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Season's closed, mister!

This is an outlawed way of getting up a dinner — fair enough, perhaps, in normal times, but forbidden now.

For needed things are scarce and needers are many. So no one can be permitted to pounce. No one may have a lot while someone else has too little—vital things must be rationed in fairness to all.

But there are many things that are not so vitally needed—things that are less restricted—and they're scarce, too. Let your sense of fairness govern these as well.

Buy them sparingly. Buy only what you need—and stretch what you buy.

• • •

Fairness is the reason behind the limit that has been placed on your purchases of IMPERIAL—a limit of one bottle at a time. And certainly a one-to-all policy is a lot more fair than an all-to-one.



Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IMPERIAL

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

..."velveted" for extra smoothness

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Presenting a Minute-Quiz with Irene Manning



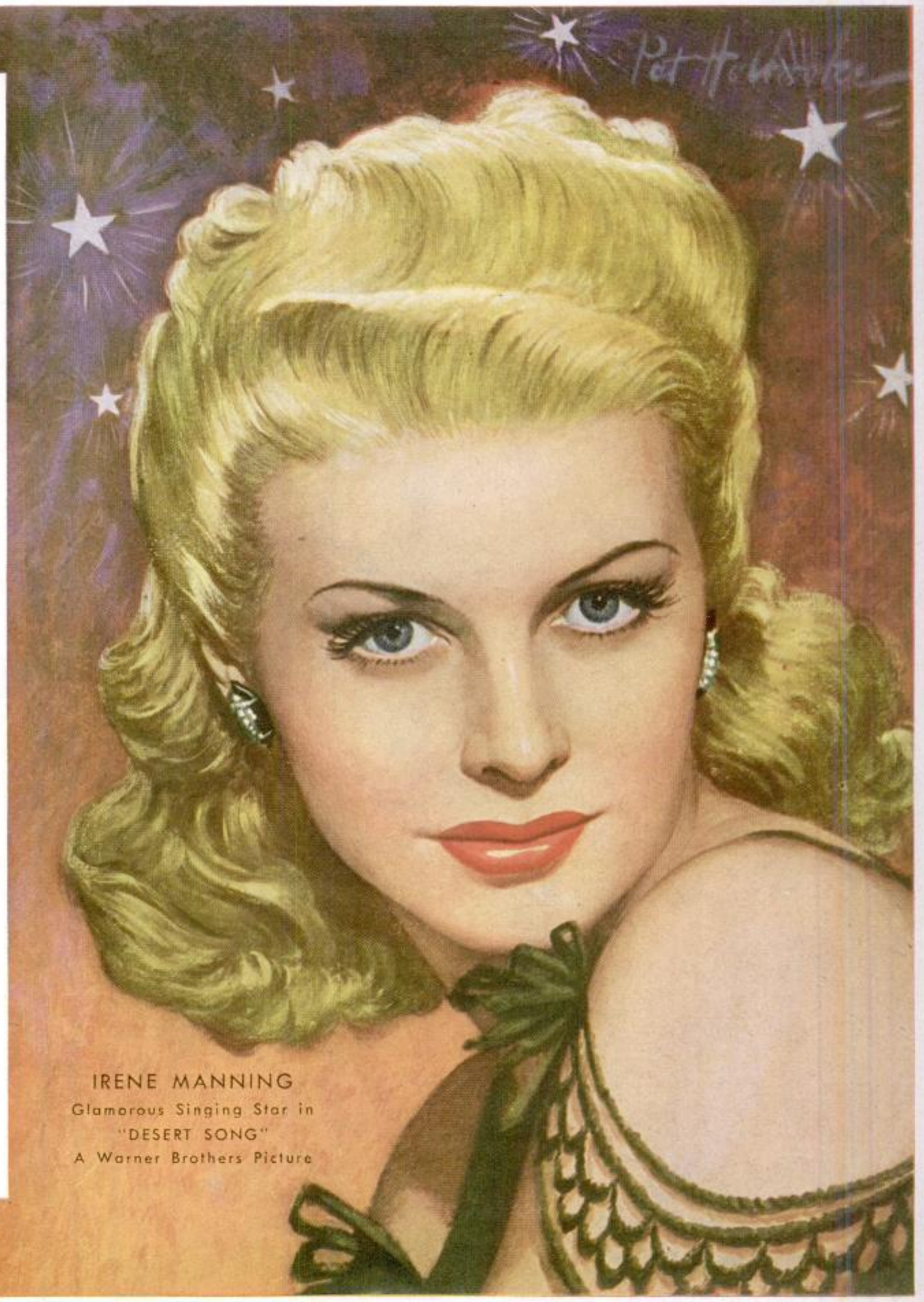
"MISS MANNING— what would your pin-up man be like?"

"Just let yourself go, Irene."

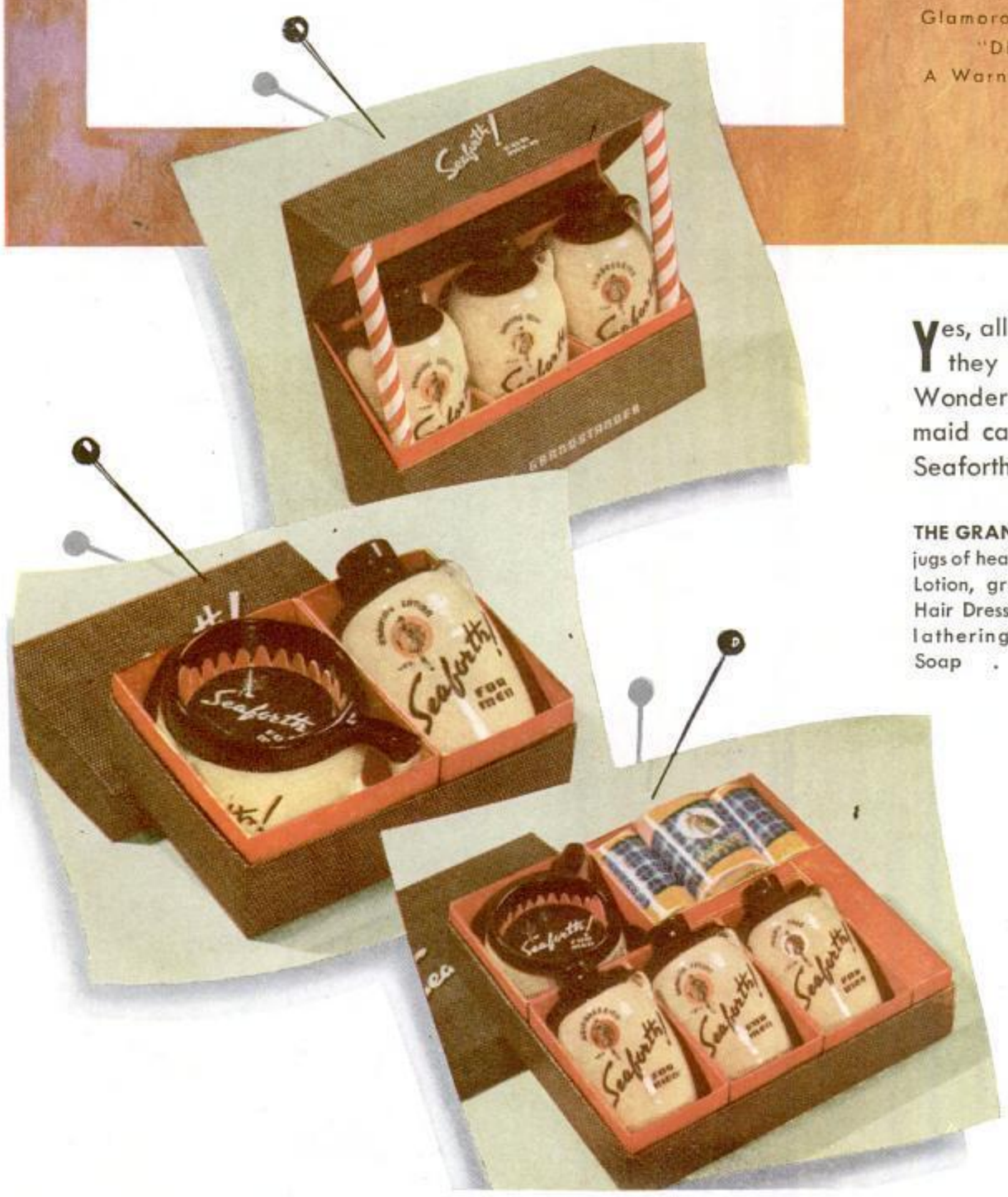
"Well, I prefer a sincere brunette with a sense of humor . . . a two-fisted man who can smile with his eyes and think with his heart."

"And must he look like a god?"

"Not necessarily, but I'd like him a bit fastidious in a man's own way and naturally well groomed."



IRENE MANNING
Glamorous Singing Star in
"DESERT SONG"
A Warner Brothers Picture



Yes, all women seem to agree . . . a man who watches his grooming is a man they like to know. Such a man, for instance, as those who've got "That Wonderful Seaforth Feeling." And today, if you please, *that* is something any maid can give to any man for Christmas, in a set of completely masculine Seaforth Toiletries, to be found at fine stores everywhere.

THE GRANDSTANDER. Jaunty jugs of heather-scented Shaving Lotion, greaseless, non-sticky Hair Dressing and rich, quick-lathering Liquid Shaving Soap **3.00**

SET A. A great pair of shaving friends . . . rich-lathering Shaving Soap in a handsome mug and a jug of heather-scented Shaving Lotion **2.00**

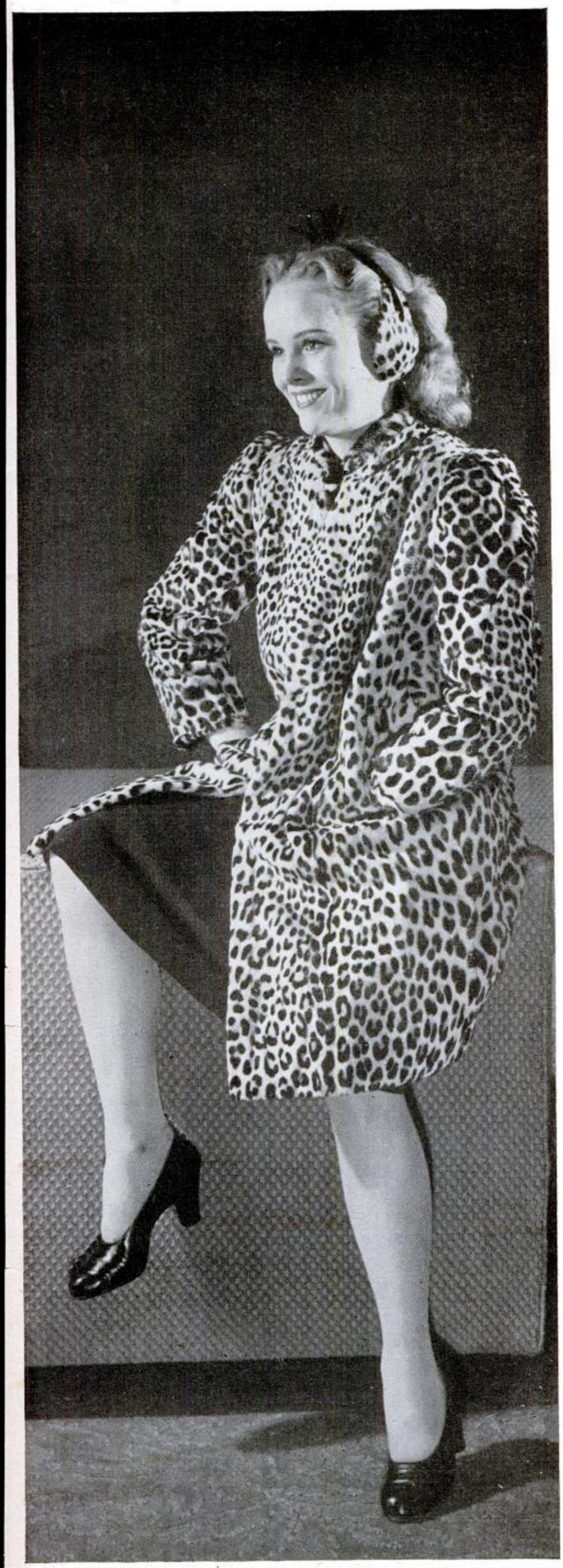
SET F. Tom and Jerry mug of Shaving Soap, stone jugs of Shaving Lotion, Talc and Cologne, and three bars of hand soap, all refreshingly heather-scented **5.00**

Single items 1.00. Sets 2.00 to 7.00

ALFRED D. McKELVY COMPANY
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA • NEW YORK

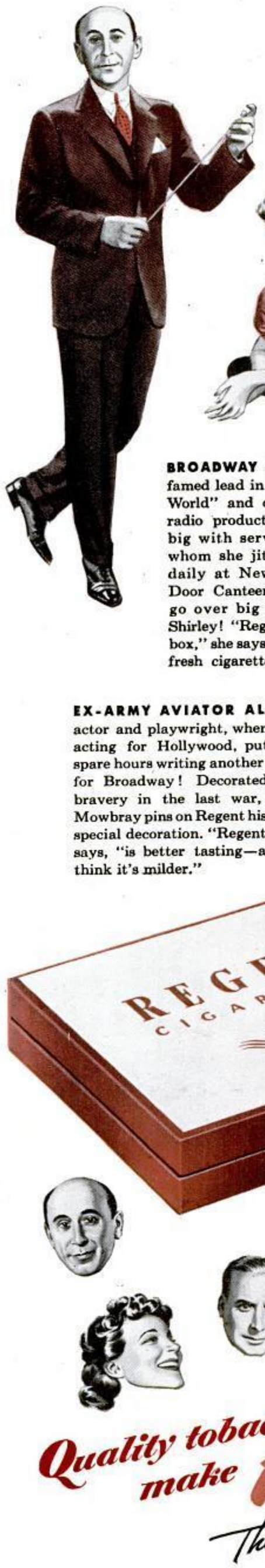
Seaforth!
FOR MEN

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Leopard ear muffs match leopard coat. Small-spotted leopard skins from Africa are now practically unobtainable but rabbit, stenciled like leopard, is a fair imitation.

Look! Here's news about Murray... Booth... Mowbray!



ARTHUR'S DANCING PUPILS number millions, but he's taking lessons himself these days—on the harmonica and the drums! Mr. Murray is highly enthusiastic over art treasures, with which his house is filled—and Regents! "Their King Size," points out the King of Dance Teachers, "gives you a smoke that's 20% longer!"



BROADWAY STAR SHIRLEY, famed lead in "Tomorrow the World" and other stage and radio productions, goes over big with service men, with whom she jitterbugs almost daily at New York's Stage Door Canteen. And Regents go over big with sprightly Shirley! "Regent's crushproof box," she says, "assures a firm, fresh cigarette at all times."

EX-ARMY AVIATOR ALAN, actor and playwright, when not acting for Hollywood, puts in spare hours writing another play for Broadway! Decorated for bravery in the last war, Mr. Mowbray pins on Regent his own special decoration. "Regent", he says, "is better tasting—and I think it's milder."

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are a better tasting smoke—and milder, too. Multiple Blending of *specially selected* Domestic and Turkish tobaccos is the reason. And that's an *exclusive* Regent process! Next time say "Regent!"—and then note how gentle they are to your throat. *Regents cost no more than any other leading cigarette!*

Quality tobaccos...Multiple Blended make **REGENT**

The milder, better tasting cigarette!

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JESSE STUART'S HOME, WHICH HE AND HIS WIFE BUILT THEMSELVES, IS IN THE MIDDLE OF W-HOLLOW, A LITTLE KENTUCKY VALLEY NAMED BECAUSE IT IS SHAPED LIKE THAT LETTER

Life Visits Jesse Stuart of W-Hollow

A Kentucky novelist, poet and farmer lives in his native hills and writes about the hill people

AT THE HEAD OF W-HOLLOW, STUART STOPS TO EXCHANGE SOME FARMERS' TALK WITH FATHER, MITCHELL STUART



INSIDE THEIR HOME STUART AND HIS WIFE, NAOMI DEANE,



JESSE STUART WRITES IN AN UNHEATED SHACK ABOUT FIFTY FEET FROM HIS HOUSE. HE IS AT PRESENT FINISHING A LONG NARRATIVE POEM WHICH HE BEGAN ELEVEN YEARS AGO

Few writers have been as close to their native countryside as Jesse Stuart is to his eastern Kentucky hills. Born in a little valley in Greenup County called W-Hollow, he has also been raised, married and has built himself a home there within a radius of a few hundred yards. And he has always written about the people who live there or in the neighboring hills. Stuart's new novel, *Taps For Private Tussie* (illustrated by Thomas Benton; E. P. Dutton, $2.75) like most of his other writing, is a humorous and faintly poetic tale about Kentucky hill people. But unlike his previous work, *Taps For Private Tussie* will be a considerable financial success. It is the December selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, a distinction which automatically assures any book a sale measured almost in tonnage rather than numbers.

Although Stuart uses the hill country as his stock in trade, he is no ordinary literary hillbilly. He is the first of his family ever to finish college (Lincoln Memorial University '29) and has traveled abroad on a Guggenheim Fellowship. Stuart's first work to attract widespread attention was a book of poems entitled *Man With a Bull-Tongue Plow,* published in 1934. Since then he has written an autobiography, two novels and a great volume of short stories, all about the people of the hills.

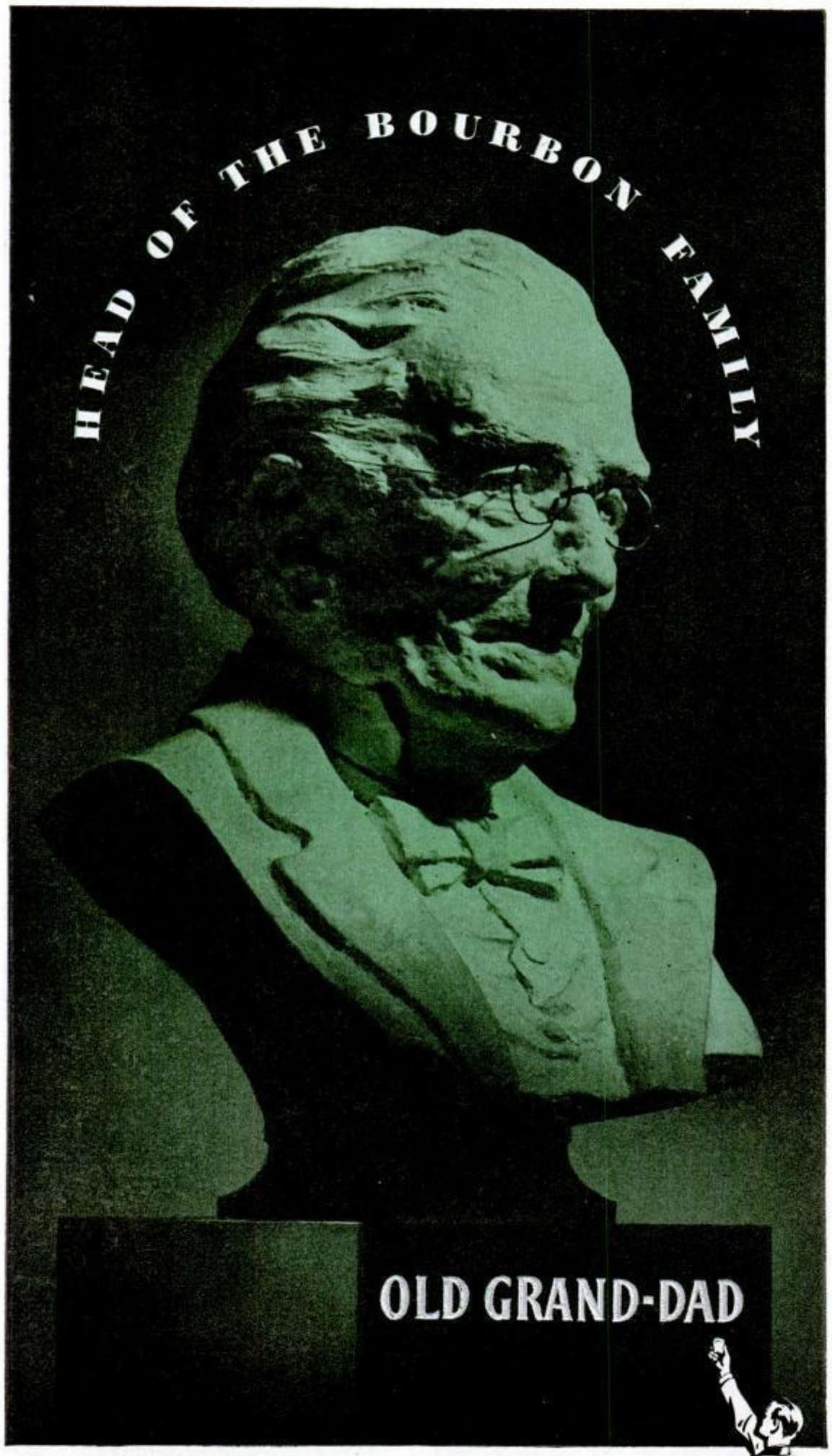
BEAM ON THEIR 14-MONTH-OLD DAUGHTER, JESSICA JANE



STUART LOADS STRAW INTO A HAYRACK, ASSISTED BY HIS UNCLE JESSE HILTON, WHO LIVES ON THE STUART FARM



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Please be patient

We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly —as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol. Old Grand-Dad is Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey bottled in bond, 100 proof—4 years old.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



Stuart's birthplace, now uninhabited, is a five-minute walk from his present home. His parents were married and moved here in 1902, five years before Jesse was born.



Tenant house on the 500-acre Stuart farm is occupied by Farmer John Bowling, his wife and their three children (*see below*). Stuart himself steps up to porch at the left.



Stuart passes a few social minutes with tenant and his children. Stuart's neighbors have respect for Stuart's success, although few of them have read any of his books.

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Three generations of the Stuart family at the picket gate to Jesse's house: Jesse, daughter Jessica Jane, mother Martha Hilton Stuart and his father Mitchell Stuart.



In Greenup, a nearby town, Stuart talks with Tobbie Holbrook, a friend. Holbrook had just defeated Stuart's cousin Estill Hilton in election for state representative.



Stuart's grandparents moved to this house 50 years ago, Stuart history relates, because they wanted to escape enemies on the Big Sandy River, in northern Kentucky.

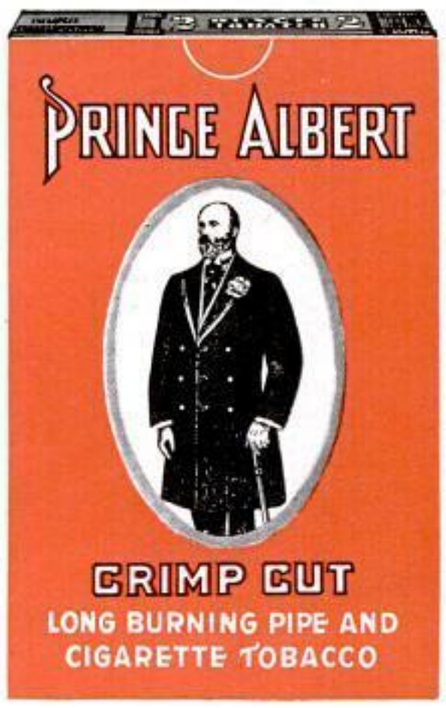
Movie Hero? No-no—it's his

*Pipe Appeal



"PRETTY SPECIAL!" women say about the man who smokes a pipe. *Super*-special—when Prince Albert's in the bowl. They go for its *delightful fragrance, aroma.* You'll go for its *rich, tobacco-y taste* that comes through so *mild* and mellow, so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut for proper packing, smooth, even drawing—and such surprising *coolness!* Even helps a pipe cake up better. No other tobacco like P. A. for all-round PIPE APPEAL!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



*PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

Tongue-tired? Try P.A. for RICH TASTE that's plenty MILD, smooth!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Pick of the pack....

PRINCE GARDNER

For a Prince of a Fellow



Prince Gardner billfolds are featured in handsome, rugged Hand Boarded India Goatskin in Black, Brown and Gahna Mission Brown. All "Invisible Stitched," of course!

Princess Gardner

For a Princess of a Girl



Shown: Pin Morocco Sheepskin in Signal Red and Red & Black. Also in Burgundy, Service Blue, Brave Brown and Forest Green.

At leading stores everywhere. Because of war scarcities, your dealer may be temporarily out of the models shown. However, you'll find many other models to select from.

PRINCE GARDNER, St. Louis 10, Missouri
Made in Canada at 468 King St., West, Toronto 2

The Royalty of Leatherwear for Smart Moderns

BY THE CREATORS OF THE "INVISIBLE STITCH" BILLFOLD

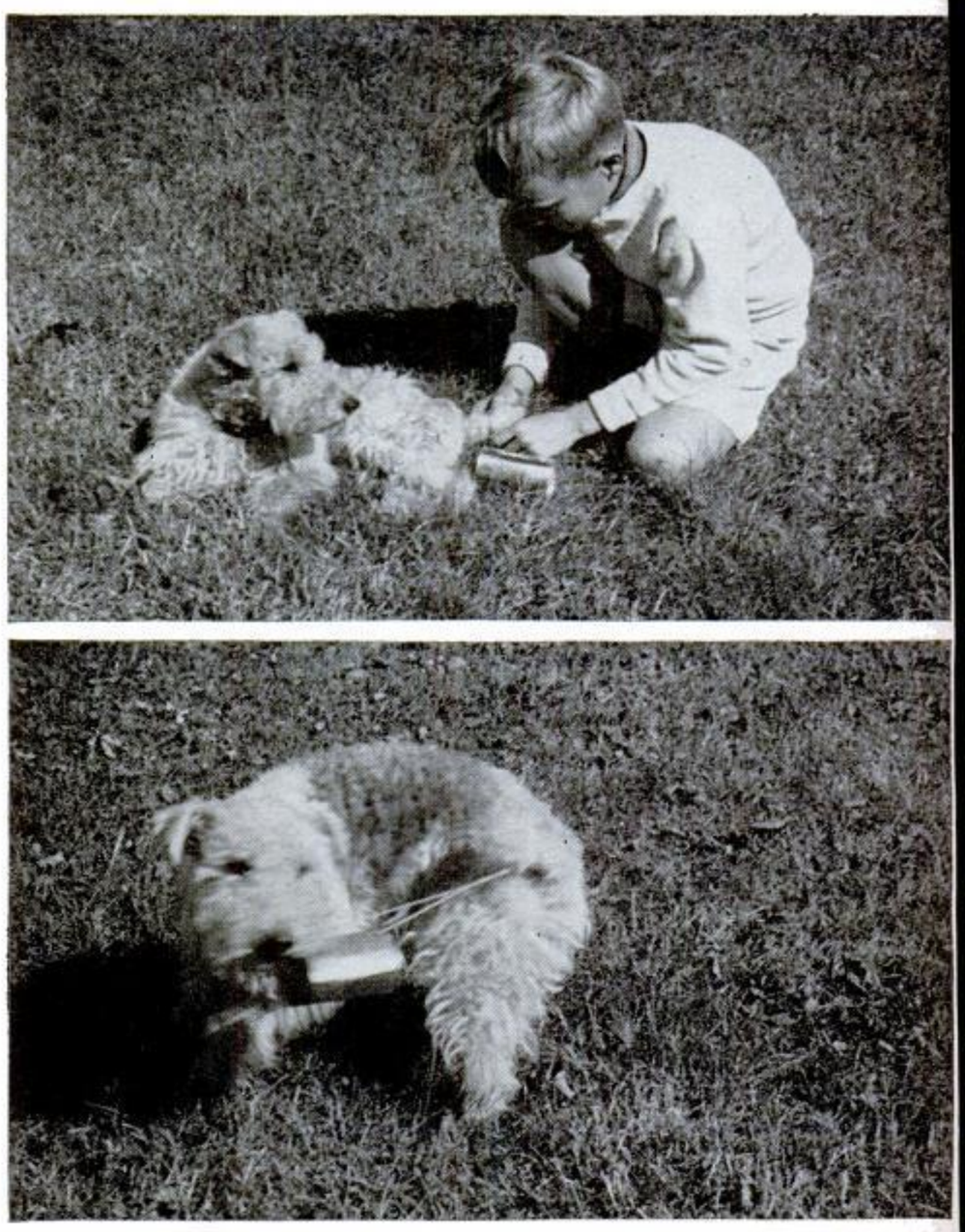
PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

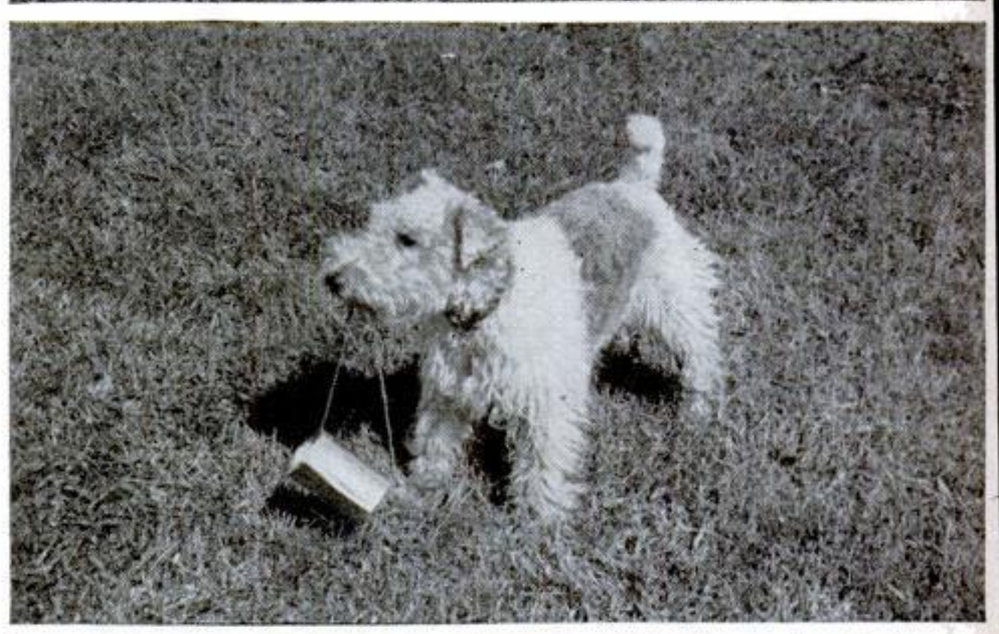
PATRIOTIC PUP

Sirs:

Our dog Burp, is the most patriotic pooch in Louisville, and these pictures will prove it. We started taking them as a neighbor's youngster tied a can to his tail, an indignity which Burp accepted with good grace. The second picture shows him whirling around, trying to get the can off. In the third, he has unhitched the can and apparently is wondering where to put it to save the precious tin. He finally dropped it in a basket of scrap for the war effort, looking as if to tell the youngster that that's where the can should have been put in the first place!

SGT. & MRS. JAMES B. GOBLE
Louisville, Ky.







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THIS COUNTRY HAS A GOOD 5c CIGAR

Wedgewood PANETELAS

Unfortunately our output is limited, but if you see them displayed and if your taste runs to quality rather than size, you may find new smoking pleasure in WEDGEWOOD.

PENNSTATE CIGAR CORP.
ALLEGHENY AVE. & BOUDINOT ST., PHILA. 34, PA.

La Cross

AMERICA'S FINEST
surgical instruments
~~MANICURE~~ IMPLEMENTS

● Treasure your precision-ground La Cross manicure implements. They may be the last you can get for the duration. The craftsmen, who fashioned them in peace-time, today are making vital surgical instruments for America's armed forces. After victory La Cross implements will be better than ever.



Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. • Est. 1903

THERE'S NO SHORTAGE of CLEAN-BE-TWEEN TOOTHBRUSH Refills

Yes, there are plenty of Clean-BE-Tween Toothbrush Refills in all four textures at drug counters. A fresh refill will make your Clean-BE-Tween brush as good as new. Handles are not being made, temporarily, due to war needs for nickel silver. *Clean-BE-Tween Toothbrushes are guaranteed to give satisfactory service.*



CLEAN-BE-TWEEN TOOTHBRUSH COMPANY INC.
LOS ANGELES, 27 NEW YORK, 17

★ ★

Buy still MORE *war bonds*

★ ★

CRO-PAX for BUNIONS



AT ALL 10c STORES
FOREST CITY PRODUCTS, INC., CLEVELAND, OHIO

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

TURKEY RADISH

Sirs:

Had all victory gardens served a double purpose as my father's did this year, no doubt all of us would be enjoying the traditional turkey dinner this Thanksgiving.

On closer observation, however, you will find that the turkey which I am holding turns out to be a radish grown from an ordinary seed. It weighs 20½ pounds, measures 34 inches in length and 27 inches around.

CLARA BECKLEY
Remington, Ind.



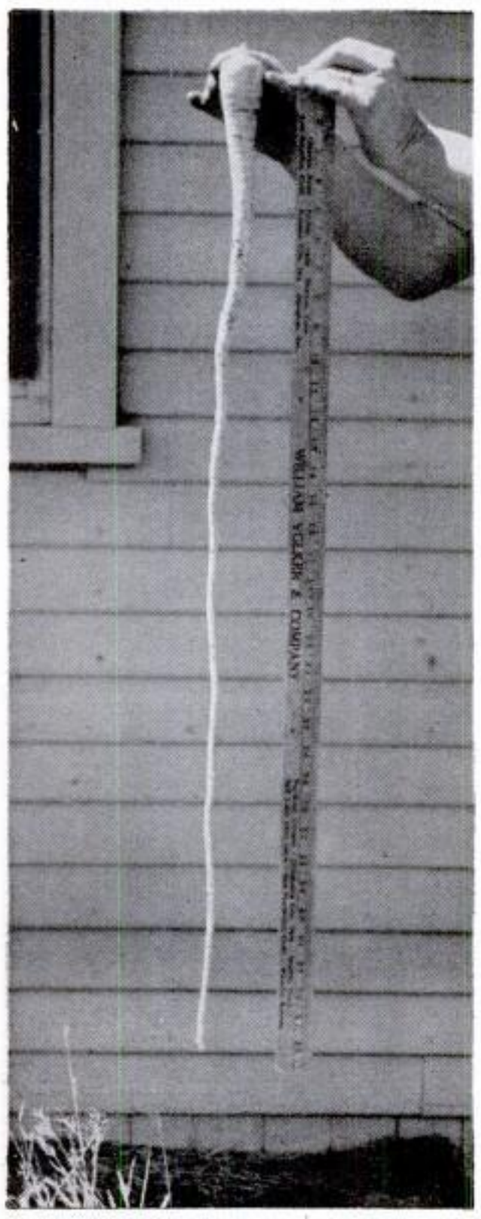
CALIFORNIA GIANT

Sirs:

We'd like to add our parsnip to the list of things that are done in a big way in California.

The average parsnip grows as long as from 10 to 18 inches. This one of ours seemed so phenomenal we decided to measure it. Unfortunately, part of the tip broke off while we were preparing the subject for a photograph, but as you can see, even now it measures a good three feet, more than double the average.

L. L. FRITZ
Palmdale, Calif.



IN ADDITION, HE HAS

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YOU'RE RICH in what it takes to attract lovely ladies, when you get yourself a Barbasol Face. Your skin looks younger, your chin and jowls feel softer and smoother to touch—thanks to beneficial oils that *soothe as you shave* with modern Barbasol. [If you have a million dollars, that, of course, is a plus attraction.]

ATTENTION, WOWS! [Women Ordnance Workers.] Did you know that Barbasol is wonderful for removing factory dirt and grease? Rub it on—wipe it off—and hands are clean, soft and smooth as ever.





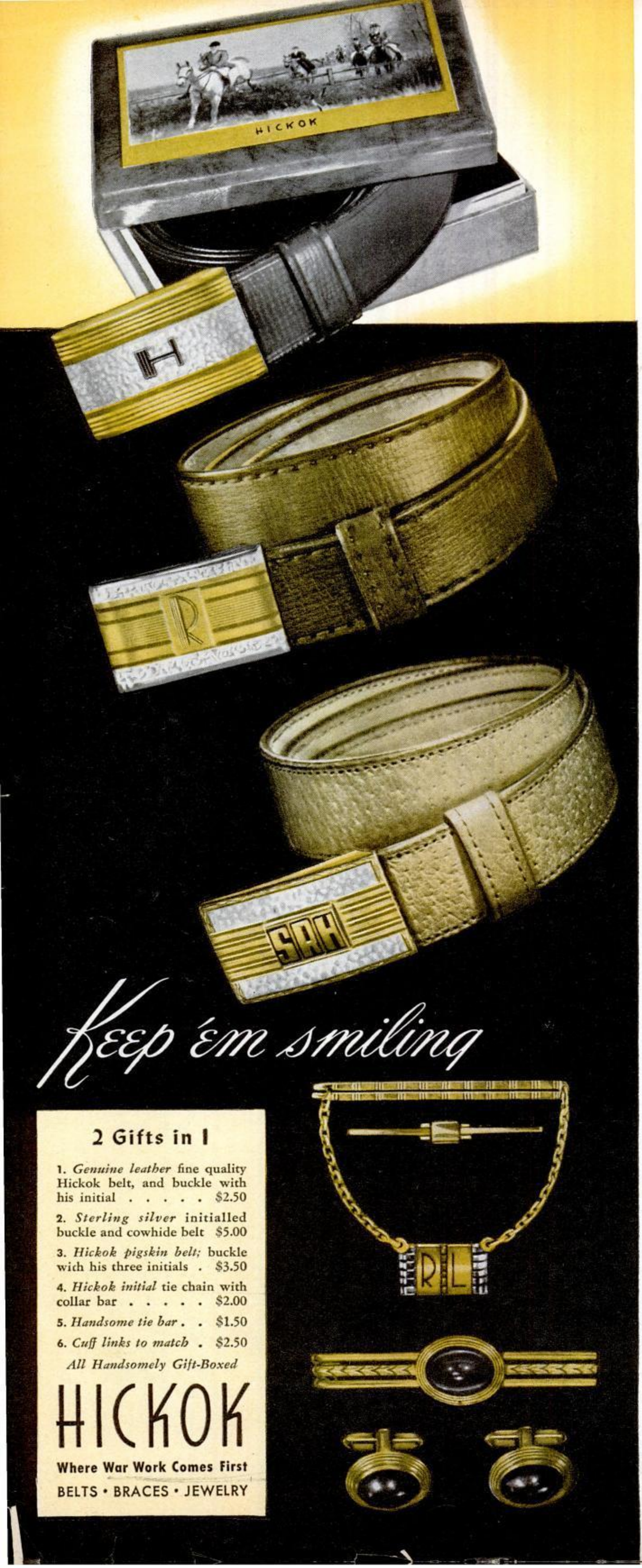
BARBASOL MEANS BRUSHLESS: a big improvement on the muss and fuss of old-style ways of shaving. Buy Barbasol. When you see how much quicker and sweeter it makes a shave, and how daisy-fresh it leaves your skin—you'll understand why Barbasol is praised by millions. In Tubes or Jars. Large size, 25¢; Giant size, 50¢; Family size, 75¢.



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4. *Hickok initial* tie chain with collar bar $2.00
5. *Handsome tie bar* . . $1.50
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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

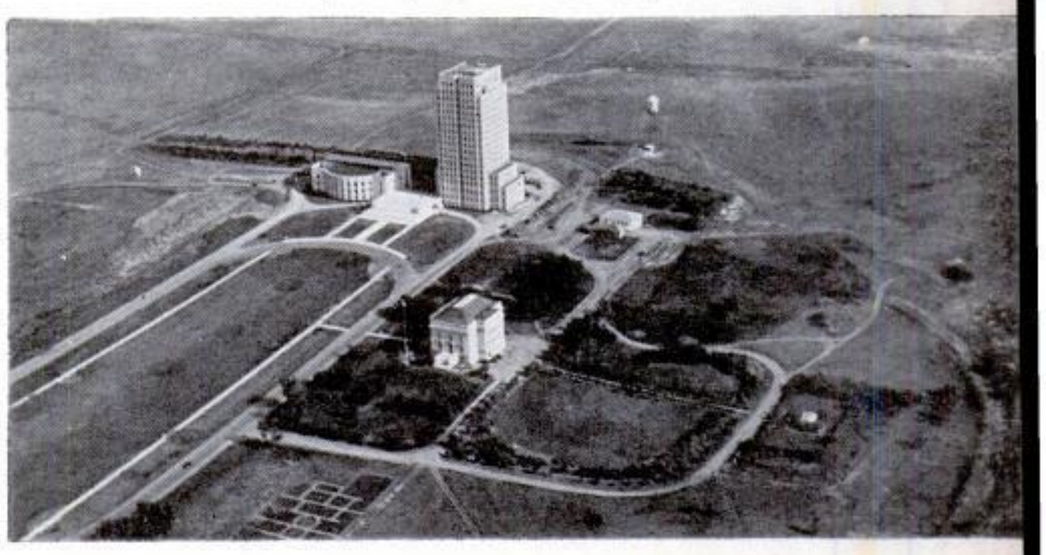
FUNCTIONAL CAPITOL

Sirs:

This "bombardier's view" of the North Dakota state capitol shows what has been called by unkind critics a new high in nonfunctional architecture. With 1,000 acres to build on, its 19 stories are based on only a few square yards.

Actually the handsome structure fulfills a utilitarian function by being one of the most efficiently designed governmen buildings in the country. It provide space for 1,000 state and Federal em ployes, and the tower arrangement allow complete separation of executive and leg islative branches of the government.

BRUCE NELSON
Bismarck, N. D.

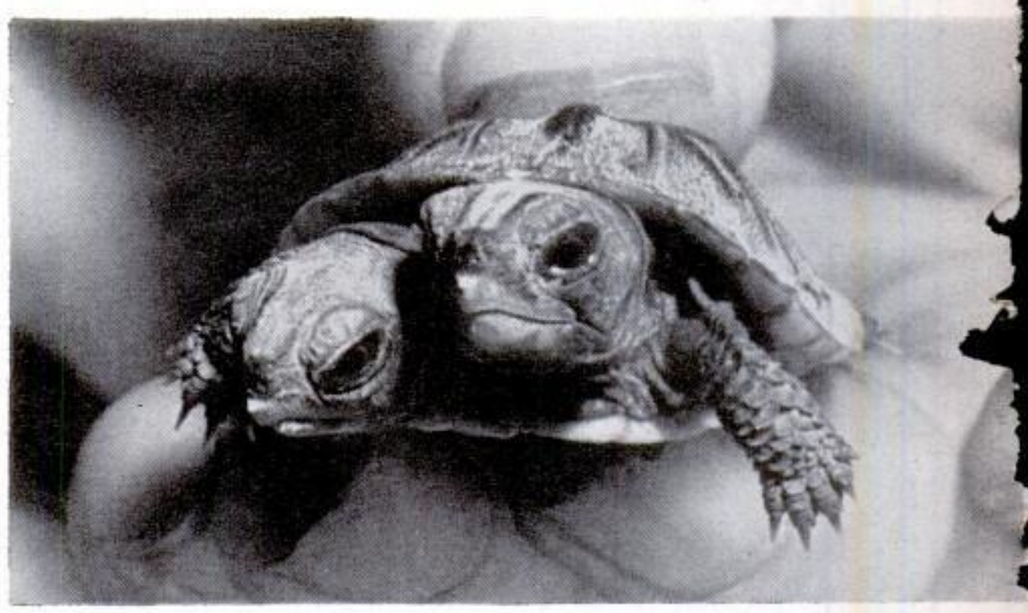


DOUBLE-HEADED MIDGET

Sirs:

Another of Mother Nature's tricks is this two-headed turtle found by workers at the Pee Dee Experimental Station at Florence, S. C. Both of the heads are perfectly formed and are joined at the base of the necks. Both heads eat and both pairs of eyes can see. The workers hope their pet will live long enough so they can raise it to full size. The small stature o the turtle may be seen by comparison with the fingers which are holding it.

STAN LEWIS
Extension Service
Clemson, S. C.

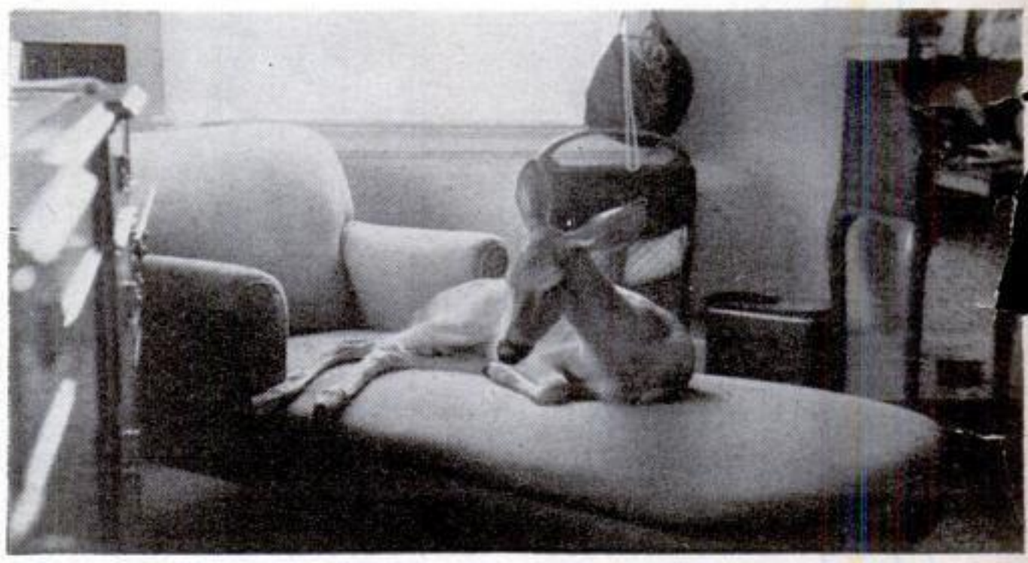


BOUDOIR EASE

Sirs:

No one in these parts is surprised any more to come upon the newest addition to our family lying on my chaise longue. Dodo, our fawn, has become a lazy, self-centered member of the household, and we can do very little about it because she has a staunch ally in our old dog Jack. They are devoted companions; they eat out of one dish, roam all over the house together, and are apart only in moments like the one shown, when Jack goes outside for exercise and milady takes a nap.

MAUD KIMBEL
Murrells Inlet, S. C



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